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VOL. III.

CARELESS HUSBAND.
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.
DOUBLE GALLANT.
DRUMMER.
FAIR QUAKER of DEAL.

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BODLEIANA

THE
Careleſs HUSBAND.
A
COMEDY.

Written by *COLLEY CIBBER, Eſq;*

Yet none Sir Fopling *Him, or Him can call:*
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and repreſents you all.
Prol. to Sir Fop.

Qui capit, ille facit.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand.*

MDCCLVI.

BODLEIAN
P
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To the moſt Illuſtrious

JOHN

DUKE of ARGYLE.

THIS Play, at laſt, through many Difficulties, has made way to throw itſelf at your Grace's Feet: And conſidering what well-meant Attempts were made to intercept it in its Courſe to ſo great an Honour, I have had Reaſon not to think it intirely ſucceſsful, till (where my Ambition always deſign'd it) I found it ſafe in your Protection: Which, when ſeveral Means had fail'd of making it leſs worthy of, the Spleen ended with the Old Good-nature that was offer'd to my firſt Play, *viz.* That it was none of my own: But that's a Praiſe I have indeed ſome Reaſon to be proud of, ſince your Grace from evincing Circumſtances is able to divide the Malice from the Compliment.

The beſt Criticks have long and juſtly complain'd, that the Coarſeneſs of moſt Characters

in our late Comedies have been unfit Entertainments for People of Quality, eſpecially the Ladies: And therefore I was long in hopes that ſome able Pen (whoſe Expectation did not hang upon the Profits of Succeſs) wou'd generouſly attempt to reform the Town into a better Taſte than the World generally allows 'em: But nothing of that kind having lately appear'd, that would give me an Opportunity of being wiſe at another's Expence, I found it impoſſible any longer to reſiſt the ſecret Temptation of my Vanity, and ſo even ſtruck the firſt Blow myſelf: And the Event has now convinc'd me, that whoever ſticks cloſely to Nature, can't eaſily write above the Underſtanding of the Galleries, tho' at the ſame time he may poſſibly deſerve Applauſe of the Boxes.

This Play before its Trial on the Stage was examin'd by ſeveral People of Quality, that came into your Grace's Opinion of its being a juſt, a proper and diverting Attempt in Comedy; but few of 'em carry'd the Compliment beyond their private Approbation: For when I was wiſhing for a little farther Hope, they ſtopt ſhort of your Grace's Penetration, and only kindly wiſht me what they ſeem'd to fear, and you aſſur'd me of, a general Succeſs.

But your Grace has been pleas'd, not only to encourage me with your Judgment; but have likewiſe by your favourable Influence in the Bounties that were rais'd for me the Third and Sixth Day, defended me againſt any Hazards

of

of an entire Diſappointment from ſo bold an Undertaking: And therefore whatever the World may think of me, as one they call a *Poet*, yet I am confident, as your Grace underſtands me, I ſhall not want your Belief, when I aſſure you that this *Dedication* is the Reſult of a profound Acknowledgement, an Artleſs Inclination, proudly Glad and Grateful.

And if the Dialogue of the following Scenes flows with more eaſy turn of Thought and Spirit, than what I have uſually produc'd; I ſhall not yet blame ſome People for ſaying 'tis not my own, unleſs they knew at the ſame time I owe moſt of it to the many ſtolen Obſervations I have made from your Grace's Manner of Converſing.

And if ever the Influence of your Grace's more ſhining Qualities ſhould perſuade me to attempt a *Tragedy*, I ſhall then, with the ſame Freedom, borrow all the Ornamental Virtues of my Hero, where now I only am indebted for part of the Fine Gentleman. Greatneſs of Birth and Mind, Sweetneſs of Temper, flowing from the fixt and native Principles of Courage and of Honour, are Beauties that I reſerve for a farther Opportunity of expreſſing the Zeal and Gratitude of,

My Lord,

Dec. 15, 1704. *Your Grace's moſt obedient, moſt oblig'd and humble Servant,*

COLLEY CIBBER.

THE

PROLOGUE.

OF all the various Vices of the Age,
And Shoals of Fools expos'd upon the Stage,
How few are laſht that call for Satire's Rage!
What can you think to ſee our Plays ſo full
Of Madmen, Coxcombs, and the driveling Fool?
Of, Cits, of Sharpers, Rakes and roaring Bullies,
Of Cheats, of Cuckolds, Aldermen and Cullies?
Wou'd not one ſwear, 'twere taken for a Rule,
That Satire's Rod in the Dramatick School,
Was only meant for the incorrigible Fool?
As if too Vice and Folly were confin'd
To the vile Scum alone of human Kind,
Creatures a Muſe ſhou'd ſcorn; ſuch abject Traſh
Deſerve not Satire's but the Hangman's Laſh.
Wretches ſo far ſhut out from Senſe of Shame,
Newgate *or* Bedlam *only ſhou'd reclaim;*
For Satire ne'er was meant to make wild Monſters tame.
No, Sirs. ——
We rather think the Perſons fit for Plays,
Are they whoſe Birth and Education ſays
They've every Help that ſhou'd improve Mankind,
Yet ſtill live Slaves to a vile tainted Mind;
Such as in Wit are often ſeen t'abound,
And yet have ſome weak Part, where Folly's found:
For Follies ſprout like Weeds, higheſt in fruitful Ground.

And

PROLOGUE.

And 'tis obſerv'd, the Garden of the Mind
To no infeſtive Weeds ſo much inclin'd,
As the rank Pride that ſome from Affectation find.
A Folly too well known to make its Court
With moſt ſucceſs among the better Sort,
Such are the Perſons we to-day provide,
And Nature's Fools for once are laid aſide.
This is the Ground on which our Play we build;
But in the Structure muſt to Judgment yield:
And where the Poet fails in Art, or Care,
We beg your wonted Mercy to the Player.

PROLOGUE

Upon the laſt CAMPAIGN.

Written by a Perſon of Quality; deſign'd for the Sixth Day, but not ſpoken.

A Paying Nation hates the fighting Trade,
And lingring War in uſual Methods made;
When Armies walk about from Wood to River,
And Threeſcore Thouſand only get together
To eat, and drink, conſult and find the way
How without fighting they may earn their Pay;
When prudent Generals get, by Safeguard giving,
An honeſt, quiet, comfortable Living;
But never fight it up to a Thankſgiving.

PROLOGUE.

These manage War with the Physician's Skill,
And use such Means, as neither cure, nor kill:
Like the wise Doctors, safe by their Degrees,
They give weak Doses, but take swinging Fees.
The Trade continuing, which can never end,
While the sick State has any Thing to spend.
Thanks then to him, who strikes at the Disease,
And bravely tries to set the World at Ease:
For if such fighting last but one Year more,
Two Danube *Victories will quit the Score,*
And soon recruit our almost lavish'd Store.
A happy Peace regains our Treasure lost:
Our own the Glory, and our Foes the Cost.
No Favour let the homebred Sparks expect,
But scorn from Men, and from the Fair Neglect.
Beaux, that spend all their Time in soft Love-making;
Those tender Souls, whose Hearts are always aking,
Shun 'em, ye Fair, prevent their am'rous Boasting;
Nor poorly yield to idle Talk, and Toasting.
If you have Favours which you must bestow,
Give 'em the Soldiers, they deserve 'em now;
Who made proud Tyrants stoop, should only kneel to you.
Minerva *guides our General to Fame,*
No Cruelties in War affect his Name:
Mild in the Camp, by no Success made Vain.
A gentle Goddess animates his Mind;
Bold for his Friends, to conquer'd Foes as kind,
Design'd by Heav'n for Anna's *happy Reign,*
Whose generous Soul seeks only to restrain
Unbounded Tyranny, and lawless Might,
Revenge Oppression, and Restore the Right:
War not her Choice, but necessary Fence,
Truth to promote, and humble Insolence.

Where'er

PROLOGUE.

Where'er her Influence flies, it Joy creates,
And Peace and Safety brings to diſtant States:
With ſuch Succeſs her Chief begins his Race,
That his firſt Battle brightly does efface
The tedious Labours of our modern Wars;
Outdoes at once, old Soldiers and the Tars.
In him no ſantring in the Field we find,
No Doubt remains where Victory inclin'd.
His Sword decides; no double Praiſe is giv'n,
Where neither ſide is pleas'd, yet both thank Heav'n.
From War he quickly Kingdoms will releaſe:
Rapine and Rage ſoon turn to Joy and Peace,
And by Deſtruction make Deſtruction ceaſe.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Lord Morelove,	Mr. *Powel.*
Lord Foppington,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir Charles Eaſy,	Mr. *Wilks.*

W O M E N.

Lady Betty Modiſh,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lady Eaſy,	Mrs. *Knight.*
Lady Graveairs,	Mrs. *More.*
Mrs. Edging, *Woman to Lady* Eaſy,	Mrs. *Lucas.*

SCENE, *WINDSOR.*

THE

THE

Careleſs Husband.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* Charles Eaſy's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Eaſy *alone.*

L. *EASY.*

WAS ever Woman's Spirit, by an injurious Huſband, broke like mine? A vile, licentious Man! muſt he bring home his Follies too? Wrong me with my very Servant! O! how tedious a Relief is Patience! and yet in my Condition 'tis the only Remedy: For to reproach him with my Wrongs is taking on myſelf the Means of a Redreſs, bidding Defiance to his Falſhood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneaſy Thought of my continual Jealouſy may teize him to a fixt Averſion; and hitherto, tho' he neglects, I cannot think he hates me.—— It muſt be ſo, ſince I want Power to pleaſe him, he never ſhall upbraid me with an Attempt of making him uneaſy——My Eyes and Tongue ſhall yet be blind and ſilent to my Wrongs; nor would I have him think my Virtue cou'd ſuſpect him, 'till by ſome groſs apparent Proof of his miſdoing, he forces me to ſee——— and to forgive it.

Enter

Enter Edging *haſtily.*

Edg. O Madam!

L. *Eaſy.* What's the matter?

Edg. I have the ſtrangeſt thing to ſhew your Ladyſhip——ſuch a Diſcovery——

L. *Eaſy.* You are reſolved to make it without much Ceremony, I find; What's the Buſineſs pray?

Edg. The Buſineſs, Madam, I have not Patience to tell you, I am out of Breath at the very Thoughts on't, I ſhall not be able to ſpeak this half Hour.

L. *Eaſy.* Not to the Purpoſe I believe! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of Eaſe.

Edg. Nay, Madam, perhaps not ſo impertinent as your Ladyſhip thinks; there's that will ſpeak to the Purpoſe, I am ſure——A baſe Man—— [*Gives a Letter.*

L. *Eaſy.* What's this, an open Letter! Whence comes it?

Edg. Nay, read it, Madam, you'll ſoon gueſs——If theſe are the Tricks of Huſbands, keep me a Maid ſtill, ſay I.

L. *Eaſy.* [*Looking on the Superſcription.*] To Sir *Charles Eaſy!* Ha! Too well I know this hateful Hand——O my Heart! but I muſt veil my Jealouſy, which 'tis not fit this Creature ſhould ſuppoſe I am acquainted with. [*Aſide.*]——This Direction is to your Maſter, how came you by it?

Edg. Why, Madam, as my Maſter was lying down, after he came in from Hunting, he ſent me into his Dreſſing Room to fetch his Snuff Box out of his Waſte-coat-Pocket, and ſo as I was ſearching for the Box, Madam, there I found this wicked Letter from a Miſtreſs; which I had no ſooner read, but, I declare it, my very Blood roſe at him again, methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

L. *Eaſy.* Intolerable! This odious thing's jealous of him herſelf, and wants me to join with her in a Revenge upon him——Sure I am fallen indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I underſtand her. [*Aſide.*

Edg. Nay, pray, Madam, read it, you'll be out of Patience at it.

L. *Eaſy.*

L. *Eaſy*. You are bold, Miſtreſs; has my Indulgence or your Maſter's good Humour, flatter'd you into the Aſſurance of reading his Letters? a Liberty I never gave my ſelf——Here——lay it where you had it immediately——ſhou'd he know of your Saucineſs, 'twould not be my Favour cou'd protect you. [*Exit L. Eaſy.*

Edg. Your Favour! Marry come up! Sure I don't depend upon your Favour!——'tis not come to that, I hope——Poor Creature——don't you think I am my Maſter's Miſtreſs for nothing——you ſhall find, Madam, I won't be ſnapt up as I have been——Not but it vexes me to think ſhe ſhou'd not be as uneaſy as I. I am ſure he is a baſe Man to me, and I could cry my Eyes out that ſhe ſhou'd not think him as bad to her ev'ry Jot. If I am wrong'd, ſure ſhe may very well expect it, that is but his Wife——A conceited Thing——ſhe need not be ſo eaſy neither——I am as handſom as ſhe I hope——Here's my Maſter——I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her, or no. [*Walks behind.*

Enter Sir Charles Eaſy.

Sir *Char*. So! The Day is come again—Life but riſes to another Stage, and the ſame dull Journey is before us—How like Children do we judge of Happineſs! When I was ſtinted in my Fortune, almoſt every Thing was a Pleaſure to me, becauſe moſt Things then being out of my Reach, I had always the Pleaſure of hoping for 'em; now Fortune's in my Hand ſhe's as inſipid as an old Acquaintance——It's mighty ſilly, Faith—Juſt the ſame thing by my Wife too; I am told ſhe's extremely handſom—nay, and have heard a great many People ſay ſhe is certainly the beſt Woman in the World——why, I don't know but ſhe may, yet I could never find that her Perſon or good Qualities gave me any Concern——In my Eye the Woman has no more Charms than my Mother.

Edg. Hum!——he takes no Notice of me yet——I'll let him ſee, I can take as little Notice of him. [*She walks by him gravely, he turns her about and holds her, ſhe ſtruggles.*] Pray, Sir.

Sir *Char*. A pretty pert Air that——I'll humour it——What's the Matter, Child? Are not you well? Kiſs me, Huſſy.

Edg.

Edg. No, the Duce fetch me, if I do.

Sir *Char.* Has any thing put thee out of Humour, Love?

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis not worth my being out of Humour at——tho' if ever you have any thing to ſay to me again, I'll be burn'd.

Sir *Char.* Somebody has bely'd me to thee.

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis you have bely'd yourſelf to me——did not I aſk you when you firſt made a Fool of me, if you would be always conſtant to me, and did not you ſay, I might be ſure you wou'd? And here, inſtead of that, you are going on in your old Intrigue with my Lady *Graveairs.*——

Sir *Char.* So——

Edg. Beſide, don't you ſuffer my Lady to huff me every Day as if I were her Dog, or had no more concern with you——I declare I won't bear it, and ſhe ſhan't think to huff me—for ought I know I am as Agreeable as ſhe; and tho' ſhe dares not take any Notice of your Baſeneſs to her, you ſhan't think to uſe me ſo——and ſo pray take your naſty Letter—I know the Hand well enough——for my part I won't ſtay in the Family to be abus'd at this rate: I that have refus'd Lords and Dukes for your ſake; I'd have you to know, Sir, I have had as many blue and green Ribbons after me, for ought I know, as would have made me a Falbala Apron.

Sir *Char.* My Lady *Graveairs!* my naſty Letter! and I won't ſtay in the Family! Death!——I'm in a pretty Condition——What an unlimited Privilege has this Jade got from being a Whore?

Edg. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you think to uſe every Body as you do your Wife.

Sir *Char.* My Wife, hah! Come hither, Mrs. *Edging*: hark you, Drab. [*Seizing her by the Shoulder.*

Edg. Oh!

Sir *Char.* When you ſpeak of my Wife, you are to ſay your Lady, and you are never to ſpeak of your Lady to me in any regard of her being my Wife——for look you, Child, you are not her Strumpet but mine, therefore I only give you leave to be ſaucy with me——in the next place, you are never to ſuppoſe there

is any ſuch Perſon as my Lady *Graveairs*; and laſty, my pretty one, how came you by this Letter.

Edg. It's no matter, perhaps.

Sir *Char.* Ay, but if you ſhou'd not tell me quickly, how are you ſure I won't take a great piece of Fleſh out of your Shoulder?——My dear. [*Shakes her.*

Edg. O lud! O lud! I will tell you, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Quickly then.——

Edg. Oh! I took it out of your Pocket, Sir.

Sir *Char.* When?

Edg. Oh! this Morning, when you ſent me for your Snuff-box.

Sir *Char.* And your Ladyſhip's pretty Curioſity has look'd it over, I preſume——ha—— [*Again.*

Edg. O lud! dear Sir, don't be angry——indeed I'll never touch one again.

Sir *Char.* I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you ſhall be ſure you never will.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Char.* By ſtedfaſtly believing, that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white Neck twiſted behind you.

Edg. Yes, Sir. [*Curteſing.*

Sir *Char.* And you will be ſure to remember every thing I have ſaid to you?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Char.* And now, Child, I was not angry with your Perſon, but your Follies; which ſince I find you are a little ſenſible of——don't be wholly diſcourag'd—— for I believe I————I ſhall have Occaſion for you again——

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Char.* In the mean time let me hear no more of your Lady, Child.

Edg. No, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Here ſhe comes, be gone.

Edg. Yes, Sir——Oh! I was never ſo frighten'd in my Life. [*Exit.*

Sir *Char.* So! good Diſcipline makes good Soldiers—— It often puzzles me to think, from my own Careleſneſs, and my Wife's continual good Humour, whether ſhe really

really knows any thing of the Strength of my Forces—— I'll ſift her a little.

Enter Lady Eaſy.

My Dear, how do you do? You are dreſs'd very early, to Day, are you going out?

L. *Eaſy*. Only to Church, my Dear.

Sir *Char*. Is it ſo late then?

L. *Eaſy*. The Bell has juſt rung.

Sir *Char*. Well, Child, how does *Windſor* Air agree with you? Do you find yourſelf any better yet? or have you a Mind to go to *London* again?

D. *Eaſy*. No, indeed, my Dear; the Air's ſo very pleaſant, that if it were a Place of leſs Company, I cou'd be content to end my Days here.

Sir *Char*. Pr'ythee, my Dear, what ſort of Company would moſt pleaſe you?

L. *Eaſy*. When Buſineſs would permit it, Yours: and in your Abſence a ſincere Friend, that were truly happy in an honeſt Husband, to ſit a chearful Hour, and talk in mutual Praiſe of our Condition.

Sir *Char*. Are you then really very happy, my Dear?

L. *Eaſy*. Why ſhould you queſtion it? [*Smiling on him.*

Sir *Char*. Becauſe I fancy I am not ſo good to you as I ſhould be.

L. *Eaſy*. Pſhaw.

Sir. *Char*. Nay, the Duce take me if don't really confeſs myſelf ſo bad, that I have often wonder'd how any Woman of your Senſe, Rank, and Perſon, could think it worth her while to have ſo many uſeleſs good Qualities.

L. *Eaſy*, Fy, my Dear.

Sir *Char*. By my Soul, I'm ſerious.

L. *Eaſy*. I can't boaſt of my good Qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think 'em uſeleſs.

Sir *Char*. Nay I ſubmit to you——Don't you find 'em ſo? Do you perceive that I am one Tittle the better Husband for your being ſo good a Wife?

L. *Eaſy*. Pſhaw! you jeſt with me.

Sir *Char*. Upon my Life I don't——Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

L. *Eaſy*. Did I ever give you any Sign of it?

Sir

Sir *Char.* Um——that's true———but do you really think I never gave you Occaſion?

L. *Eaſy.* That's an odd Queſtion——but ſuppoſe you had?

Sir *Char.* Why then, what good has your Virtue done you, ſince all the good Qualities of it could not keep me to yourſelf?

L. *Eaſy.* What Occaſion have you given me to ſuppoſe I have not kept you to myſelf?

Sir *Char.* I given you Occaſion——Fy! my Dear——you may be ſure——I——look you, that is not the Thing, but ſtill a——(Death, what a Blunder have I made)——a ſtill, I ſay, Madam, you ſhan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real Cauſe. but I know Women of your Principles have more Pride than thoſe that have no Principles at all; and where there is Pride there muſt be ſome Jealouſy——ſo that if you are jealous, my Dear, you know you wrong me, and——

L. *Eaſy.* Why then. upon my Word, my Dear, I don't know that ever I wrong'd you that way in my Life.

Sir *Char.* But ſuppoſe I had given a real Cauſe to be jealous, how would you do then?

L. *Eaſy.* It muſt be a very ſubſtantial one that makes me jealous.

Sir *Char.* Say it were a ſubſtantial one, ſuppoſe now I were well with a Woman of your own Acquaintance, that under Pretence of frequent Viſits to you ſhould only come to carry on an Affair with me———Suppoſe now my Lady *Graveairs* and I were great?

L. *Eaſy.* Wou'd I could not ſuppoſe it. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Char.* If I come off here I believe I'm pretty ſafe. [*Aſide.*]———Suppoſe, I ſay, my Lady and I were ſo very familiar, that not only yourſelf, but half the Town ſhould ſee it!

L. *Eaſy.* Then I ſhould cry myſelf ſick in ſome dark Cloſet, and forget my Tears when you ſpoke kindly to me.

Sir *Char.* The moſt convenient Piece of Virtue ſure that ever Wife was Miſtreſs of. [*Aſide.*

L. *Eaſy.* But pray, my Dear, did you ever think that I had any ill Thoughts of my Lady *Graveairs*?

Sir

Sir *Char.* O fy! Child; only you know ſhe and I us'd to be a little free ſometimes, ſo I had a mind to ſee if you thought there was any harm in it; But ſince I find you very eaſy, I think myſelf oblig'd to tell you, that upon my Soul, my Dear, I have ſo little regard to her Perſon, that the Duce take me, if I would not as ſoon have an Affair with my own Woman.

L. *Eaſy.* Indeed, my Dear, I ſhould as ſoon ſuſpect you with one as t'other.

Sir *Char.* Poor Dear—ſhould'ſt thou—give me a Kiſs.

L. *Eaſy.* Pſhaw? you don't care to kiſs me.

Sir *Char.* By my Soul I do———I wiſh I may die if I don't think you a very fine Woman.

L. *Eaſy.* I only wiſh you wou'd think me a good Wife. [*Kiſſes her*] But pray, my Dear, what has made you ſo ſtrangely inquiſitive?

Sir *Char.* Inquiſitive— Why—a—I don't know, one's always ſaying one fooliſh Thing or another—Toll le roll. [*Sings and talks.*] My Dear, what! are we never to have any Ball here? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practiſe. Toll loll loll!

L. *Eaſy.* This Exceſs of Careleſneſs to me excuſes half his Vices: If I can make him once think ſeriouſly—— Time yet may be my Friend.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord *Morelove* gives his Service——

Sir *Char.* Lord *Morelove!* where is he?

Serv. At the Chocolate-Houſe; he call'd me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your Honour he'll wait upon you preſently,

L. *Eaſy.* I thought you had not expected him here again this Seaſon, my Dear.

Sir *Char.* I thought ſo too, but you ſee there's no depending upon the Reſolution of a Man that's in Love.

L. *Eaſy.* Is there a Chair?

Serv. Yes, Madam. [*Exit Servant.*

L. *Eaſy.* I ſuppoſe Lady *Betty Modiſh* has drawn him hither.

Sir *Char.* Ay, poor Soul, for all his Bravery, I am afraid ſo.

L. *Eaſy.*

L. *Eaſy*. Well, My Dear, I han't time to aſk my Lord how he does now; you'll excuſe me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

Sir *Char*. I'll ask him. If you ſee Lady *Betty* at Prayers make her dine too, but don't take any Notice of my Lord's being in Town.

L. *Eaſy*. Very well! if I ſhould not meet her there, I'll call at her Lodgings.

Sir *Char*. Do ſo.

L. *Eaſy*. My Dear, your Servant. [*Exit L. Eaſy*.

Sir *Char*. My Dear, I'm yours. Well! one way or other this Woman will certainly bring about her Buſineſs with me at laſt; for tho' ſhe can't make me happy in her own Perſon, ſhe lets me be ſo intolerably eaſy with the Women that can, that ſhe has at leaſt brought me into a fair Way of being as weary of them too.

Enter Servant and Lord Morelove.

Serv. Sir, my Lord's come.

L. *Mor*. Dear *Charles!*

Sir *Char*. My dear Lord! this is an Happineſs undreamt of; I little thought to have ſeen you at *Windſor* again this Seaſon; I concluded of courſe, that Books and Solitude had ſecur'd you 'till Winter.

L. *Mor*. Nay, I did not think of coming myſelf, but I found myſelf not very well in *London*, ſo I thought—— a——little Hunting, and this Air——

Sir *Char*. Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor*. What do you laugh at?

Sir *Char*. Only becauſe you ſhould not go on with your Story: If you did but ſee how ſilly a Man fumbles for an Excuſe, when he's a little aſham'd of being in Love, you would not wonder what I laugh at, ha! ha!

L. *Mor*. Thou art a very happy Fellow——nothing touches thee——always eaſy——Then you conclude I follow Lady *Betty* again.

Sir *Char*. Yes, Faith do I: and to make you eaſy, my Lord, I cannot ſee why a Man that can ride fifty Miles after a poor Stag, ſhould be aſham'd of running twenty in Chaſe of a fine Woman, that in all probability will make him ſo much the better Sport too. [*Embracing*.

L. *Mor*.

L. *Mor.* Dear *Charles* don't flatter my Diſtemper, I own I ſtill follow her: Do you think her Charms have Power to excuſe me to the World?

Sir *Char.* Ay! ay! a fine Woman's an Excuſe for any Thing; and the Scandal of her being in Jeſt, is a Jeſt itſelf: we are all forced to be their Fools, before we can be their Favourites.

L. *Mor.* You are willing to give me hope, but I can't believe ſhe has the leaſt Degree of Inclination for me.

Sir *Char.* I don't know that—I'm ſure her Pride likes you, and that's generally your fine Lady's darling Paſſion.

L. *Mor.* Do you ſuppoſe if I could grow indifferent, it wou'd touch her.

Sir *Char.* Sting her to the Heart———Will you take my Advice?

L. *Mor.* I have no Relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an Hour, my Life were inſupportable.

Sir *Char.* I am ſorry for that, my Lord——but mind what I ſay to you———But hold, firſt let me know the Particulars of your late Quarrel with her.

L. *Mor.* Why——about three Weeks ago, when I was laſt here at *Windſor*, ſhe had for ſome Days treated me with a little more Reſerve, and another with more Freedom than I found myſelf eaſy at.

Sir *Char.* Who was that other?

L. *Mor.* One of my Lord *Foppington*'s Gang, the pert Coxcomb that's juſt come to a ſmall Eſtate, and a great Periwig———he that ſings himſelf among the Women———What d'ye call him———He won't ſpeak to a Commoner when a Lord's in Company——You always ſee him with a Cane dangling at his Button, his Breaſt open, no Gloves, one Eye tuck'd under his Hat, and a Tooth-pick———*Startup*, that's his Name.

Sir *Char.* O! I have met him in a Viſit——but pray go on.

L. *Mor.* So, diſputing with her about the Conduct of Women. I took the Liberty to tell her how far I thought ſhe err'd in hers; ſhe told me I was rude, and that ſhe would never believe any Man could love a Woman, that thought her in the Wrong in any thing ſhe had a Mind to, at leaſt if he dar'd to tell her ſo——This provok'd me into

into her whole Character, with as much Spite and Civil Malice, as I have ſeen her beſtow upon a Woman of true Beauty, when the Men firſt toaſted her; ſo in the middle of my Wiſdom, ſhe told me, ſhe deſired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud Heart along with me and trouble her no more——I——bow'd very low, and as I left the Room, vow'd I never wou'd, and that my proud Heart ſhould never be humbled by the Outſide of a fine Woman——About an Hour after, I whipp'd into my Chaiſe for *London*, and have never ſeen her ſince.

Sir *Char.* Very well, and how did you find your proud Heart by that Time you got to *Hounſlow?*

L. *Mor.* I am almoſt aſham'd to tell you——I found her ſo much in the Right, that I curs'd my Pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think according to her Maxim, that no Woman could be in the wrong to a Man that ſhe had in her Power.

Sir *Char.* Ha! ha! well, I'll tell you what you ſhall do. You can ſee her without trembling, I hope?

L. *Mor.* Not if ſhe receives me well.

Sir *Char.* If ſhe receives you well, you will have no occaſion for what I am going to ſay to you——firſt, you ſhall dine with her.

L. *Mor.* How! where! when!

Sir *Char.* Here! here! at two o'clock.

L. *Mor.* Dear *Charles!*

Sir *Char.* My Wife's gone to invite her; when you ſee her firſt, be neither too humble nor too ſtubborn; let her ſee by the Eaſe in your Behaviour, you are ſtill pleas'd in being near her, while ſhe is upon reaſonable Terms with you. This will either open the Door of an *Eclarciſement* or quite ſhut it againſt you——and if ſhe is ſtill reſolv'd to keep you out——

L. *Mor.* Nay, if ſhe inſults me then, perhaps I may recover Pride enough to rally her by an over-acted Submiſſion.

Sir *Char.* Why, you improve, my Lord; this is the very thing I was going to propoſe to you.

L. *Mor.* Was it, Faith! Hark you, dare you ſtand by me?

Sir *Char.*

Sir *Char.* Dare I! ay, to my laſt Drop of Aſſurance, againſt all the inſolent Airs of the proudeſt Beauty in *Chriſtendom.*

L. *Mor.* Nay, then Defiance to her——We two——Thou haſt inſpir'd me, I find myſelf as valiant as a flatter'd Coward.

Sir *Char.* Courage, my Lord—I'll warrant we beat her.

L. *Mor.* My Blood ſtirs at the very thought on't; I long to be engag'd.

Sir *Char.* She'll certainly give Ground, when ſhe once ſees you are thoroughly provok'd.

L. *Mor.* Dear *Charles*, thou art a Friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* gives his Service, and if your Honour's at leiſure, he'll wait on you as ſoon as he's dreſs'd.

L. *Mor.* Lord *Foppington!* is he in Town?

Sir *Char.* Yes —— I heard laſt Night he was come: Give my Service to his Lordſhip, and tell him I ſhall be glad he'll do me the Honour of his Company here at Dinner. [*Exit Serv.*] We may have Occaſion for him in our Deſign upon Lady *Betty.*

L. *Mor.* What uſe can we make of him?

Sir *Char.* We'll ſee when he comes; at leaſt there's no Danger in him; not but I ſuppoſe you know he's your Rival.

L. *Mor.* Pſhaw! a Coxcomb.

Sir *Char.* Nay, don't deſpiſe him neither——he's able to give you Advice; for tho' he's in Love with the ſame Woman, yet to him ſhe has not Charms enough to give a Minute's Pain.

L. *Mor.* Pr'ythee, what Senſe has he of Love?

Sir *Char.* Faith very near as much as a Man of Senſe ought to have; I grant you he knows not how to value a Woman truly deſerving, but he has a pretty juſt Eſteem for moſt Ladies about Town.

L. *Mor.* That he follows, I grant you——for he ſeldom viſits any of extraordinary Reputation.

Sir *Char.* Have a Care, I have ſeen him at Lady *Betty Modiſh*'s.

L. *Mor.* To be laughed at.

Sir *Char.*

Sir *Char.* Don't be too confident of that, the Women now begin to laugh With him, not At him: for he really ſometimes rallies his own Humour with ſo much Eaſe and Pleaſantry, that a great many Women begin to think he has no Follies at all, and thoſe he has, have been as much owing to his Youth, and a great Eſtate, as want of natural Wit: 'Tis true, he's often a Bubble to his Pleaſures, but he has always been wiſely vain enough to keep himſelf from being too much the Ladies humble Servant in Love.

L. *Mor.* There indeed I almoſt envy him.

Sir *Char.* The Eaſineſs of his Opinion upon the Sex, will go near to pique you—We muſt have him.

L. *Mor.* As you pleaſe——but what ſhall we do with ourſelves till Dinner?

Sir *Char.* What think you of a Party at Piquet?

L. *Mor.* O! you are too hard for me.

Sir *Char.* Fy! fy! what! when you play with his Grace?

L. *Mor.* Upon my Soul he gives me three Points.

Sir *Char.* Does he? why then you ſhall give me but two——Here, Fellow, get Cards. *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE, *Lady* Betty Modiſh's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Betty, *and Lady* Eaſy, *meeting.*

L. *Betty.* OH! my Dear! I am overjoy'd to ſee you! I am ſtrangely happy to-day; I have juſt receiv'd my new Scarf from *London*, and you are moſt critically come to give me your Opinion of it.

L. *Eaſy.* O! your Servant, Madam, I am a very indifferent Judge, you know: What is it with Sleeves?

L. *Bet.* O! 'tis impoſſible to tell you what it is!—— 'Tis all Extravagance both in Mode and Fancy, my Dear, I believe there's Six Thouſand Yards of Edging in it—— Then ſuch an enchanting Sloop from the Elbow——

ſomething ſo New, ſo Lively, ſo Noble, ſo Coquet and Charming——but you ſhall ſee it, my Dear——.

L. *Eaſy*. Indeed I won't, my Dear; I am reſolv'd to mortify you for being ſo wrongfully fond of a Trifle.

L. *Bet*. Nay, now, my Dear, you are ill-natur'd.

L. *Eaſy*. Why truly, I'm half angry to ſee a Woman of your Senſe, ſo warmly concern'd in the Care of her Outſide; for when we have taken our beſt Pains about it, 'tis the Beauty of the Mind alone that gives us laſting Value.

L. *Bet*. Ah! my Dear, my Dear! you have been a married Woman to a fine purpoſe indeed, that know ſo little of the Taſte of Mankind: Take my Word, a new Faſhion upon a fine Woman, is often a greater Proof of her Value, than you are aware of.

L. *Eaſy*. That I can't comprehend, for you ſee among the Men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new Faſhion. Thoſe of the firſt Senſe are always the laſt that come into 'em?

L. *Bet*. That is, becauſe the only Merit of a Man is his Senſe; but doubtleſs the greateſt Value of a Woman is her Beauty; an homely Woman at the head of a Faſhion, would not be allowed in it by the Men, and conſequently not follow'd by the Women: ſo that to be ſucceſsful in one's Fancy, is an evident Sign of one's being admir'd, and I always take admiration for the beſt Proof of Beauty, and Beauty certainly is the Source of Power, as Power in all Creatures is the Height of Happineſs.

L. *Eaſy*. At this Rate you would rather be thought Beautiful than Good.

L. *Bet*. As I had rather Command than Obey: The wiſeſt homely Woman can't make a Man of Senſe of a Fool, but the verieſt Fool of a Beauty ſhall make an Aſs of a Stateſman; ſo that in ſhort, I can't ſee a Woman of Spirit has any Buſineſs in this World but to dreſs——and make the Men like her.

L. *Eaſy*. Do you ſuppoſe this is a Principle the Men of Senſe will admire you for?

L. *Bet*. I do ſuppoſe, that when I ſuffer any Man to like my Perſon, he ſhan't dare to find Fault with my Principle.

L. *Eaſy*. But Men of Senſe are not ſo eaſily humbled.

L. *Bet*.

L. *Bet.* The eaſieſt of any; one has Ten thouſand times the Trouble with a Coxcomb.

L. *Eaſy.* Nay, that may be; for I have ſeen you throw away more good Humour in hopes of a *Tendreſſe* from my Lord *Foppington*, who loves all Women alike, than would have made my Lord *Morelove* perfectly happy, who loves only you.

L. *Bet.* The Men of Senſe, my Dear, make the beſt Fools in the World: their Sincerity and good Breeding throws them ſo intirely into one's Power, and gives one ſuch an agreeable Thirſt of uſing them ill, to ſhew that Power——'tis impoſſible not to quench it.

L. *Eaſy.* But methinks, my Lord *Morelove*'s Manner to you might move any Woman to a kinder Senſe of his Merit.

L. *Bet.* Ay! but would it not be hard, my Dear, for a poor weak Woman to have a Man of his Quality and Reputation in her Power, and not let the World ſee him there? Wou'd any Creature ſit new-dreſs'd all Day in her Cloſet? Cou'd you bear to have a ſweet-fancy'd Suit, and never ſhew it at the Play, or the Drawing-room?

L. *Eaſy.* But one wou'd not ride in't, methinks, or haraſs it out, when there's no occaſion.

L. *Bet.* Pooh! my Lord *Morelove*'s a meer *Indian* Damask, one can't wear him out; o' my Conſcience I muſt give him to my Woman at laſt, I begin to be known by him: Had not I beſt leave him off, my Dear? for (poor Soul) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

L. *Eaſy.* Now 'tis to me amazing, how a Man of his Spirit can bear to be us'd like a Dog for four or five Years together——but nothing's a Wonder in Love; yet pray when you found you cou'd not like him at firſt, why did you ever incourage him?

L. *Bet.* Why, what wou'd you have one do? for my part, I cou'd no more chooſe a Man by my Eye, than a Shoe; one muſt draw them on a little to ſee if they are right to one's Foot.

L. *Eaſy.* But I'd no more Fool on with a Man I cou'd not like, than I'd wear a Shoe that pinch'd me.

L. *Bet.* Ay, but then a poor Wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is ſo civil and ſilly, that

one does not know how to turn ſuch a Trifle, as a Pair of Shoes or an Heart, upon a Fellow's Hands again.

L. *Eaſy*. Well! I confeſs you are very happily diſtinguiſh'd among moſt Women of Fortune, to have a Man of my Lord *Morelove*'s Senſe and Quality ſo long and honorably in Love with you: For now a-days one hardly ever hears of ſuch a thing as a Man of Quality in Love with the Woman he wou'd marry: To be in Love now, is only having a Deſign upon a Woman, a modiſh way of declaring War againſt her Virtue, which they generally attack firſt, by toaſting up her Vanity.

L. *Bet*. Ay, but the World knows, that is not the Caſe between my Lord and me.

L. *Eaſy*. Therefore I think you happy.

L. *Bet*. Now I don't ſee it, I'll ſwear I'm better pleas'd to know there are a great many fooliſh Fellows of Quality, that take Occaſion to toaſt me frequently.

L. *Eaſy*. I vow I ſhou'd not thank any Gentleman for toaſting me, and I have often wonder'd how a Woman of your Spirit cou'd bear a great many other Freedoms I have ſeen ſome Men take with you.

L. *Bet*. As how, my Dear? come pr'ythee be free with me, for you muſt know, I love dearly to hear my Faults—Who is't you have obſerv'd to be too free with me?

L. *Eaſy*. Why, there's my Lord *Foppington*; cou'd any Woman but you bear to ſee him with a reſpectful Fleer ſtare full in her Face, draw up his Breath and cry——Gad, you're handſom?

L. *Bet*. My Dear, fine Fruit will have Flies about it, but, poor things, they do it no harm: For if you obſerve, People are generally moſt apt to chooſe that the Flies have been buſy with, ha! ha!

L. *Eaſy*. Thou art a ſtrange giddy Creature.

L. *Bet*. That may be from ſo much Circulation of Thought, my Dear.

L. *Eaſy*. But my Lord *Foppington*'s married, and one wou'd not Fool with him for his Lady's ſake; it may make her uneaſy, and——

L. *Bet*. Poor Creature, her Pride indeed makes her carry it of without taking any notice of it to me; tho' I know ſhe hates me in her Heart, and I can't endure malicious People,

Peop'e, ſo I us'd to dine with her once a Week, purely to give her Diſorder; if you had but ſeen when my Lord and I fool'd a little, the Creature look'd ſo ugly.

L. *Eaſy*. But I ſhould not think my Reputation ſafe; my Lord *Foppington*'s a Man that talks often of his Amours, but ſeldom ſpeaks of Favours that are refus'd him.

L. *Bet*. Pſhaw; will any thing a Man ſays make a Woman leſs agreeable? Will his talking ſpoil one's Complexion, or put one's Hair out of order?—and for Reputation, look yon, my Dear, take it for a Rule, that as amongſt the lower Rank of People, no Woman wants Beauty that has Fortune; ſo amongſt People of Fortune, no Woman wants Virtue that has Beauty: But an Eſtate and Beauty join'd, are of an unlimited, nay, a Power Pontifical, make one not only Abſolute, but Infallible—A fine Woman's never in the Wrong, or if we were, 'tis not the Strength of a poor Creature's Reaſon that can unſetter him———O! how I love to hear a Wretch curſe himſelf for loving on, or now and then coming out with a——

" Yet for the Plague of Human Race,
" This Devil has an Angel's Face.

L. *Eaſy*. At this Rate, I don't ſee you allow Reputation to be at all Eſſential to a fine Woman.

L. *Bet*. Juſt as much as Honour to a great Man: Power always is above Scandal: don't you hear People ſay, the King of *France* owes moſt of his Conqueſts to breaking his Word? and wou'd not the Confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only to go to War with Reproaches? Indeed my Dear, that Jewel Reputation is a very fanciful Buſineſs? one ſhall not ſee an homely Creature in Town? but wears it in her Mouth as monſtrouſly as the *Indians* do Bobs at their Lips, and it really becomes them juſt alike.

L. *Eaſy*. Have a care, my Dear, of truſting too far to Power alone: For nothing is more ridiculous than the Fall of Pride; and Woman's Pride at beſt may be ſuſpected to be more a Diſtruſt, than a real Contempt of Mankind: For when we have ſaid all we can, a deſerving Husband is certainly our beſt Happineſs; and I don't queſtion but my Lord *Morelove*'s Merit, in a little time,

will make you think ſo too; for whatever Airs you give yourſelf to the World, I'm ſure your Heart don't want Good-nature.

L. *Bet.* You are miſtaken, I am very ill-natur'd, tho' your good Humour won't let you ſee it.

L. *Eaſy.* Then to give me a Proof on't, let me ſee you refuſe to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promis'd Sir *Charles* to bring you.

L. *Bet.* Pray don't aſk me.

L. *Eaſy.* Why?

L. *Bet.* Becauſe to let you ſee I hate Good-nature, I'll go without aſking, that you mayn't have the Malice to ſay I did you a Favour.

L. *Eaſy.* Thou art a mad Creature. [*Ex. Arm in Arm.*

The SCENE *changes to Sir* Charles's *Lodgings.*

Lord Morelove *and Sir* Charles *at Piquet.*

Sir *Char.* COME, my Lord, one ſingle Game for the *Tout*, and ſo have done.

L. *Mor.* No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em; ill Cards are the dulleſt Company in the World—How much is it?

Sir *Char.* Three Parties.

L. *Mor.* Fifteen Pound——very well.

[*While L.* Mor. *counts out his Money, a Servant gives Sir* Charles *a Letter, which he reads to himſelf.*

Sir *Char.* [*to the Servant*] Give my Service, ſay I have Company dines with me, if I have time I'll call there in the Afternoon——ha! ha! ha! [*Exit. Serv.*

L. *Mor.* What's the matter——there——

[*Paying the Money.*

Sir *Char.* The old Affair——my Lady *Graveairs.*

L. *Mor.* O! Pr'ythee how does that go on?

Sir *Char.* As agreeably as a *Chancery* Suit: For now it's come to the intolerable Plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may ſee—— [*Giving the Letter.*

L. *Mor.* [*Reads.*] "Your Behaviour ſince I came to "*Windſor*, has convinc'd me of your Villany with-

"out

" out my being ſurpris'd, or angry at it: I deſire
" you would let me ſee you at my Lodgings immedi-
" ately, where I ſhall have a better Opportunity to
" convince you, that I never can, or poſitively will
" be as I have been, Yours, *&c.*

A very whimſical Letter! —Faith, I think ſhe has hard luck with you; if a Man were oblig'd to have a Miſtreſs, her Perſon and Condition ſeem to be cut out for the Eaſe of a Lover: For ſhe's a young, handſom, wild, well-jointured Widow—But what's your Quarrel?

Sir *Char.* Nothing—ſhe ſees the Coolneſs happens to be firſt on my Side, and her Buſineſs with me now, I ſuppoſe, is to convince me, how heartily ſhe's vex'd, that ſhe was not beforehand with me.

L. *Mor.* Her Pride and your Indifference muſt occaſion a pleaſant Scene ſure; what do ye intend to do?

Sir *Char.* Treat her with a cold familiar Air, till I pique her to forbid me her Sight, and then take her at her Word.

L. *Mor.* Very gallant and provoking. [*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* —— [*Exit.*

Sir *Char.* O——now, my Lord, if you have a mind to be let into the Myſtery of making Love without Pain—here's one that's a Maſter of the Art, and ſhall declaim to you———

Enter Lord Foppington.

My dear Lord *Foppington!*

L. *Fop.* My dear Agreeable! *Que je t'embraſſe! Pardi! Il y a cent Ans que je ne t'ay veu* ——— my Lord, I am your Lordſhip's moſt obedient humble Servant.

L. *Mor.* My Lord, I kiſs your Hands———I hope we ſhall have you here ſome time; you ſeem to have laid in a Stock of Health to be in at the Diverſions of the Place——You look extremely well.

L. *Fop.* To ſee one's Friends look ſo, my Lord, may eaſily give a *Vermeile* to one's Complexion.

Sir *Char.* Lovers in hope, my Lord, always have a viſible *Briilant*, in their Eyes and Air.

L. *Fop.* What doſt thou mean, *Charles?*

Sir *Char.* Come, come, confeſs what really brought you to *Windſor*, now you have no Buſineſs there!

L. *Fop.* Why two Hours, and ſix of the beſt Nags in Chriſtendom, or the Devil drive me.

L. *Mor.* You make haſte, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* My Lord, I always fly when I purſue——But they are well kept indeed———I love to have Creatures go as I bid 'em; you have ſeen 'em, *Charles*, but ſo has all the World; *Foppington*'s Long-tails are known in every Road in *England*.

Sir *Char.* Well, my Lord, but how came they to bring you this Road? You don't uſe to take theſe irregular Jaunts without ſome deſign in your Head of having more than nothing to do.

L. *Fop.* Pſhaw! Pox! pr'ythee, *Charles*, thou know'ſt I am a Fellow *ſans conſequence*, be where I will.

Sir *Char.* Nay, nay, this is too much among Friends, my Lord; come, come,—we muſt have it, your real Buſineſs here?

L. *Fop.* Why then, *Entre Nous*, there is a certain *Fille de Joye* at out the Court here that loves winning at Cards better than all the fine Things I have been able to ſay to her, ——ſo I have brought an odd Thouſand Bill in my Pocket that I deſign *Tête à Tête*, to play off with her at Piquet, or ſo; and now the Buſineſs is out.

Sir *Char.* Ah! and a very good Buſineſs too, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* If it be well done, *Charles* ———

Sir *Char.* That's as you manage your Cards, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* This muſt be a Woman of Conſequence by the Value you ſet upon her Favours.

Sir *Char.* O! nothing's above the Price of a fine Woman.

L. *Fop.* Nay, look you, Gentlemen, the Price may not happen to be altogether ſo high neither——For I fancy I know enough of the Game, to make it but an even Bett I get her for nothing.

L. *Mor.* How ſo, my Lord?

L. *Fop.* Becauſe, if ſhe happen to loſe a good Sum to me, I ſhall buy her with her own Money.

L. *Mor.* That's new I confeſs.

L. *Fop.* You know, *Charles*, 'tis not impoſſible but I may be five hundred Pounds deep with her——then Bills may fall ſhort, and the Devil's in't if I want Aſſurance to ask her to pay me ſome way or other.

Sir *Char.*

Sir *Char.* And a Man muſt be a Churl indeed, that won't take a Lady's Perſonal Security; hah! hah! hah!

L. *Fop.* Heh! heh! heh; thou art a Devil, *Charles.*

L. *Mor.* Death! how happy is this Coxcomb? [*Aſide.*

L. *Fop.* But to tell you the Truth, Gentlemen,——— I had another preſſing Temptation that brought me hither which was———my Wife.

L. *Mor.* That's kind indeed, my Lady has been here this Month, ſhe'll be glad to ſee you.

L. *Fop.* That I don't know; for I deſign this Afternoon to ſend her to *London.*

L. *Mor.* What! the ſame Day you come, my Lord? that would be cruel.

L. *Fop.* Ay, but it will be mighty convenient, for ſhe is poſitively of no manner of Uſe in my Amours.

L. *Mor.* That's your Fault, the Town thinks her a very deſerving Woman.

L. *Fop.* If ſhe were a Woman of the Town, perhaps I ſhou'd think ſo too; but ſhe happens to be my Wife, and when a Wife is once given to deſerve more than her Huſband's Inclinations can pay, in my Mind ſhe has no Merit at all.

L. *Mor.* She's extremely well-bred, and of a very prudent Conduct.

L. *Fop.* Um——ay——the Woman's proud enough.

L. *Mor.* Add to this, all the World allows her handſom.

L. *Fop.* The World's extremely civil, my Lord; and I ſhould take it as a Favour done to me, if they could find an Expedient to unmarry the poor Woman from the only Man in the World that can't think her handſom.

L. *Mor.* I believe there are a great many in the World that are ſorry 'tis not in their Power to unmarry her.

L. *Fop.* I am a great many in the World's very humble Servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their Power, their high and mighty Wiſdoms may command me at a quarter of an Hour's Warning.

L. *Mor.* Pray, my Lord, what did you marry for?

L. *Fop.* To pay my Debts at Play, and diſinherit my younger Brother.

L. *Mor.* But there are ſome Things due to a Wife.

L. *Fop.* And there are ſome Debts I don't care to pay ——to both which I plead Huſband, and my Lord.

L. *Mor.* If I ſhould do ſo, I ſhou'd expect to have my own Coach ſtopt in the Street, and to meet my Wife with the Windows up in a Hackney.

L. *Fop.* Then wou'd I put in Bail, and order a ſeparate Maintenance.

L. *Mor.* So pay double the Sum of the Debt, and be marry'd for nothing.

L. *Fop.* Now I think deferring a Dun, and getting rid of one's Wife, are two the moſt agreeable Sweets in the Liberties of an *Engliſh* Subject.

L. *Mor.* If I were marry'd, I wou'd as ſoon part from my Eſtate, as my Wife.

L. *Fop.* Now I wou'd not, Sun burn me if I wou'd.

L. *Mor.* Death! but ſince you are thus indifferent, my Lord, why would you needs marry a Woman of ſo much Merit? Cou'd not you have laid out your Spleen upon ſome ill-natur'd Shrew, that wanted the Plague of an ill Huſband, and have let her alone to ſome plain, honeſt Man of Quality that wou'd have deſerv'd her.

L. *Fop.* Why faith, my Lord, that might have been conſider'd; but I really grew ſo paſſionately fond of her Fortune, that, Curſe catch me, I was quite blind to the reſt of her good Qualities: For to tell you the Truth, if it had been poſſible the old Put of a Peer cou'd have toſs'd me in t'other five Thouſand for 'em, by my Conſent, ſhe ſhou'd have relinquiſh'd her Merit and Virtues to any of her younger Siſters.

Sir *Char.* Ay, ay, my Lord, Virtues in a Wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the World in mind of her Husband's Faults.

L. *Fop.* Right, *Charles:* And ſtrike me blind, but the Women of Virtue are now grown ſuch Idiots in Love, they expect of a Man, juſt as they do of a Coach-horſe, that one's Appetite, like t'other's Fleſh, ſhould increaſe by Feeding.

Sir *Char.* Right, my Lord, and don't conſider, that *Toujours Chapons Bouilles* will never do with an *Engliſh* Stomach.

L. Fop.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the Truth, *Charles*, I have known ſo much of that ſort of Eating, that I now think, for an hearty Meal, no Wild Fowl in *Europe* is comparable to a joint of *Banſtead* Mutton.

L. *Mor.* How do you mean?

L. *Fop.* Why, that for my Part, I had rather have a plain Slice of my Wife's Woman, than my Guts full of e'er an *Ortolan* Dutcheſs in *Chriſtendom*.

L. *Mor.* But I thought, my Lord, your chief Buſineſs now at *Windſor* had been your Deſign upon a Woman of Quality.

L. *Fop.* That's true, my Lord, tho' I don't think your fine Lady the beſt Diſh myſelf, yet a Man of Quality can't be without ſuch Things at his Table.

L. *Mor.* O! then you only deſire the Reputation of an Affair with her.

L. *Fop.* I think the Reputation is the moſt inviting Part of an Amour with moſt Women of Quality.

L. *Mor.* Why ſo, my Lord?

L. *Fop.* Why, who the Devil would run through all the Degrees of Form and Ceremony, that lead one up to the laſt Favour, if it were not for the Reputation of underſtanding the neareſt Way to get over the Difficulty?

L. *Mor.* But, my Lord, does not the Reputation of your being ſo general an Undertaker frighten the Women from engaging with you? For they ſay, no Man can love but one at a Time.

L. *Fop.* That's juſt one more than ever I came up to: For, ſtop my Breath, if ever I lov'd one in my Life.

L. *Mor.* How do you get 'em then?

L. *Fop.* Why, ſometimes as they get other People: I dreſs, and let them get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my Title, I buy 'em.

L. *Mor.* But how can you, that profeſs Indifference, think it worth your while to come ſo often up to the Price of a Woman of Quality?

L. *Fop.* Becauſe you muſt know, my Lord, that moſt of them begin now to come down to Reaſon; I mean thoſe that are to be had, for ſome die Fools; But with the wiſer Sort, 'tis not of late ſo very expenſive; now and then a *Partie Quarrie*, a Jaunt or two in a Hack to an

Indian

Indian Houſe, a little *China*, an odd Thing for a Gown, or ſo, and in three Days after you meet her at the Conveniency of trying it *Chez Madamoiſelle D'Epingle*.

Sir *Char*. Ay, ay, my Lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little Chat, a Diſh of Tea, *Madamoiſelle*'s good Humour, and a *Petit Chanſon*, or two, the Devil's in't if a Man can't fool away the Time, 'till he ſees how it looks upon her by Candle-light.

L. *Fop*. Heh! heh! well ſaid, *Charles*, I'gad I fancy thee and I have unlac'd many a Reputation there——— Your great Lady is as ſoon undreſs'd as her Woman.

L. *Mor*. I could never find it ſo ——— the Shame or Scandal of a Repulſe always made me afraid of attempting a Woman of Condition

Sir *Char*. Ha! ha! I'gad my Lord, you deſerve to be ill us'd, your Modeſty's enough to ſpoil any Woman in the World; but my Lord and I underſtand the Sex a little better, we ſee plainly that Women are only cold, as ſome Men are brave, from the Modeſty or Fear of thoſe that attack 'em.

L. *Fop*. Right, *Charles*———a Man ſhould no more give up his Heart to a Woman, than his Sword to a Bully; they are both as inſolent as the Devil after it.

Sir *Char*. How do you like that, my Lord?

[*Aſide to L.* Mor.

L. *Mor*. Faith I envy him—But, my Lord, ſuppoſe your Inclination ſhould ſtumble upon a Woman truly virtuous, would not a ſevere Repulſe from ſuch an one put you ſtrangely out of Countenance?

L. *Fop*. Not at all, my Lord——— for if a Man don't mind a Box o' the Ear in a fair Struggle with a freſh Country Girl, why the Duce ſhould he be concern'd at an impertinent Frown for an Attack upon a Woman of Quality?

L. *Mor*. Then you have no Notion of a Lady's Cruelty?

L. *Fop*. Ha! ha! let me Blood, if I think there's a greater Jeſt in Nature. I am ready to crack my Guts with laughing to ſee a ſenſeleſs Flirt, becauſe the Creature happens to have a little Pride that ſhe calls Virtue about her, give herſelf all the inſolent Airs of Reſentment and Diſdain to an honeſt Fellow, that all the while does not care three

three Pinches of Snuff if ſhe and her Virtue were to run with their laſt Favours through the firſt Regiment of Guards———Ha! ha!———it puts me in mind of an Affair of mine, ſo impertinent———

L. *Mor.* O! that's impoſſible, my Lord——pray let's hear it.

L. *Fop.* Why I happen'd once to be very well in a certain Man of Quality's Family, and his Wife lik'd me.

L. *Mor.* How do you know ſhe lik'd you?

L. *Fop.* Why from the very Moment I told her I lik'd her, ſhe never durſt truſt herſelf at the End of a Room with me.

L. *Mor.* That might be her not liking you.

L. *Fop.* My Lord———Women of Quality don't uſe to ſpeak the Thing plain———but to ſatisfy you I did not want Encouragement, I never came there in my Life, but ſhe did immediately ſmile, and borrow my Snuff box.

L. *Mor.* She lik'd your Snuff at leaſt———Well, but how did ſhe uſe you?

L. *Fop.* By all that's infamous ſhe jilted me.

L. *Mor.* How! Jilt you?

L. *Fop.* Ay, Death's Curſe, ſhe jilted me.

L. *Mor.* Pray let's hear.

L. *Fop.* For when I was pretty well convinc'd ſhe had a Mind to me, I one Day made her a Hint of an Appointment: Upon which, with an inſolent Frown in her Face (that made her look as ugly as the Devil) ſhe told me, that if ever I came thither again, her Lord ſhould know that ſhe had forbidden me the Houſe before;——Did you ever hear of ſuch a Slut?

Sir *Char.* Intolerable!

L. *Mor.* But how did her Anſwer agree with you?

L. *Fop.* O, paſſionately well! for I ſtar'd full in her Face, and burſt out a laughing; at which ſhe turn'd upon her Heel, and gave a Crack with her Fan like a Coach-whip, and bridl'd out of the Room with the Air and Complexion of an incens'd Turkey-Cock.

[*A Servant whiſpers Sir* Charles.

L. *Mor.* What did you then?

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop.* I———look'd after her, gap'd, threw up the Saſh, and fell a ſinging out of the Window——ſo that you ſee, my Lord, while a Man is not in Love, there's no great Affliction in miſſing one's way to a Woman.

Sir *Char.* Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my Lord; but now let's ſee how you dare behave yourſelf upon Action———Dinner's ſerv'd, and the Ladies ſtay for us ———There's one within has been too hard for as briſk a Man as yourſelf.

L. *Mor.* I gueſs who you mean——Have a care, my Lord, ſhe'll prove your Courage for you.

L. *Fop* Will ſhe! then ſhe's an undone Creature. For let me tell you, Gentlemen, Courage is the whole Myſtery of making Love, and of more uſe than Conduct is in War; for the braveſt Fellow in *Europe* may beat his Brains out againſt the ſtubborn Walls of a Town——But ——" Women, born to be controll'd,

" Stoop to the Forward, and the Bold. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Lord Morelove *and Sir* Charles.

L. *Mor.* SO! Did not I bear up bravely?

Sir *Char.* Admirably! with the beſt bred Inſolence in Nature, you inſulted like a Woman of Quality when her Country-bred Husband's jealous of her in the wrong Place.

L. *Mor.* Ha! ha! Did you obſerve, when I firſt came into the Room, how careleſly ſhe bruſh'd her Eyes over me, and when the Company ſaluted me, ſtood all the while with her Face to the Window? ha! ha!

Sir *Char.* What aſtoniſh'd Airs ſhe gave herſelf, when you aſk'd her, what made her ſo grave upon her old Friends?

L. *Mor.*

L. *Mor.* And whenever I offer'd any Thing in Talk, what affected Care ſhe took to direct her Obſervations of it to a third Perſon?

Sir *Char.* I obſerv'd ſhe did not eat above the Rump of a Pigeon all Dinner Time.

L. *Mor.* And how ſhe colour'd when I told her, her Ladyſhip had loſt her Stomach.

Sir *Char.* If you keep your Temper ſhe's undone.

L. *Mor.* Provided ſhe ſticks to her Pride, I believe I may.

Sir *Char.* Ay! never fear her; I warrant in the Humour ſhe is in, ſhe would as ſoon part with her Senſe of Feeling.

L. *Mor.* Well! what's to be done next;

Sir *Char.* Only obſerve her Motions; for by her Behaviour at Dinner, I am ſure ſhe deſigns to gall you with my Lord *Foppington:* If ſo, you muſt even ſtand her Fire, and then play my Lady *Graveairs* upon her, whom I'll immediately pique and prepare for your Purpoſe.

L. *Mor.* I underſtand you——the propereſt Woman in the World too, for ſhe'll certainly encourage the leaſt Offer from me, in hopes of revenging her Slights upon you.

Sir *Char.* Right; and the very Encouragement ſhe gives you, at the ſame Time will give me a Pretence to widen the Breach of my Quarrel to her.

L. *Mor.* Beſides, *Charles*, I own I am fond of any Attempt that will forward a Miſunderſtanding there, for your Lady's ſake: A Woman ſo truly good in her Nature, ought to have ſomething more from a Man, than bare Occaſions to prove her Goodneſs.

Sir *Char.* Why then, upon Honour, my Lord, to give you Proof that I am poſitively the beſt Huſband in the World, my Wife————never yet found me out.

L. *Mor.* That may be her being the beſt Wife in the World; She, may be, won't find you out.

Sir *Char.* Nay, if ſhe won't tell a Man of his Faults, when ſhe ſees 'em, how the Duce ſhould he mend 'em? but

but however, you ſee I am going to leave 'em off as faſt as I can.

L. *Mor.* Being tir'd of a Woman is indeed a pretty tolerable Aſſurance of a Man's not deſigning to fool on with her——Here ſhe comes, and if I don't miſtake, Brimfull of Reproaches——You can't take her in a better Time——I'll leave you.

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant, is the Company broke up, pray?

L. *Gra.* No, my Lord, they are juſt talking of Baſſet; my Lord *Foppington* has a Mind to tally, if your Lordſhip would encourage the Table.

L. *Mor.* O Madam, with all my Heart! But Sir *Charles*, I know, is hard to be got to it; I'll leave your Ladyſhip to prevail with him. [*Exit L.* Morelove.

Sir Charles *and Lady* Graveairs *ſalute coldly, and trifle ſome Time before they ſpeak.*

L. *Grav.* Sir *Charles*, I ſent you a Note this Morning—

Sir *Char.* Yes, Madam, but there were ſome Paſſages I did not expect from your Ladyſhip; you ſeem'd to tax me with Things that——

L. *Gra.* Look you, Sir, 'tis not at all material, whether I tax'd you with any Thing or no: I don't in the leaſt deſire to hear you clear yourſelf, upon my Word, you may be very eaſy as to that Matter; for my Part, I am mighty well ſatisfy'd, Things are as they are; all I have to ſay to you is, that you need not give yourſelf the Trouble to call at my Lodgings this Afternoon, if you ſhould have Time, as you were pleas'd to ſend me Word——and ſo your Servant, Sir, that's all—— [*Going.*

Sir *Char.* Hold, Madam.

L. *Grav.* Look you, Sir *Charles*, 'tis not your calling me back that will ſignify any Thing, I can aſſure you.

Sir *Char.* Why this extraordinary Haſte, Madam?

L. *Grav.* In ſhort, Sir *Charles*, I have taken a great many Things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would poſitively bear no longer:—But I ſee Things are in vain, and the more People ſtrive to oblige People, the leſs they are thank'd for't: And ſince there muſt be an end of one's Ridiculouſneſs one Time or other,

other, I don't ſee any Time ſo proper as the preſent, and therefore, Sir, I deſire you'd think of Things accordingly ——your Servant—— [*Going, he holds her.*

Sir *Char.* Nay, Madam, let's ſtart fair however; you ought at leaſt to ſtay 'till I'm as ready as your Ladyſhip; and then——if we muſt part——

Affectedly { Adieu ye ſilent Grots, and ſhady Groves;
Ye ſoft Amuſements of our growing Loves;
Adieu ye whiſper'd Sighs that fann'd the Fire,
And all the thrilling Joys of young Deſire.

L. *Grav.* O mighty well, Sir: I am very glad we are at laſt come to a right Underſtanding, the only Way I have long wiſh'd for; not but I'd have you to know, I ſee your Deſign thro' all your painted Eaſe of Reſignation: I know you'd give your Soul to make me uneaſy now.

Sir *Char.* O fy, Madam, upon my Word, I would not make you uneaſy, if it were in my Power.

L. *Grav.* O dear Sir, you need not take ſuch Care, upon my Word; you'll find I can part with you without the leaſt Diſorder——I'll try at leaſt, and ſo once more, and for ever, Sir, your Servant: Not but you muſt give me Leave to tell you, as my laſt Thought of you too, that I do think——you are a Villain—— [*Exit haſtily.*

Sir *Char.* O your very humble Servant, Madam—— [*Bowing low.*

What a charming Quality is a Woman's Pride, that's ſtrong enough to refuſe a Man her Favours, when he's weary of 'em—Ah! [*Lady* Graveairs *returns.*

L. *Grav.* Look you, Sir *Charles*——don't preſume upon the Eaſineſs of my Temper: For to convince you that I am poſitively in earneſt in this Matter, I deſire you would let me have what Letters you have had of mine ſince you came to *Windſor*, and I expect you'll return the reſt, as I will yours, as ſoon as we come to *London*.

Sir *Char.* Upon my Faith, Madam, I never keep any; I always put Snuff in 'em, and ſo they wear out.

L. *Grav.* Sir *Charles*, I muſt have 'em, for poſitively I won't ſtir without 'em.

Sir *Char.*

Sir *Char.* Ha! then I muſt be civil, I ſee. [*Aſide.*
Perhaps, Madam, I have no Mind to part with them—or you.

L. *Grav.* Look you, Sir, all thoſe Sort of Things are in vain, now there's an End of every Thing between us —If you ſay you won't give 'em, I muſt e'en get 'em as well as I can.

Sir *Char.* Hah! that won't do then, I find. [*Aſide.*

L. *Grav.* Who's there? Mrs. *Edging*—Your keeping a Letter, Sir, won't keep me, I'll aſſure you.

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did your Ladyſhip call me, Madam?

L. *Grav.* Ay, Child, pray do me the Favour to fetch my Scarf out of the Dining-Room.

Edg. Yes, Madam———

Sir *Char.* O! then there's Hope again. [*Aſide.*

Edg. Ha! ſhe looks as if my Maſter had quarrell'd with her; I hope ſhe's going away in a Huff—ſhe ſhan't ſtay for her Scarf, I warrant her———This is pure.

[*Aſide. Exit ſmiling.*

L. *Grav.* Pray, Sir *Charles*, before I go, give me Leave now, after all, to ask you——— why you have us'd me thus?

Sir *Char.* What is it you call Uſage, Madam?

L. *Grav.* Why then, ſince you will have it, how comes it you have been ſo groſly careleſs and neglectful of me of late? Only tell me ſeriouſly wherein I have deſerv'd this.

Sir *Char.* Why then, ſeriouſly, Madam———

Re-enter Edging *with a Scarf.*

We are interrupted ———

Edg. Here's your Ladyſhip's Scarf, Madam.

L. *Grav.* Thank you, Mrs. *Edging.*———O law! pray will you let ſome Body get me a Chair to the Door.

Edg. Humh! She might have told me that before, if ſhe had been in ſuch haſte to go——— [*Exit.*

L. *Grav.* Now, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Then ſeriouſly, I ſay, I am of late grown ſo very lazy in my Pleaſures, that I had rather loſe a Woman than go through the Plague and Trouble of having or keeping her; and to be free, I have found ſo much even in my Acquaintance with you, whom I confeſs to be a Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs in the Art of pleaſing, that I am from henceforth reſolv'd to follow no Pleaſure that ariſes above the Degree of Amuſement——and that Woman that expects I ſhould make her my Buſineſs; why——like my Buſineſs, is then in a fair way of being forgot:—When once ſhe comes to Reproach me with Vows, and Uſage, and Stuff——I had as lief hear her talk of Bills, Bonds and Ejectments; her Paſſion becomes as troubleſome as a Law-ſuit, and I would as ſoon converſe with my Solicitor——In ſhort, I ſhall never care Six-pence for any Woman that won't be obedient.——

L. *Grav.* I'll ſwear, Sir, you have a very free way of treating People; I am glad I am ſo well acquainted with your Principles however——.——and you'd have me obedient?

Sir *Char.* Why not? my Wife's ſo, and I think ſhe has as much Pretence to be proud as your Ladyſhip.

L. *Grav.* Lard! is there no Chair to be had, I wonder?

Enter Edging.

Edg. Here's a Chair, Madam.

L. *Grav.* 'Tis very well, Mrs. *Edging:* Pray will you let ſome Body get me a Glaſs of fair Water.

Edg. Humh! her Huff's almoſt over, I ſuppoſe——I ſee he's a Villain ſtill. [*Exit.*

L. *Grav.* Well that was the prettieſt Fancy about Obedience ſure that ever was! Certainly a Woman of Condition muſt be infinitely happy under the Dominion of ſo generous a Lover! But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks you ſhould not have left ſo faſhionable an Article out of your Scheme of Government.

Sir *Char.* Um! No, there is too much Trouble in that, though I have known 'em of admirable Uſe in the Reformation of ſome humourſome Gentlewomen.

L. *Grav.* But one Thing more and I have done——Pray what Degree of Spirit muſt the Lady have, that is to make herſelf happy under ſo much Freedom, Order and Tranquillity.

Sir *Char.* O! ſhe muſt at leaſt have as much Spirit as your Ladyſhip, or ſhe'd give me no Pleaſure in breaking it.

L. *Grav.*

L. *Grav.* No; that would be troubleſome——You had better take one that's broken to your Hand,———there are ſuch Souls to be hir'd, I believe; Things that will rub your Temples in an Evening 'till you fall faſt aſleep in their Laps. Creatures too that think their Wages their Reward; I fancy, at laſt. that will be the beſt Method for the lazy Paſſion of a marry'd Man, that has outliv'd his any other Senſe of Gratification.

Sir *Char.* Look you, Madam,———I have lov'd you very well a great while; now you wou'd have me love you better and longer, which is not in my Power to do, and I don't think there's any Plague upon Earth like a Dun that comes for more Money than one's ever likely to be able to pay.

L. *Grav.* A Dun! do you take me for a Dun, Sir? do I come a Dunning to you? [*Walks in a Heat.*

Sir *Char.* H'ſt! don't expoſe yourſelf——here's Company ———

L. *Grav.* I care not——A Dun! You ſhall ſee, Sir, I can revenge an Affront, tho' I deſpiſe the Wretch that offers it——A Dun! Oh! I cou'd die with laughing at the Fancy. [*Exit.*

Sir *Char.* So! ſhe's in admirable Order——Here comes my Lord, and I'm afraid in the very Nick of his Occaſion for her.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. *Mor.* O *Charles!* Undone again! all's loſt and ruin'd.

Sir *Char.* What's the matter now?

L. *Mor.* I have been playing the Fool yonder even to Contempt, my ſenſleſs Jealouſy has confeſs'd a Weakneſs I never ſhall forgive myſelf——She has inſulted on it to that Degree too——I can't bear the Thought ——— O *Charles!* this Devil ſtill is Miſtreſs of my Heart, and I could daſh my Brains to think how groſly too I have let her know it.

Sir *Char.* Ah! how it would tickle her if ſhe ſaw you in this Condition: Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* Pr'ythee don't torture me: Think of ſome preſent Eaſe, or I ſhall burſt ———

Sir *Char.* Well, well, let's hear, pray——what has ſhe done to you? ha! ha!

L. *Mor.*

L. *Mor.* Why ever ſince I left you ſhe treated me with ſo much Coolneſs and ill Nature, and that thing of a Lord with ſo much laughing Eaſe, ſuch an acquainted, ſuch a ſpiteful Familiarity, that at the laſt ſhe ſaw and triumph'd in my Uneaſineſs.

Sir *Char.* Well! and ſo you left the Room in a Pet? ha!

L. *Mor.* O worſe, worſe ſtill! for at laſt, with half Shame and Anger in my Looks, I thruſt myſelf between my Lord and her, preſs'd her by the Hand, and in a Whiſper trembling begg'd her in Pity of herſelf and me to ſhew her good Humour only where ſhe knew it was truly valued; at which ſhe broke from me with a cold Smile, ſat her down by the Peer, whiſper'd him, and burſt into a loud Laughter in my Face.

Sir *Char.* Ha! ha! then would I have given fifty Pound to have ſeen your Face: Why, what, in the Name of Common Senſe, had you to do with Humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas ſetting a lighted Match to Gunpowder to blow yourſelf up.

L. *Mor.* I ſee my Folly now, *Charles*——but what ſhall I do with the Remains of Life that ſhe has left me?

Sir *Char.* O throw it at her Feet by all means, put on your Tragedy Face, catch faſt hold of her Petticoat, whip out your Handkerchief, and in point Blank Verſe, deſire her one way or other, to make an End of the Buſineſs

[*In a whining Tone.*

L. *Mor.* What a Fool doſt thou make me?

Sir *Char.* I only ſhew you, as you come out of her Hands, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* How contemptibly have I behav'd myſelf?

Sir *Char.* That's according as you bear her Behaviour.

L. *Mor.* Bear it! no: I thank thee, *Charles*——thou haſt wak'd me now; and if I bear it——What have you done with my Lady *Graveairs?*

Sir *Char.* Your Buſineſs, I believe——She's ready for you, ſhe's juſt gone down Stairs, and if you don't make haſte after her, I expect her back again with a Knife or a Piſtol, preſently.

L. *Mor.* I'll go this Minute.

Sir *Char.*

Sir *Char.* No, ſtay a little, here comes my Lord: We'll ſee what we can get out of him firſt.

L. *Mor.* Methinks I now could laugh at her.

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. *Fop.* Nay, pr'ythee, Sir *Charles*, let's have a little of thee——We have been ſo *Chagrin* without thee, that, ſtop my Breath, the Ladies are gone half aſleep to Church for want of thy Company.

Sir *Char.* That's hard indeed, while your Lordſhip was among 'em: Is Lady *Betty* gone too?

L. *Fop.* She was juſt upon the Wing——But I caught her by the Snuff-Box, and She pretends to ſtay to ſee if I'll give it her again, or no.

L. *Mor.* Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only Preſent ſhe ever would receive from me——Ask him how he came by it? [*Aſide to Sir* Charles.

Sir *Char.* Pr'ythee don't be uneaſy——Did ſhe give it you, my Lord?

L. *Fop.* Faith *Charles*, I can't ſay ſhe did, or ſhe did not, but we were playing the Fool, and I took it——*a la*——Pſhaw! I can't tell thee in *French* neither, but *Horace* touches it to a Nicety ——'twas *Pignus direptum malè pertinaci.*

L. *Mor.* So! but I muſt bear it—if your Lordſhip has a Mind to the Box, I'll ſtand by you in the keeping of it.

L. *Fop.* My Lord, I am paſſionately oblig'd to you, but I am afraid I cannot anſwer your hazarding ſo much of the Lady's Favour.

L. *Mor.* Not at all, my Lord: 'Tis poſſible I may not have the ſame Regard to her Frown that your Lordſhip has.

L. *Fop.* That's a Bite, I am ſure——he'd give a Joint of his little Finger to be as well with her as I am. [*Aſide.*] But here ſhe comes! *Charles*, ſtand by me——Muſt not a Man be a vain Coxcomb now, to think this Creature follow'd one?

Sir *Char.* Nothing ſo plain, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* Flattering Devil!

Enter Lady Betty.

L. *Bet.* Pſhaw! my Lord *Foppington!* Pr'ythee don't play

play the Fool now, but give me my Snuff-Box——Sir *Charles*, help me to take it from him.

Sir *Char.* You know I hate Trouble, Madam.

L. *Bet.* Pooh! You'll make me ſtay till Prayers are half over now.

L. *Fop.* If you'll promiſe me not to go to Church, I'll give it you.

L. *Bet.* I'll promiſe nothing at all, for poſitively I will have it. [*Struggling with him.*

L. *Fop.* Then comparatively I won't part with it, ha! ha! [*Struggles with her.*

L. *Bet.* O you Devil! you have kill'd my Arm! Oh! Well—if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

L. *Mor.* O *Charles!* that has a view of diſtant Kindneſs in it. [*Aſide to Sir* Charles.

L. *Fop.* Nay, now I keep it ſuperlatively——I find there's a ſecret Value in it.

L. *Bet.* O diſmal! upon my Word, I am only aſham'd to give it you: Do you think I wou'd offer ſuch an odious fancy'd Thing to any Body I had the leaſt Value for?

Sir *Char.* Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not ſeem to be any Kindneſs at all.

[*Aſide to Lord* Morelove.

L. *Fop.* Why, really, Madam, upon ſecond View, it has not extremely the Mode of a Lady's Utenſil: Are you ſure it never held any thing but Snuff?

L. *Bet.* O! you Monſter!

L. *Fop.* Nay, I only aſk, becauſe it ſeems to me to have very much the Air and Fancy of Monſieur *Smoak-and-ſot*'s Tobacco box.

L *Mor.* I can bear no more.

Sir *Char.* Why, don't then; I'll ſtep into the Company, and return to your Relief immediately. [*Exit.*

L. *Mor.* [*To L.* Bet.] Come, Madam, will your Ladyſhip give me leave to end the Difference——Since the Slightneſs of the Thing may let you beſtow it without any Mark of Favour, ſhall I beg it of your Ladyſhip?

L. *Fop.* O my Lord, no Body ſooner——I beg you give it my Lord.

[*Looking*

[*Looking earneſtly on L.* Fop. *who ſmiling gives it to L.* Mor *and then bows gravely to her.*

L. *Mor.* Only to have the Honour of reſtoring it to your Lordſhip; and if there be any other Trifle of mine, your Lordſhip has a Fancy to, tho' it were a Miſtreſs, I don't know any Perſon in the World that has ſo good a Claim to my Reſignation.

L. *Fop.* O my Lord, this Generoſity will diſtract me.

L. *Mor.* My Lord, I do you but common Juſtice: But from your Converſation, I had never known the true Value of the Sex; You poſitively underſtand 'em the beſt of any Man breathing, therefore I think every one of common Prudence ought to reſign to you.

L. *Fop.* Then poſitively your Lordſhip's the moſt obliging Perſon in the World, for I'm ſure your Judgment can never like any Woman that is not the fineſt Creature in the Univerſe. [*Bowing to L.* Betty.

L. *Mor.* O! your Lordſhip does me too much Honour, I have the worſt Judgment in the World, no Man has been more deceiv'd in it.

L. *Fop.* Then your Lordſhip, I preſume, has been apt to chooſe in a Maſk, or by Candle-light.

L. *Mor.* In a Maſk indeed, my Lord, and of all Maſks the moſt dangerous.

L. *Fop.* Pray what's that, my Lord?

L. *Mor.* A bare Face.

L. *Fop.* Your Lordſhip will pardon me, if I don't ſo really comprehend how a Woman's bare Face can hide her Face.

L. *Mor.* It often hides her Heart, my Lord, and therefore I think it ſometimes a more dangerous Maſk than a Piece of Velvet: That's rather a Mark than a Diſguiſe of an ill Woman: But the Miſchiefs ſkulking behind a Beauteous Form, give no Warning; they are always Sure, Fatal, and Innumerable.

L. *Bet.* O barbarous Aſperſion! my Lord *Foppington*, have you nothing to ſay for the poor Women?

L. *Fop.* I muſt confeſs, Madam, nothing of this Nature ever happen'd in my Courſe of Amours: I always judge the Beauteous Form of a Woman to be the moſt agreeable Part of her Compoſition, and when once a Lady does

does me the Honour to toſs that into my Arms, I think myſelf obliged in Good-nature, not to quarrel about the reſt of her Equipage.

L. *Bet.* Why ay, my Lord, there's ſome good Humour in that now.

L. *Mor.* He's happy in a plain *Engliſh* Stomach, Madam. I could recommend a Diſh that's perfectly to your Lordſhip's Gouſt, where Beauty is the only Sauce to it.

L. *Bet.* So!

L. *Fop.* My Lord, when my Wine's right, I never care it ſhould be Zeſted.

L. *Mor.* I know ſome Ladies would thank you for that Opinion.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Morelove*'s really grown ſuch a Churl to the Women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in Love.

L. *Mor.* Upon my Word, Madam, I once thought I was. [*Smiling.*

L. *Bet.* Fy! fy! how could you think ſo? I fancy now you had only a Mind to domineer over ſome poor Creature, and ſo you thought you were in Love; ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* The Lady I lov'd, Madam, grew ſo unfortunate in her Conduct, that ſhe at laſt brought me to treat her with the ſame Indifference and Civility as I now pay your Ladyſhip.

L. *Bet.* And ten to one, juſt at that time ſhe never thought you ſuch tolerable Company.

L. *Mor.* That I can't ſay, Madam, for at that time ſhe grew ſo affected, there was no judging of her Thoughts at all. [*Mimicking her.*

L. *Bet.* What, and ſo you left the poor Lady? O you inconſtant Creature!

L. *Mor.* No, Madam, to have lov'd her on had been Inconſtancy; for ſhe was never two Hours together the ſame Woman, [L. Bet. *and* L. Mor. *ſeem to talk.*

L. *Fop.* [*Aſide.*] Ha! ha! ha! I ſee he has a Mind to abuſe her; ſo I'll ev'n give him an Opportunity of doing his Buſineſs with her at once for ever——My Lord, I perceive your Lordſhip's going to be good Company to the Lady, and for her ſake I don't think it good Manners in me to diſturb you———

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir *Char.* My Lord *Foppington!*

L. *Fop.* O *Charles!* I was juſt wanting thee——Hark thee——I have three thouſand Secrets for thee——I have made ſuch Diſcoveries! to tell thee all in one Word——*Morelove*'s as jealous of me as the Devil; heh! heh! heh!

Sir *Char.* Is't poſſible? has ſhe given him any Occaſion?

L. *Fop.* Only rally'd him to Death upon my Account; ſhe told me within, juſt now, ſhe'd uſe him like a Dog, and begg'd me to draw off for an Opportunity.

Sir *Char.* O! keep in while the Scent lies, and ſhe's your own, my Lord,

L. *Fop.* I can't tell that, *Charles*, but I'm ſure ſhe's fairly unharbour'd, and when once I throw off my Inclinations, I uſually follow 'em 'till the Game has enough on't; and between thee and I ſhe's pretty well blown too, ſhe can't ſtand long, I believe, for, Curſe catch me, if I have not rid down half a Thouſand Pound after her already.

Sir *Char.* What do you mean?

L. *Fop.* I have loſt Five hundred to her at Piquet ſince Dinner.

Sir *Char.* You are a fortunate Man, faith; you are reſolv'd not to be thrown out, I ſee.

L. *Fop.* Hang it! What ſhould a Man come out for, if he does not keep up to the Sport?

Sir *Char.* Well puſh'd, my Lord.

L. *Fop. Tayo!* have at her———

Sir *Char.* Down! down, my Lord——ah———'ware Hanches.

L. *Fop.* Ah! *Charles* [*Embracing him.*] Pr'ythee let's obſerve a little, there's a fooliſh Cur, now I have run her to a Stand, has a Mind to be at her by himſelf, and thou ſhalt ſee ſhe won't ſtir out of her way for him.

[*They ſtand aſide.*

L. *Mor.* Ha! ha! Your Ladyſhip is very grave of a ſudden, you look as if your Lover had inſolently recover'd his common Senſes.

L. *Bet.* And your Lordſhip is ſo very gay, and unlike your-

yourſelf, one wou'd ſwear you were juſt come from the Pleaſure of making your Miſtreſs afraid of you.

L. *Mor.* No, faith, quite contrary—for do you know, Madam, I have juſt found out, that upon your Account I have made myſelf one of the moſt ridiculous Puppies upon the Face of the Earth ——— I have upon my faith!———nay and ſo extravagantly ſuch ——— ha! ha! ha! that it's at laſt become a Jeſt even to myſelf; and I can't help laughing at it for the Soul of me; ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* I want to cure him of that Laugh now. [*Aſide.* My Lord, ſince you are ſo generous, I'll tell you another Secret: Do you know too, that I ſtill find (ſpite of all your great Wiſdom, and my contemptible Qualities, as you are pleas'd now and then to call them:) Do you know, I ſay, that I ſee under all this, you ſtill love me with the ſame helpleſs Paſſion; and can your vaſt Foreſight imagine I won't uſe you accordingly, for theſe extraordinary Airs you are pleas'd to give yourſelf?

L. *Mor.* O by all means, Madam, 'tis fit you ſhould and I expect it, whenever it is in your Power———Confuſion! [*Aſide.*

L. *Bet.* My Lord, you have talk'd to me this half Hour, without confeſſing Pain. [*Pauſes and affects to Gape.*] only remember it.

L. *Mor.* Hell and Tortures!

L. *Bet.* What did you ſay, my Lord?

L. *Mor.* Fire and Furies!

L. *Bet.* Ha! ha! he's diſorder'd——Now I am eaſy—My Lord *Foppington*, have you a Mind to your Revenge at Piquet?

L. *Fop.* I have always a Mind to an Opportunity of entertaining your Ladyſhip, Madam.

[*L.* Betty *coquets with L.* Fop.

L. *Mor.* O *Charles*——The Inſolence of this Woman might furniſh out a thouſand Devils.

Sir *Char.* And your Temper is enough to furniſh out a thouſand ſuch Women——Come away——I have Buſineſs for you upon the Terraſs.

L. *Mor.* Let me but ſpeak one Word to her———

Sir *Char.* Not a Syllable——the Tongue's a Weapon

you'll always have the worſt at: For I ſee you have no Guard, and ſhe carries a Deviliſh Edge.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, don't let any thing I've ſaid frighten you away; for if you have the leaſt Inclination to ſtay and rail, you know the old Conditions; 'tis but your aſking me Pardon next Day, and you may give your Paſſion any Liberty you think fit.

L. *Mor.* Daggers and Death!

Sir *Char.* Are you mad?

L. *Mor.* Let me ſpeak to her now, or I ſhall burſt——

Sir *Char.* Upon Condition you'll ſpeak no more of her to me, my Lord, do as you pleaſe.

L. *Mor.* Pr'ythee pardon me—I know not what to do.

Sir *Char.* Come along——I'll ſet you to work I warrant you——Nay, nay, none of your parting Ogles——Will you go?

L. *Mor.* Yes———and I hope for ever———

[*Exit* Sir Char. *pulling away L.* Mor.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! Did ever mortal Monſter ſet up for a Lover with ſuch unfortunate Qualifications?

L. *Bet.* Indeed, my Lord *Morelove* has ſomething ſtrangely ſingular in his Manner.

L. *Fop.* I thought I ſhould have burſt to ſee the Creature pretend to Rally, and give himſelf the Airs of one of Us———But, run me through, Madam, your Ladyſhip puſh'd like a Fencing-Maſter, that laſt Thruſt was a *Coup de Grace*, I believe——I'm afraid his Honour will hardly meet your Ladyſhip in haſte again.

L. *Bet.* Not unleſs his Second, Sir *Charles*, keeps him better in Practice, perhaps——Well, the Humour of this Creature has done me ſignal Service to Day, I muſt keep it up for fear of a ſecond Engagement. [*Aſide.*

L. *Fop.* Never was poor Wit ſo foil'd at his own Weapon ſure.

L. *Bet.* Wit? Had he ever any Pretence to it?

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! he has not much in Love, I think, though he wears the Reputation of a very pretty young Fellow, among ſome ſort of People; but, ſtrike me ſtupid, if ever I could diſcover common Senſe in all the Progreſs of his Amours: He expects a Woman ſhould like him for endeavouring to convince her, that ſhe has not one good

Quality

Quality belonging to the whole Compoſition of her Soul and Body.

L. *Bet.* That, I ſuppoſe, is only in a modeſt Hope, that ſhe'll mend her Faults, to qualify herſelf for his vaſt Merit, ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Poor *Morelove*, I ſee ſhe can't endure him. [*Aſide.*

L. *Bet.* Or if one really had all thoſe Faults, he does not conſider, that Sincerity in Love is as much out of Faſhion as ſweet Snuff; no Body takes it now.

L. *Fop.* O! no Mortal, Madam, unleſs it be here and there a Squire, that's making his lawful Court to the Cherry-cheek Charms of my Lord Biſhop's great fat Daughter in the Country.

L. *Bet.* O what a ſurfeiting Couple has he put together—— [*Throwing her Hand careleſly upon his.*

L. *Fop.* Fond of me by all that's tender——Poor Fool, I'll give thee eaſe immediately. [*Aſide.*]——But, Madam, you were pleas'd juſt now to offer me my Revenge at Piquet——Now here's no Body within, and I think we can't make uſe of a better Opportunity.

L. *Bet.* O! no: Not now, my Lord! —I have a Favour I would fain beg of you firſt.

L. *Fop.* But Time, Madam, is very precious in this Place, and I ſhall not eaſily forgive myſelf if I don't take him by the Forelock.

L. *Bet.* But I have a great mind to have a little more Sport with my Lord *Morelove* firſt, and would feign beg your Aſſiſtance.

L. *Fop.* O! with all my Heart; and, upon ſecond Thoughts, I don't know but piquing a Rival in public may be as good Sport, as being well with a Miſtreſs in private: For, after all, the Pleaſure of a fine Woman is like that of her own Virtue, not ſo much in the thing, as the Reputation of having it. [*Aſide.*]—Well, Madam, but how can I ſerve you in this Affair?

L. *Bet.* Why, methought, as my Lord *Morelove* went out, he ſhew'd a ſtern reſentment in his Look, that ſeem'd to threaten me with Rebellion, and downright Defiance: Now I have a great Fancy, that you and I ſhould follow

him to the Terraſs, and laugh at his Reſolution before he has time to put it in Practice.

L. *Fop.* And ſo puniſh his Fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* Nay, we won't give him time, if his Courage ſhould fail, to repent it.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! let me Blood, if I don't long to be at it, ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* O! 'twill be ſuch Diverſion to ſee him bite his Lips, and broil within, only with ſeeing us ready to ſplit our Sides in laughing at nothing, ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! I ſee the Creature does really like me, [*Aſide.*] And then, Madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a Tune, in Affectation of his not minding us—'twill be ſo fooliſh when we know he loves us to Death all the while, ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* And if at laſt his ſage Mouth ſhou'd open in ſurly Contradiction of our Humour, then will we, in pure Oppoſition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not Gallant, and Faſhionable; Conſtancy ſhall be the Mark of Age and Uglineſs, Virtue a Jeſt, we'll rally Diſcretion out of Doors, lay Gravity at our Feet, and only Love, free Love, Diſorder, Liberty, and Pleaſure be our ſtanding Principles.

L. *Fop.* Madam, you tranſport me: For if ever I was obliged to Nature for any one tolerable Qualification 'twas poſitively the Talent of being exuberantly pleaſant upon this Subject———I am impatient———my Fancy's upon the Wing already———let's fly to him.

L. *Bet.* No, no; ſtay 'till I am juſt got out, our going together won't be ſo proper.

L. *Fop.* As your Ladyſhip pleaſes, Madam———But when this Affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain Revenge due.

L. *Bet.* Ay! ay! after Supper I am for you——Nay, you ſhan't ſtir a Step, my Lord ——

[*Seeing her to the Door.*

L. *Fop.* Only to tell you, you have fix'd me yours to the laſt Exiſtence of my Soul's eternal Entity———

L. *Bet.* O, your Servant. [*Exit.*

L. *Fop.*

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ſtark mad for me, by all that's handſome! poor *Morelove!* That a Fellow who has ever been abroad, ſhould think a Woman of her Spirit is to be taken as the Confederates do Towns, by a regular Siege, when ſo many of the *French* Succeſſes might have ſhewn him the ſureſt Way is to whiſper the Governor—How can a Coxcomb give himſelf the Fatigue of Bombarding a Woman's Underſtanding, when he may with ſo much Eaſe make a Friend of her Conſtitution ——I'll ſee if I can ſhew him a little *French* Play with Lady *Betty* —— let me ſee—Ay, I'll make an end of it the old way, get her into Piquet at her own Lodgings——not mind one Tittle of my Play, give her every Game before ſhe's half up, that ſhe may judge the Strength of my Inclination by my haſte of loſing up to her Price; then of a ſudden, with a familiar Leer cry——Rat Piquet——ſweep Counters, Cards and Money all upon the Floor, *& donc —L'Affaire eſt faite.* [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Caſtle Terraſs.*

Enter Lady Betty, *and Lady* Eaſy.

L. *Eaſy.* MY Dear, you really talk to me as if I were your Lover, and not your Friend; or elſe I am ſo dull, that by all you've ſaid I can't make the leaſt Gueſs at your real Thoughts——Can you be ſerious for a Moment?

L. *Bet.* Not eaſily: But I would do more to oblige you.

L. *Eaſy.* Then pray deal ingeniouſly, and tell me without Reſerve, are you ſure you don't love my Lord *Morelove?*

L. *Bet.* Then ſeriouſly——I think not——But becauſe I won't be poſitive, you ſhall judge by the worſt of my Symptoms——Firſt, I own I like his Converſation, his Perſon has neither Fault, nor Beauty————well enough——I don't remember I ever ſecretly wiſh'd myſelf

ſelf married to him, or——that I ever ſeriouſly reſolv'd againſt it.

L. *Eaſy*. Well, ſo far you are tolerably ſafe:——But come——as to his Manner of addreſſing to you, what Effect has that had?

L. *Bet*. I am not a little pleas'd to obſerve few Men follow a Woman with the ſame Fatigue and Spirit, that he does me——am more pleas'd when he lets me uſe him ill; and if ever I have a favourable Thought of him, 'tis when I ſee he can't bear that Uſage.

L. *Eaſy*. Have a Care, that laſt is a dangerous Symptom——he pleaſes your Pride, I find.

L. *Bet*. Oh! perfectly: in that——I own no Mortal ever can come up to him.

L. *Eaſy*. But now, my Dear! now comes the main Point——Jealouſy! are you ſure you have never been touch'd with it? Tell me that with a ſafe Conſcience, and then I pronounce you clear.

L. *Bet*. Nay, then I defy him; for poſitively I was never jealous in my Life.

L. *Bet*. How, Madam! have you never been ſtirr'd enough, to think a Woman ſtrangely forward for being a little familiar in Talk with him? Or are you ſure his Gallantry to another never gave you the leaſt Diſorder? Were you never, upon no Accident, in an Apprehenſion of loſing him?

L. *Bet*. Hah! Why, Madam—Bleſs me!—wh—wh—why ſure you don't call this Jealouſy, my Dear?

L. *Eaſy*. Nay, nay, that is not the Buſineſs——Have you ever felt any Thing of this Nature, Madam?

L. *Bet*. Lord! don't be ſo haſty, my Dear——any Thing of this Nature——O Lud! I ſwear I don't like it: Dear Creature, bring me off here; for I am half frighted out of my Wits.

L. *Eaſy*. Nay, if you can't rally upon't, your Wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

L. *Bet*. Well, that's comfortably ſaid, however.

L. *Eaſy*. But come to the Point——how far have you been jealous?

L. *Bet*. Why—O bleſs me! He gave the Muſick one Night to my Lady *Languiſh* here upon the Terraſs: and (tho'

(tho' ſhe and I were very good Friends) I remember I cou'd not ſpeak to her in a Week for't——Oh!

L. *Eaſy*. Nay, now you may laugh if you can; for, take my Word the Marks are upon you——But come——what elſe?

L. *Bet*. O nothing elſe, upon my Word, my Dear!

L. *Eaſy*. Well, one Word more, and then I give Sentence: Suppoſe you were heartily convinc'd, that he actually follow'd another Woman?

L. *Bet*. But, pray, my Dear, what Occaſion is there to ſuppoſe any ſuch thing at all?

L. *Eaſy*. Guilty upon my Honour.

L. *Bet*. Pſhaw! I defy him to ſay, that ever I own'd any Inclination for him.

L. *Eaſy*. No, but you have given him terrible Leave to gueſs it.

L. *Bet*. If ever you ſee us meet again, you'll have but little Reaſon to think ſo, I can aſſure you.

L. *Eaſy*. That I ſhall ſee preſently; for here comes Sir *Charles*, and I'm ſure my Lord can't be far off.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir *Char*. Servant Lady *Betty*——my Dear, how do you do.

L. *Eaſy*. At your Service, my Dear————But pray what have you done with my Lord *Morelove?*

L. *Bet*. Ay, Sir *Charles*, pray how does your Pupil do? Have you any Hopes of him? Is he docible?

Sir *Char*. Well, Madam, to confeſs your Triumph over me, as well as him, I own my Hopes of him are loſt. I offer'd what I cou'd to his Inſtruction, but he's incorrigibly yours, and undone——and the News, I preſume, does not diſpleaſe your Ladyſhip.

L. *Bet*. Fy, fy, Sir *Charles*, you diſparage your Friend, I am afraid you don't take Pains with him.

Sir *Char*. Ha! I fancy, Lady *Betty*, your Good-nature won't let you ſleep a Nights: Don't you love dearly to hurt People?

L. *Bet*. O! your Servant; then without a Jeſt, the Man is ſo unfortunate in his want of Patience, that let me die, if I don't often pity him.

Sir *Char.* Ha! Strange Goodneſs—O that I were your Lover for a Month or two.

L. *Bet.* What then!

Sir *Char.* I wou'd make that pretty Heart's Blood of yours ake in a Fortnight.

L. *Bet.* Hugh——I ſhould hate you, your Aſſurance wou'd make your Addreſs intolerable.

Sir *Char.* I believe it wou'd, for I'd never addreſs you at all.

L. *Bet.* O! you Clown you!

[*Hitting him with her Fan.*

Sir *Char.* Why, what to do? to feed a diſeas'd Pride that's eternally breaking out in the Affectation of an ill Nature that——in my Conſcience I believe is but Affectation.

L. *Bet.* You, nor your Friend have no great Reaſon to complain of my Fondneſs, I believe. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir *Char.* [*Looking earneſtly on her.*] Thou inſolent Creature! How can you make a Jeſt of a Man, whoſe whole Life's but one continu'd Torment from your want of common Gratitude?

L. *Bet.* Torment! for my Part, I really believe him as eaſy as you are.

Sir *Char.* Poor intolerable Affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours, you know your Power, and the whole Pleaſure of your Life's the poor and low abuſe of it.

L. *Bet.* Pray how do I abuſe it——If I have any Power.

Sir *Char.* You drive him to Extremes that make him mad, then puniſh him for acting againſt his Reaſon: You've almoſt turn'd his Brain, his common Judgment fails him; he's now, at this very Moment, driven by his Deſpair upon a Project, in hopes to free him from your Power, that I am ſenſible, and ſo muſt any one be that has his Senſe, of courſe muſt ruin him with you, for ever; I almoſt bluſh to think of it, yet your unreaſonable Diſdain has forc'd him to it; and ſhould he now ſuſpect I offer'd but a Hint of it to you, and in Contempt of his Deſign, I know he'd call my Life to anſwer it: But I have no regard to Men in Madneſs, I rather

choo

chooſe for once to truſt in your Good-nature, in hopes the Man, whom your unwary Beauty had made miſerable, your Generoſity wou'd ſcorn to make Ridiculous.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*, you charge me very home, I never had it in my Inclination to make any thing ridiculous that did not deſerve it. Pray, what is this Buſineſs you think ſo extravagant in him?

Sir *Char.* Something ſo abſurdly raſh and bold, you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

L. *Bet.* O fy! If it be a Fault, Sir *Charles*, I ſhall conſider it as His, not yours. Pray what is it?

L. *Eaſy.* I long to know, methinks.

Sir *Char.* You may be ſure he did not want my Diſſuaſions from it.

L. *Bet.* Let's hear it?

Sir *Char.* Why this Man, whom I have known to love you with ſuch Exceſs of generous Deſire, whom I have heard in his ecſtatic Praiſes on your Beauty talk, 'till from the ſoft Heat of his diſtilling Thoughts the Tears have fall'n———

L. *Bet.* O! Sir *Charles*——— [*Bluſhing.*

Sir *Char.* Nay, grudge not, ſince 'tis paſt, to hear what was (tho' you contemn'd it) once his Merit: But now I own that Merit ought to be forgotten.

L. *Bet.* Pray, Sir, be plain.

Sir *Char.* This Man, I ſay, whoſe unhappy Paſſion has ſo ill ſucceeded with you, at laſt has forfeited all his Hopes (into which, pardon me, I confeſs my Friendſhip had lately flatter'd him) his Hopes of even deſerving now your loweſt Pity or Regard.

L. *Bet.* You amaze me——For I can't ſuppoſe his utmoſt Malice dares aſſault my Reputation——and what——

Sir *Char.* No, but he maliciouſly preſumes the World will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely Means to make 'em buſy with their Tongues: For he is this Moment upon the open Terraſs, in the higheſt Publick Gallantry with my Lady *Graveairs*. And to convince the World and me, he ſaid he was not that tame Lover we fancied him, he'd venture to give her the Muſick to-night: nay, I heard him, before my Face, ſpeak

to

to one of the Hautboys to engage the reſt, and deſired they would all take their Directions only from my Lady *Graveairs*.

L. *Bet.* My Lady *Graveairs!* truly I think my Lord's very much in the right on't——for my Part, Sir *Charles*, I don't ſee any Thing in this that's ſo very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or worſe of him for't.

Sir *Char.* Pſhaw! Pſhaw! Madam, you and I know 'tis not in his Power to renounce you; this is but the poor Diſguiſe of a reſenting Paſſion vainly ruffled to a Storm, which the leaſt gentle Look from you can reconcile at Will, and laugh into a Calm again.

L. *Bet.* Indeed, Sir *Charles*, I ſhan't give myſelf that Trouble, I believe.

Sir *Char.* So I told him, Madam; Are not all your Complaints, ſaid I, already owing to her Pride, and can you ſuppoſe this publick Defiance of it (which you know you can't make good too) won't incenſe her more againſt you?——That's what I'd have, ſaid he, ſtarting wildly, I care not what becomes of me, ſo I but live to ſee her piqued at it.

L. *Bet.* Upon my Word, I fancy my Lord will find himſelf miſtaken——I ſhan't be piqued I believe——I muſt firſt have a Value for the Thing I loſe, before it piques me: Piqued! ha! ha! ha! [*Diſorder'd.*

Sir *Char.* Madam, you've ſaid the very Thing I urg'd to him; I know her Temper ſo well, ſaid I, that tho' ſhe doted on you, if you once ſtood out againſt her, ſhe'd ſooner burſt than ſhew the leaſt Motion of Uneaſineſs.

L. *Bet.* I can aſſure you, Sir *Charles*, my Lord won't find himſelf deceiv'd in your Opinion——Piqued!

Sir *Char.* She has it. [*Aſide.*

L. *Eaſy.* Alas, poor Woman! how little do our Paſſions make us?

L. *Bet.* Not but I wou'd adviſe him to have a little Regard to my Reputation in this Buſineſs: I wou'd have him take heed of publickly affronting me.

Sir *Char.* Right, Madam, that's what I ſtrictly warn'd him of; for among Friends, whenever the World ſees him

him follow another Woman, the malicious Tea-tables will be very apt to be free with your Ladyſhip.

L. *Bet.* I'd have him conſider that, methinks.

Sir *Char.* But alas! Madam, 'tis not in his Power to think with Reaſon, his mad Reſentment has deſtroy'd ev'n his Principles of common Honeſty: He conſiders nothing but a ſenſeleſs proud Revenge, which in his Fit of Lunacy 'tis impoſſible that either Threats or Danger can diſſuade him from.

L. *Bet.* What! does he defy me, threaten me! then he ſhall ſee, that I have Paſſions too, and know, as well as he, to ſtir my Heart againſt any Pride that dares inſult me. Does he ſuppoſe I fear him? Fear the little Malice of a ſlighted Paſſion, that my own Scorn has ſtung into a deſpiſed Reſentment! Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have ſuch a Thought!

L. *Eaſy.* Dear Creature, don't diſorder yourſelf ſo.

L. *Bet.* Let me but live to ſee him once more within my Power, and I'll forgive the reſt of Fortune.

L. *Eaſy.* Well! certainly I am very ill natur'd; for tho' I ſee this News has diſturb'd my Friend, I can't help being pleas'd with any Hopes of my Lady *Graveairs* being otherwiſe diſpos'd of. [*Aſide.*] My Dear, I am afraid you have provok'd her a little too far.

Sir *Char.* Oh! not at all—You ſhall ſee—I'll ſweeten her, and ſhe'll cool like a Diſh of Tea.

L. *Bet.* I may ſee him with his complaining Face again———

Sir *Char.* I am ſorry, Madam, you ſo wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in Hopes to have ſtirr'd your Pity not your Anger; I little thought your Generoſity wou'd puniſh him for Faults, which you yourſelf reſolv'd he ſhould commit———Yonder he comes and all the World with him; Might I adviſe you, Madam, you ſhou'd not reſent the Thing at all——I wou'd not ſo much as ſtay to ſee him in his Fault; nay, I'd be the laſt that heard of it: Nothing can ſting him more, or ſo juſtly puniſh his Folly, as your utter Neglect of it.

L. *Eaſy.* Come, dear Creature, be perſuaded, and

home with me, indeed it will ſhew more Indifference to avoid him.

L. *Bet.* No, Madam, I'll oblige his Vanity for once, and ſtay to let him ſee how ſtrangely he has piqued me.

Sir *Char.* [*Aſide*] O not at all to ſpeak of; you had as good part with a little of that Pride of yours, or I ſhall yet make it a very troubleſome Companion to you.

[*Goes from them and whiſpers Lord* Morelove.

Enter Lord Foppington; *a little after, Lord* Morelove. *Lady* Graveairs, *and other Ladies.*

L. *Fop.* Ladies, your Servant——O! we have wanted you beyond Reparation——ſuch Diverſion.

L. *Bet.* Well! my Lord! have you ſeen my Lord *Morelove?*

L. *Fop.* Seen him!——ha! ha! ha!——O, I have ſuch Things to tell you, Madam——you'll die——

L. *Bet.* O pray let's hear 'em, I was never in a better Humour to receive them.

L. *Fop.* Hark you. [*They whiſper.*

L. *Mor.* So, ſhe's engag'd already. [*To Sir* Charles.

Sir *Char.* So much the better; make but a juſt Advantage of my Succeſs, and ſhe's undone.

L. *Fop.* } Ha! ha! ha!
L. *Bet.* }

Sir *Char.* You ſee already what ridiculous Pains ſhe's taking to ſtir your Jealouſy, and cover her own.

L. *Fop.* } Ha! ha! ha!
L *Bet.* }

L. *Mor.* O never fear me; for, upon my Word, it now appears ridiculous even to me.

Sir *Char.* And hark you— [*Whiſpers L.* Mor.

L. *Bet.* And ſo the Widow was as full of Airs as his Lordſhip?

Sir *Char.* Only obſerve that, and 'tis impoſſible you can fail. [*Aſide.*

L. *Mor.* Dear *Charles*, you have convinc'd me, and I thank you.

L. *Grav.* My Lord *Morelove!* What, do you leave us?

L. *Mor.* Ten thouſand Pardons, Madam, I was but juſt——

L. *Grav.*

L. *Grav.* Nay, nay, no Excuſes, my Lord, ſo you will but let us have you again.

Sir *Char.* [*Aſide to L.* Grav.] I ſee you have good Humour, Madam, when you like your Company.

L. *Grav.* And you I ſee, for all your mighty Thirſt of Dominion, cou'd ſtoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you ſo.

Sir *Char.* Ha! Power would make her an admirable Tyrant. [*Aſide.*

L. *Eaſy.* [*Obſerving Sir* Charles *and L.* Graveairs.] So! there's another Couple have quarrel'd too I find——— Thoſe Airs to my Lord *Morelove*, look as if deſign'd to recover Sir *Charles* into Jealouſy: I'll endeavour to join the Company, and it may be, that will let me into the Secret. [*Aſide.*] My Lord *Foppington*, I vow this is very uncomplaiſant, to engroſs ſo agreeable a Part of the Company to yourſelf.

Sir *Char.* Nay, my Lord, this is not fair indeed to enter into Secrets among Friends!——Ladies, what ſay you! I think we ought to declare againſt it.

Ladies. O! no Secrets, no Secrets.

L. *Bet.* Well, Ladies, I ought only to aſk your Pardon: My Lord's excuſable, for I wou'd haul him into a Corner.

L. *Fop.* I ſwear 'tis very hard, ho! I obſerve two People of extreme Condition, can no ſooner grow particular, but the Multitude of both Sexes are immediately up, and think their Properties invaded——

L. *Bet.* Odious Multitude———

L. *Fop.* Periſh the *Canaille.*

L. *Grav.* O, my Lord, we Women have all Reaſon to be jealous of Lady *Betty Modiſh*'s Power.

L. *Mor.* [*To Lady* Betty.] As the Men, Madam, all have of my Lord *Foppington*; beſide, Favourites of great Merit diſcourage thoſe of an inferior Claſs for their Prince's Service: He has already loſt you one of your Retinue, Madam,

L. *Bet.* Not at all, my Lord, he has only made room for another: One muſt ſometimes make Vacancies, or there could be no Preferments.

L. *Eaſy.*

L. *Eaſy*. Ha! ha! Ladies Favours, my Lord, like Places at Court, are not always held for Life, you know.

L. *Bet*. No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine Women wou'd be always us'd like their Wives, and no more minded than the Buſineſs of the Nation.

L. *Eaſy*. Have a care, Madam, an undeſerving Favourite has been the Ruin of many a Prince's Empire.

L. *Fop*. Ha! ha! Upon my Soul, Lady *Betty*, we muſt grow more diſcreet; for poſitively if we go on at this rate, we ſhall have the World throw you under the Scandal of Conſtancy; and I ſhall have all the Swords of Condition at my Throat for a Monopoliſt.

L. *Mor*. O! there's no great Fear of that, my Lord, tho' the Men of Senſe give it over, there will be always ſome idle Fellows vain enough to believe their Merit may ſucceed as well as your Lordſhip's.

L. *Bet*. Or if they ſhou'd not, my Lord, Caſt-Lovers you know, need not fear being long out of Employment, while there are ſo many well-diſpoſed People in the World——There are generally Neglected Wives, Stale Maids, or Charitable Widows always ready to relieve the Neceſſities of a diſappointed Paſſion——and, by the way, Hark you, Sir *Charles*.

L. *Mor*. [*Aſide*.] So! ſhe's ſtirr'd I ſee; for all her Pains to hide it——ſhe wou'd hardly have glanc'd an Affront at a Woman ſhe was not piqued at.

L. *Grav*. [*Aſide*.] That Wit was thrown at me, I ſuppoſe; but I'll return it.

L. *Bet*. [*Softly to Sir* Charles.] Pray, how came you all this while to truſt your Miſtreſs ſo eaſily?

Sir *Char*. One is not ſo apt, Madam, to be alarm'd at the Liberties of an old Acquaintance, as perhaps your Ladyſhip ought to be at the Reſentment of an Hard-us'd, Honourable Lover.

L. *Bet*. Suppoſe I were alarm'd, how does that make you eaſy?

Sir *Char*. Come, come, be wiſe at laſt; my truſting them together, may eaſily convince you, that (as I told you before) I know his Addreſſes to her are only outward, and 'twill be your Fault now, if you let him go on 'till the World thinks him in earneſt; and a Thouſand

buſy

buſy Tongues are ſet upon malicious inquiries into your Reputation.

L. *Bet.* Why, Sir *Charles*, do you ſuppoſe while he behaves himſelf as he does, that I won't convince him of my Indifference?

Sir *Char.* But hear me, Madam——

L. *Grav.* [*Aſide.*] The Air of that Whiſper looks as if the Lady had a Mind to be making her Peace again; and 'tis poſſible, his Worſhip's being ſo buſy in the Matter too, may proceed as much from his Jealouſy of my Lord with me, as Friendſhip to her, at leaſt I fancy ſo; therefore I'm reſolv'd to keep her ſtill piqued and prevent it, tho' it be only to gall him ——— Sir *Charles*, that is not fair to take a Privilege you juſt now declar'd againſt in my Lord *Foppington*.

L. *Mor.* Well obſerv'd, Madam.

L. *Grav.* Beſide, it looks ſo affected to whiſper, when every body gueſſes the Secret.

L. *Mor.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* O! Madam, your Pardon in particular: But 'tis poſſible you may be miſtaken: The Secrets of People that have any Regard to their Actions, are not ſo ſoon gueſs'd, as theirs that have made a Confident of the whole Town.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Grav.* A *Coquette* in her affected Airs of Diſdain to a revolted Lover, I'm afraid muſt exceed your Ladyſhip in Prudence, not to let the World ſee at the ſame time, ſhe'd give her Eyes to make her Peace with him: Ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* 'Twould be a Mortification indeed, if it were in the Power of a fading Widow's Charms to prevent it; and the Man muſt be miſerably reduc'd ſure, that cou'd bear to live buried in Woollen, or take up with the Motherly Comforts of a Swan-skin Petticoat. Ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Grav.* Widows, it ſeems, are not ſo ſqueamiſh to their Intereſt, they know their own Minds and take the Man they like, tho' it happens to be one, that a froward

ward vain Girl has diſoblig'd, and is pining to be Friends with.

L. *Mor.* Nay, tho' it happens to be one, that confeſſes he once was fond of a Piece of Folly, and afterwards aſham'd on't.

L. *Bet.* Nay, my Lord, there's no ſtanding againſt two of you.

L. *Fop.* No, Faith, that's odds at Tennis, my Lord: Not but if your Ladyſhip pleaſes, I'll endeavour to keep your Back hand a little: Tho' upon my Soul you may ſafely ſet me up at the Line: For, knock me down, if ever I ſaw a Reſt of Wit better play'd, than that laſt, in my Life——What ſay you, Madam, ſhall we engage?

L. *Bet.* As you pleaſe, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons! Tout de Bons Joues mi lor.*

L. *Mor.* O pardon me, Sir, I ſhall never think myſelf in any thing a Match for the Lady.

L. *Fop.* To you, Madam.

L. *Bet.* That's much, my Lord, when the World knows you have been ſo many Years teazing me to play the Fool with you.

L. *Fop* Ah! *Bien Joue.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor.* At that Game, I confeſs your Ladyſhip has choſen a much properer Perſon to improve your Hand with.

L. *Fop.* To me, Madam——My Lord, I preſume whoever the Lady thinks fit to play the Fool with, will at leaſt be able to give as much Envy as the wiſe Perſon that had not Wit enough to keep well with her when he was ſo.

L. *Grav.* O! my Lord! Both Parties muſt needs be greatly happy; for I dare ſwear, neither will have any Rivals to diſturb 'em.

L. *Mor.* Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* None that will diſturb 'em, I dare ſwear.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Mor.*
L. *Grav.* } Ha! ha! ha!
L. *Bet.*

Sir *Clar.*

Sir *Char.* I don't know, Gentlefolks——but you are all in extreme good Humour, methinks, I hope there's none of it affected.

L. *Eaſy.* I ſhou'd be loth to anſwer for any but my Lord *Foppington.* [*Aſide.*

L. *Bet.* Mine is not, I'll ſwear.

L. *Mor.* Nor mine, I'm ſure.

L. *Grav.* Mine's ſincere, depend upon't.

L. *Fop.* And may the eternal Frowns of the whole Sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

L. *Eaſy.* Well, good People, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all perform'd extremely well; But if you pleaſe, you ſhall ev'n give over your Wit now, while it is well.

L. *Bet.* [*To herſelf*] Now I ſee his Humour, I'll ſtand it out, if I were ſure to die for't.

Sir *Char.* You ſhou'd not have proceeded ſo far with my Lord *Foppington*, after what I had told you. [*Aſide to L.* Bet.

L. *Bet.* Pray, Sir *Charles*, give me leave to underſtand myſelf a little.

Sir *Char.* Your Pardon, Madam, I thought a right Underſtanding wou'd have been for both your Intereſts and Reputation.

L. *Bet.* For his perhaps.

Sir *Char.* Nay then, Madam, it's time for me to take care of my Friend.

L. *Bet.* I never in the leaſt doubted your Friendſhip to him in any thing that was to ſhew yourſelf my Enemy.

Sir *Char.* Since I ſee, Madam, you have ſo ungrateful a Senſe of my Lord *Morelove*'s Merit, and my Service, I ſhall never be aſham'd of uſing my Power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your Ladyſhip's.

L. *Bet.* Was ever any thing ſo inſolent! I could find in my Heart to run the Hazard of a downright Compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my Power, perhaps, is not inferior to his. [*To herſelf.*

L. *Eaſy.* My Lord *Foppington*, I think you generally lead the Company upon theſe Occaſions. Pray will you think

think of ſome prettier ſort of Diverſion for us, than Parties and Whiſpers?

L. *Fop.* What ſay you, Ladies, ſhall we ſtep and ſee what's done at the Baſſet-table?

L. *Bet.* With all my Heart; Lady *Eaſy*———

L. *Eaſy.* I think 'tis the beſt thing we can do, and becauſe we won't part to Night, you ſhall all Sup where you Din'd—What ſay you, my Lord?

L. *Mor.* Your Ladyſhip may be ſure of me, Madam.

L. *Fop.* Ay! ay! we'll all come.

L. *Eaſy.* Then pray let's change Parties a little. My Lord *Foppington*, you ſhall Squire me.

L. *Fop.* O! you do me Honour, Madam.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Morelove*, pray let me ſpeak with you.

L. *Mor.* Me, Madam?

L. *Bet.* If you pleaſe, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* Ha! That Look ſhot through me! what can this mean? [*Aſide.*

L. *Bet.* This is no proper Place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly anſwer'd in: I ſuppoſe you'll be at my Lady *Eaſy*'s by and by, and if you'll give me leave there———

L. *Mor.* If you pleaſe to do me that Honour, Madam, I ſhall certainly be there.

L. *Bet.* That's all, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* Is not your Ladyſhip for walking?

L. *Bet.* If your Lordſhip dares venture with me.

L. *Mor.* O! Madam! [*Taking her Hand.*] How my Heart dances, what Heav'nly Muſick's in her Voice, when ſoftned into Kindneſs. [*Aſide.*

L. *Bet.* Ha! his Hand trembles—Sir *Charles* may be miſtaken.

L. *Fop.* My Lady *Graveairs*, you won't let Sir *Charles* leave us?

L. *Grav.* No, my Lord, we'll follow you———ſtay a little. [*To Sir* Charles.

Sir *Char.* I thought your Ladyſhip deſign'd to follow 'em.

L. *Grav.* Perhaps I'd ſpeak with you.

Sir *Char.*

Sir *Char.* But, Madam, conſider, we ſhall certainly be obſerv'd.

L. *Grav.* Lord, Sir! If you think it ſuch a Favour

[*Exit haſtily.*

Sir *Char.* Is ſhe gone! let her go, *&c.*

[*Exit ſinging.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Sir Charles *and Lord* Morelove.

Sir *Char.* COME a little this way———my Lady *Graveairs* had an Eye upon me as I ſtole off, and I'm apprehenſive will make uſe of any Opportunity to talk with me.

L. *Mor.* O! we are petty ſafe here ———well: you were ſpeaking of Lady *Betty.*

Sir *Char.* Ay, my Lord—I ſay, notwithſtanding all this ſudden Change of her Behaviour, I wou'd not have you yet be too ſecure of her: For, between you and I, ſince, I told you, I have profeſs'd myſelf an open Enemy to her Power with you, 'tis not impoſſible but this new Air of good Humour may very much proceed from a little Woman's Pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her Power.

L. *Mor.* Not unlikely: But ſtill can we make no Advantage of it?

Sir *Char.* That's what I have been thinking of——— look you—Death! my Lady *Graveairs!*

L. *Mor.* Ha! She will have Audience, I find.

Sir *Char.* There's no avoiding her—the Truth is, I have ow'd her a little Good-nature a great while—I ſee there is but one way of getting rid of her—I muſt ev'n appoint her a Day of Payment at laſt. If you'll ſtep into my Lodgings, my Lord, I'll juſt give her an Anſwer, and be with you in a Moment.

L. *Mor.*

L. *Mor.* Very well, I'll ſtay there for you.

[*Exit L.* Morelove.

Enter Lady Graveairs *on the other Side.*

L. *Grav.* Sir *Charles!*

Sir *Char.* Come, come, no more of theſe reproachful Looks you'll find, Madam, I have deſerv'd better of you than your Jealouſy imagines——Is it a fault to be tender of your Reputation?——fy, fy——This may be a proper time to talk, and of my Contriving too——you ſee I juſt now ſhook off my Lord *Morelove* on purpoſe.

L. *Grav.* May I believe you?

Sir *Char.* Still doubting my Fidelity, and miſtaking my Diſcretion for want of Good-nature.

L. *Grav.* Don't think me troubleſome——For I confeſs 'tis Death to think of parting with you: Since the World ſees, for you I have neglected Friends and Reputation, have ſtood the little Inſults of diſdainful Prudes, that envy'd me perhaps your Friendſhip; have borne the freezing Looks of near and general Acquaintance——Since this is ſo——don't let 'em ridicule me too, and ſay my fooliſh Vanity undid me; don't let 'em point at me as a Caſt Miſtreſs.

Sir *Char.* You wrong me to ſuppoſe the Thought; you'll have better of me when we meet: when ſhall you be at leiſure?

L. *Grav.* I confeſs, I would ſee you once again; if what I have more to ſay prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my Intereſt to part with you——Can you come to Night?

Sir *Char.* You know we have Company, and I'm afraid they'll ſtay too late——Can't it be before Supper——What's o'clock now?

L. *Grav.* It's almoſt Six.

Sir *Char.* At ſeven then be ſure of me, 'till when I'd have you go back to the Ladies to avoid Suſpicion, and about that time have the Vapours.

L. *Grav.* May I depend upon you? [*Exit.*

Sir *Char.* Depend on every thing——A very troubleſome Buſineſs this——ſend me once fairly rid on't——if ever I'm caught in an *Honourable* Affair again!——A

Debt

Debt now that a little ready Civility, and away, would ſatisfy, a Man might bear with; but to have a Rent Charge upon one's Good-nature, with an unconſcionable long Scroll of Arrears too, that would eat out the Profits of the beſt Eſtate in Chriſtendom——ah——intolerable! Well! I'll ev'n to my Lord, and ſhake off the Thoughts on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Betty *and Lady* Eaſy.

L. *Bet.* I obſerve, my Dear, you have uſually this great Fortune at Play, it were enough to make one ſuſpect your good luck with a Husband.

L. *Eaſy.* Truly I don't complain of my Fortune either way.

L. *Bet.* Pr'ythee tell me, you are often adviſing me to it, are there thoſe real Comfortable Advantages in Marriage, that our old Aunts and Grandmothers would perſuade us of?

L. *Eaſy.* Upon my Word, if I had the worſt Husband in the World, I ſhould ſtill think ſo.

L. *Bet.* Ay, but then the Hazard of not having a good one, my Dear.

L. *Eaſy.* You may have a good one, I dare ſay, if you don't give Airs till you ſpoil him.

L. *Bet.* Can there be the ſame dear, full Delight in giving Eaſe, as Pain? O! my Dear, the Thought of parting with one's Power is inſupportable!

L. *Eaſy.* And the keeping it, till it dwindles into no Power at all, is moſt ruefully fooliſh.

L. *Bet.* But ſtill to marry before one's heartily in Love—

L. *Eaſy* Is not half ſo formidable a Calamity ——— but if I have any Eyes, my Dear, you'll run no great Hazard of that, in venturing upon my Lord *Morelove*—— You don't know, perhaps, that within this half Hour the Tone of your Voice is ſtrangely ſoften'd to him, ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* My Dear you are poſitively, one or other, the moſt cenſorious Creature in the World——and ſo I ſee it's in vain to talk with you——Pray will you go back to the Company?

L. *Eaſy.* Ah! Poor Lady *Betty!* [*Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE *changes to Sir* Charles's *Lodgings.*

Enter Sir Charles *and Lord* Morelove.

L. *Mor.* CHarles! you have tranſported me! you have made my Part in the Scene ſo very eaſy too, 'tis impoſſible I ſhould fail in it.

Sir *Char.* That's what I conſider'd; for now the more you throw yourſelf into her Power, the more I ſhall be able to force her into yours.

L. *Mor.* After all (begging the Ladies Pardon) Your fine Women, like Bullies, are only ſtout when they know their Men: a Man of an honeſt Courage may fright 'em into any thing! Well, I am fully inſtructed, and will about it inſtantly—Won't you go along with me?

Sir *Char.* That may not be ſo proper;—beſides, I have a little Buſineſs upon my Hands.

L. *Mor.* O! your Servant, Sir——Good by to you——you ſhan't ſtir.

Sir *Char.* My Lord, your Servant———[*Exit L.* Mor. So! now to diſpoſe of myſelf, 'till 'tis time to think of my Lady *Graveairs*——Umph! I have no great Maw to that Buſineſs, methinks—I don't find myſelf in Humour enough to come up to the Civil Things that are uſually expected in the making up of an old Quarrel——[Edging *croſſes the Stage.*] There goes a warmer Temptation by half;———Ha! into my Wife's Bedchamber too————I queſtion if the Jade has any great Buſineſs there;——I have a Fancy ſhe has only a mind to be taking the Opportunity of no Body's being at home, to make her Peace with me———let me ſee———ay, I ſhall have time enough to go to her Ladyſhip afterwards——— Beſides, I want a little Sleep, I find——Your young Fops may talk of their Women of Quality——but to me now, there's a ſtrange agreeable Convenience in a Creature one is not oblig'd to ſay much to upon theſe Occaſions. [*Going.*

Enter

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did you call me, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Ha! all's Right———[*Aſide*]———Yes Madam, I did call you. [*Sits down.*

Edg. What wou'd you pleaſe to have, Sir?

Sir *Char.* Have! why, I wou'd have you grow a good Girl, and know when you are well us'd, Huſſy.

Edg. Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

Sir *Char.* Well, don't be uneaſy——I am not angry with you now———Come and kiſs me.

Edg. Lard, Sir!

Sir *Char.* Don't be a Fool now———come hither.

Edg. Pſhaw——— [*Goes to him.*

Sir *Char.* No wry Face——ſo——ſit down. I won't have you look grave neither, let me ſee you ſmile, you Jade you.

Edg. Ha! ha! [*Laughs and bluſhes.*

Sir *Char.* Ah, you melting Rogue.

Edg. Come, don't you be at your Tricks now—Lard! can't you ſit ſtill and talk with one! I am ſure there's ten times more Love in that, and fifty times the Satiſfaction, People may ſay what they will.

Sir *Char.* Well! now you're good, you ſhall have your own way——I am going to lie down in the next Room; and, ſince you love a little Chat, come and throw my Night-Gown over me, and you ſhall talk me to ſleep. [*Exit Sir* Charles.

Edg. Yes, Sir——for all his way, I ſee he likes me ſtill. [*Exit after him.*

The SCENE *changes to the* Terraſs.

Enter Lady Betty, *Lady* Eaſy, *and Lord* Morelove.

L. *Mor.* NAY, Madam, there you are too ſevere upon him; for bating now and then a little Vanity, my Lord *Foppington* does not want Wit ſometimes to make him a very tolerable Woman's Man.

L. *Bet.* But ſuch eternal Vanity grows tireſome.

L. *Eaſy.* Come, if he were not ſo looſe in his Morals, Vanity methinks might be eaſily excus'd, conſidering how much 'tis in Faſhion: For pray obſerve, what's half the Converſation of moſt of the fine young People about Town, but a perpetual Affectation of appearing foremoſt in the Knowledge of Manners, new Modes, and Scandal? and in that I don't ſee any Body comes up to him.

L. *Mor.* Nor I indeed——and here he comes——Pray, Madam, let's have a little more of him; no Body ſhews him to more Advantage than your Ladyſhip.

L. *Bet.* Nay, with all my Heart; you'll ſecond me, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* Upon Occaſion, Madam——

L. *Eaſy.* Engaging upon Parties, my Lord?

[*Aſide and ſmiling to L.* Mor.

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. *Fop.* So, Ladies! what's the Affair now?

L. *Bet.* Why you were, my Lord; I was allowing you a great many good Qualities, but Lady *Eaſy* ſays you are a perfect Hypocrite: and that whatever Airs you give yourſelf to the Women, ſhe's confident you value no Woman in the World equal to your own Lady.

L. *Fop.* You ſee, Madam, how I am ſcandaliz'd upon your Account. But it's ſo natural for a Prude to be malicious, when a Man endeavours to be well with any Body but herſelf; did you never obſerve ſhe was piqu'd at that before? Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* I'll ſwear you are a provoking Creature.

L. *Fop.* Let's be more familiar upon't, and give her Diſorder! Ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Fop.* Stap my Breath, but Lady *Eaſy* is an admirable Diſcoverer——Marriage is indeed a prodigious Security of one's Inclination: A Man's likely to take a World of Pains in an Employment, where he can't be turn'd out for his Idleneſs.

L. *Bet.*

L. *Bet.* I vow, my Lord, that's vaſtly generous to all the fine Women, you are for giving them a Deſpotick Power in Love, I ſee, to reward and puniſh as they think fit.

L. *Fop.* Ha! ha! Right, Madam, what ſignifies Beauty without Power? And a fine Woman when ſhe's married makes as ridiculous a Figure, as a beaten General marching out of a Garriſon.

L. *Eaſy.* I'm afraid, Lady *Betty*, the greateſt Danger in your Uſe of Power, would be from a too heedleſs Liberality: you would more mind the Man than his Merit.

L. *Fop.* Piqued again, by all that's fretful——Well, certainly to give Envy is a Pleaſure inexpreſſible.

[*To Lady* Betty.

L. *Bet.* Ha! ha!

L. *Eaſy.* Does not ſhe ſhow him well, my Lord?

[*Aſide to L.* Mor.

L. *Mor.* Perfectly, and me to myſelf——For now I almoſt bluſh to think I ever was uneaſy at him.

[*To Lady* Eaſy.

L. *Fop.* Lady *Eaſy*, I ask ten thouſand Pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

L. *Eaſy.* O not at all, my Lord, you are always good Company, when you pleaſe: not but in ſome things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too looſe in your Principles.

L. *Fop.* O, Madam, never to the Offence of the Ladies, I agree in any Community with them; no body is a more conſtant Churchman, when the fine Women are there.

L. *Eaſy.* O fy, my Lord, you ought not to go for their ſakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being ſuch a good Huſband of your Virtues, are not afraid of bringing your Prudence into a Lampoon or a Play.

L. *Bet.* Lampoons and Plays, Madam, are only things be laugh'd at.

L. *Mor.* Plays now indeed one need not be ſo much afraid of, for ſince the late ſhort-ſighted View of 'em, Vice may go on and proſper, the Stage dares hardly ſhew a Vicious Perſon ſpeaking like himſelf, for fear of being call'd prophane for expoſing him.

L. *Eaſy.* 'Tis hard, indeed, when People won't diſtinguiſh between what's meant for Contempt, and what for Example.

L. *Fop.* Od ſo! Ladies, the Court's coming home, I ſee, ſhall not we make our Bows?

L. *Bet.* O! by all means.

L. *Eaſy.* Lady *Betty*, I muſt leave you: For I'm oblig'd to write Letters, and I know you won't give me Time after Supper.

L. *Bet.* Well, my Dear, I'll make a ſhort Viſit and be with you. [*Exit Lady* Eaſy. Pray what's become of my Lady *Graveairs?*

L. *Mor.* Oh, I believe ſhe's gone home, Madam, ſhe ſeem'd not to be very well.

L. *Fop.* And where's Sir *Charles*, my Lord?

L. *Mor.* I left him at his own Lodgings.

L. *Bet.* He's upon ſome Ramble, I'm afraid.

L. *Fop.* Nay, as for that matter, a Man may ramble at home ſometimes——But here come the Chaiſes, we muſt make a little more haſte, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to Sir* Charles's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Eaſy, *and a Servant.*

L. *Eaſy.* IS your Maſter come home?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. *Eaſy.* Where is he?

Serv. I believe, Madam, he's laid down to ſleep.

L. *Eaſy.* Where's *Edging?* Bid her get me ſome Wax and Paper——ſtay, it's no matter, now I think on it—there's ſome above upon my Toilet. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The SCENE *opens and diſcovers Sir* Charles *without his Periwig, and* Edging *by him, both aſleep in two eaſy Chairs.*

Then Enter Lady Eaſy, *who ſtarts and trembles, ſome time unable to ſpeak.*

L. *Eaſy.* HA!
Protect me, Virtue, Patience, Reaſon!
Teach me to bear this killing Sight, or let
Me think my dreaming Senſes are deceiv'd?
For ſure a Sight like this, might raiſe the Arm
Of Duty, ev'n to the Breaſt of Love! At leaſt
I'll throw this Vizor of my Patience off:
Now wake him in his Guilt,
And barefac'd front him with my Wrongs.
I'll talk to him till he bluſhes, nay till he——
Frowns on me, perhaps——and then
I'm loſt again——The Eaſe of a few Tears
Is all that's left to me——
And Duty too forbids me to inſult,
When I have vow'd Obedience——Perhaps
The Fault's in me, and Nature has not form'd
Me with the Thouſand little Requiſites
That warm the Heart to Love——
Somewhere there is a Fault——
But Heav'n beſt knows what both of us deſerve:
Ha! Bare-headed, and in ſo ſound a Sleep!
Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholſom Air,
But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his Crime,
And, in ſome languiſhing Diſtemper, leave him
A ſevere Example of its violated Laws——
Forbid it Mercy, and forbid it Love.
This may prevent it.

[*Takes a Steinkirk off her Neck, and lays it gently on his Head.*

And if he ſhou'd wake offended at my too buſy Care, let

my heart-breaking Patience, Duty, and my fond Affection plead my Pardon. [*Exit.*

[*After ſhe has been out ſome Time, a Bell rings;* Edging *wakes and ſtirs Sir* Charles.

Edg. Oh!

Sir *Char.* How now! what's the matter?

Edg. O! Bleſs my Soul, my Lady's come home.

Sir *Char.* Go, go then. [*Bell rings.*

Edg. O lud! My Head's in ſuch a Condition too. [*Runs. to the Glaſs*] I am coming, Madam——O lud! here's no Powder neither——Here, Madam. [*Exit.*

Sir *Char.* How now? [*Feeling the Steinkirk upon his Head.*] What's this? How came it here? [*Puts on his Wig.*] Did not I ſee my Wife wear this to Day?——— Death! ſhe can't have been here, ſure—It could not be Jealouſy that brought her home———for my coming was accidental——ſo too, I fear, might hers.——— How careleſs have I been?——not to ſecure the Door neither———'Twas fooliſh——It muſt be ſo! She certainly has ſeen me here ſleeping with her Woman:—— If ſo, how low an Hypocrite to her muſt that Sight have prov'd me?——The Thought has made me deſpicable ev'n to myſelf——— How mean a Vice is Lying? and how often have theſe empty Pleaſures lull'd my Honour and my Conſcience to a Lethargy,———while I groſly have abus'd her, poorly skulking behind a thouſand Falſhoods? Now I reflect, this has not been the firſt of her Diſcoveries—— How contemptible a Figure muſt I have made to her?———A Crowd of recollected Circumſtances confirms me now, ſhe has been long acquainted with my Follies, and yet with what amazing Prudence has ſhe borne the ſecret Pangs of injur'd Love, and wore an everlaſting Smile to me? This aſks a little Thinking ——ſomething ſhould be done——I'll ſee her inſtantly, and be reſolv'd from her Behaviour. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter Lady Eaſy *and* Edging.

L. *Eaſy.* WHERE have you been, *Edging?*

Edg. Been, Madam! I—I—I—I came as ſoon as I heard you ring, Madam.

L. *Eaſy.* How Guilt confounds her! but ſhe's below my Thought—Fetch my laſt new Scarf hither—I have a mind to alter it a little———make haſte.

Edg. Yes, Madam,———I ſee ſhe does not ſuſpect any thing. [*Exit.*

L. *Eaſy.* Heigh ho! [*Sitting down.*] I had forgot—but I'm unfit for writing now———'Twas an hard Conflict———yet it's a Joy to think it over: A ſecret Pride, to tell my Heart my Conduct has been Juſt——How low are vicious Minds, that offer Injuries, how much ſuperior Innocence that bears 'em——Still there's a Pleaſure ev'n in the Melancholy of a quiet Conſcience——Away my Fears, it is not yet impoſſible———for while his Human Nature is not quite ſhook off, I ought not to deſpair.

Re-enter Edging *with a Scarf.*

Edg. Here's the Scarf, Madam.

L. *Eaſy.* So, ſit down there—and, let me ſee——here——Rip off all that Silver.

Edg. Indeed, I always thought it would become your Ladyſhip better without it—But now ſuppoſe, Madam, you carry'd another Row of Gold round the Scollops, and then you take and lay this Silver plain all along the Gathers, and your Ladyſhip will perfectly ſee, it will give the Thing ten thouſand Times another Air.

L. *Eaſy.* Pr'ythee don't be impertinent, do as I bid you.

Edg. Nay, Madam, with all my Heart, your Ladyſhip may do as you pleaſe.

L. *Eaſy*. This Creature grows ſo confident, and I dare not part with her, leſt he ſhould think it Jealouſy. [*Aſide*.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir *Char*. So, my Dear! What, at work! how are you employ'd, pray?

L. *Eaſy*. I was thinking to alter this Scarf, here.

Sir *Char*. What's amiſs? methinks it's very pretty.

Edg. Yes, Sir, it's pretty enough for that matter, but my Lady has a mind it ſhould be proper too.

Sir *Char*. Indeed!

L. *Eaſy*. I fancy plain Gold and Black would become me better.

Sir *Char*. That's a grave Thought, my Dear.

Edg. O dear Sir, not at all, my Lady's much in the Right; I am ſure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a Girl.

Sir *Char*. Leave the Room.

Edg. Lord, Sir! I can't ſtir——I muſt ſtay to——

Sir *Char*. Go——— [*Angrily*.

Edg. [*Throwing down the Work haſtily, and crying, aſide*.] If ever I ſpeak to him again, I'll be burn'd.

[*Exit* Edging.

Sir *Char*. Sit ſtill, my Dear,——I came to talk with you ——and which you well may wonder at, what I have to ſay is of Importance too, but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

L. *Eaſy*. Your Words were never diſobliging, nor can I charge you with a Look that ever had the Appearance of unkind.

Sir *Char*. The perpetual Spring of your good Humour, lets me draw no Merit from what I have appear'd to be, which makes me curious now to know your Thoughts of what I really am: And never having ask'd you this before, it puzzles me; nor can I (my ſtrange Negligence conſider'd) reconcile to Reaſon, your firſt Thoughts of venturing upon Marriage with me.

L. *Eaſy*. I never thought it ſuch a Hazard.

Sir *Char*. How cou'd a Woman of your Reſtraint in Principles, Sedateneſs, Senſe, and tender Diſpoſition, propoſe to ſee an happy Life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an Hour's Pains ev'n before Marriage, to appear

pear but what I am: A looſe unheeded Wretch, abſent in all I do, Civil, and as often Rude without Deſign, unſeaſonably thoughtful, eaſy to a Fault, and in my beſt of Praiſe, but careleſly Good-natur'd; How ſhall I reconcile your Temper with having made ſo ſtrange a Choice?

L. *Eaſy*. Your own Words may anſwer you——Your having never ſeem'd to be, but what you really were; and thro' that Careleſsneſs of Temper there ſtill ſhone forth to mean undeſigning Honeſty, I always doubted of in ſmoother Faces: Thus while I ſaw you took leaſt Pains to win me, you pleas'd and woo'd me moſt: Nay, I have thought, that ſuch a Temper could never be deliberately unkind: Or at the worſt I knew that Errors from want of Thinking might be borne; at leaſt, when probably one Moment's ſerious Thought would end 'em: Theſe were my worſt of Fears, and theſe, when weigh'd by growing Love againſt my ſolid Hopes, were nothing.

Sir *Char*. My Dear, your Underſtanding ſtartles me, and juſtly calls my own in queſtion: I bluſh to think I've worn ſo bright a Jewel in my Boſom, and till this Hour, have ſcarce been curious once to look upon its Luſtre.

L. *Eaſy*. You ſet too high a value on the common Qualities of an eaſy Wife.

Sir *Char*. Virtues, like Benefits are double, when conceal'd: And I confeſs, I yet ſuſpect you of an higher Value far, than I have ſpoke you.

L. *Eaſy*. I underſtand you not.

Sir *Char*. I'll ſpeak more plainly to you—be free and tell me——Where did you leave this Handkerchief?

L. *Eaſy*. Ha!

Sir *Char*. What is't you ſtart at? You hear the Queſtion.

L. *Eaſy*. What ſhall I ſay? my Fears confound me.

Sir *Char*. Be not concern'd, my Dear, be eaſy in the Truth and tell me.

L. *Eaſy*. I cannot ſpeak — and I could wiſh you'd not oblige me to it——'tis the only Thing I ever yet refus'd

you——and tho' I want Reaſon for my Will, let me not anſwer you.

Sir *Char.* Your Will then be a Reaſon, and ſince I ſee you are ſo generouſly tender of Reproaching me, 'tis fit I ſhou'd be eaſy in my Gratitude, and make what ought to be my Shame, my Joy; let me be therefore pleas'd to tell you now, your wond'rous Conduct has wak'd me to a Senſe of your Diſquiet paſt, and Reſolution never to diſturb it more———And (not that I offer it as a Merit, but yet in blind Compliance to my Will) let me beg you would immediately diſcharge your Woman.

L. *Eaſy.* Alas! I think not of her—O, my Dear, diſtract me not with this Exceſs of Goodneſs. [*Weeping.*

Sir *Char.* Nay, praiſe me not, leſt I reflect how little I have deſerv'd it——I ſee you're in Pain to give me this Confuſion——Come, I will not ſhock your Softneſs by my untimely Bluſh for what is paſt, but rather ſooth you to a Pleaſure at my Senſe of Joy, for my recover'd Happineſs to come. Give then to my new-born Love, what Name you pleaſe, it cannot, ſhall not be too kind: O! it cannot be too ſoft for what my Soul ſwells up with Emulation to deſerve———Receive me then entire at laſt, and take what yet no Woman ever truly had, my conquer'd Heart.

L. *Eaſy.* O the ſoft Treaſure! O the dear Reward of long deſiring Love——Now I am bleſt indeed to ſee you kind without the Expence of Pain in being ſo, to make you mine with Eaſineſs: Thus! thus to have you mine is ſomething more than Happineſs, 'tis double Life, and Madneſs of abounding Joy. But 'twas a Pain intolerable to give you a Confuſion.

Sir *Char.* O thou engaging Virtue! But I'm too ſlow in doing Juſtice to thy Love: I know thy Softneſs will refuſe me; but remember I inſiſt upon it———let thy Woman be diſcharg'd this Minute.

L. *Eaſy.* No, my Dear, think me not ſo low in Faith, to fear that after what you've ſaid, 'twill ever be in her Power to do me future Injury: When I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on't: But to diſcharge her now,

might let her gueſs at the Occaſion; and methinks I wou'd have all our Difference, like our Endearments, be equally a Secret to our Servants.

Sir *Char.* Still my Superior every way———be it as you have better thought———Well, my Dear, now I'll confeſs a Thing that was not in your Power to accuſe me of; to be ſhort, I own this Creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

L. *Eaſy.* I know ſhe is not, and was always leſs concern'd to find it ſo, for Conſtancy in Errors might have been fatal to me.

Sir *Char.* What is't you know, my Dear? [*Surpris'd.*

L. *Eaſy.* Come, I am not afraid to accuſe you now——my Lady *Graveairs*——Your Careleſſneſs, my Dear, let all the World know it, and it would have been hard indeed, had it been only to me a Secret.

Sir *Char.* My Dear, I'll ask no more Queſtions, for fear of being more ridiculous: I do confeſs, I thought my Diſcretion there had been a Maſter-piece——How contemptible muſt I have look'd all this while?

L. *Eaſy.* You ſhan't ſay ſo.

Sir *Char.* Well, to let you ſee I had ſome Shame, as well as Nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady *Graveairs*, upon my firſt diſcovering that you knew I had wrong'd you: Read it.

L. *Eaſy.* [*Reads.*] "Something has happen'd, that pre-
"vents the Viſit I intended you; and I could
"gladly wiſh, you never wou'd reproach me
"if I tell you, 'tis utterly inconvenient that I
"ſhould ever ſee you more.

This indeed was more than I had merited.

Enter Servant.

Sir *Char.* Who's there? Here——Step with this to my Lady *Graveairs.*

[*Seals the Letter, and gives it to the Servant.*

Serv. Yes, Sir——Madam, my Lady *Betty*'s come.

L. *Eaſy.* I'll wait on her.

Sir *Char.* My Dear, I'm thinking there may be other Things my Negligence may have wrong'd you in; but be aſſured, as I diſcover 'em, all ſhall be corrected: Is there

there any Part or Circumſtance in your Fortune that I can change or yet make eaſier to you?

L. *Eaſy*. None, my Dear, your good-nature never ſlinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have leſs Occaſion there than ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Morelove*'s come.

Sir *Char*. I am coming———I think I told you of the Deſign we had laid againſt Lady *Betty*.

L. *Eaſy*. You did, and I ſhou'd be pleas'd to be myſelf concern'd in it.

Sir *Char*. I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with Impatience. But, my Dear, won't you think me taſteleſs to the Joy you've given me, to ſuffer at this Time any Concern but you, t'employ my Thoughts?

L. *Eaſy*. Seaſons muſt be obey'd; and ſince I know your Friend's Happineſs depending, I cou'd not taſte my own, ſhou'd you neglect it.

Sir *Char*. Thou eaſy Sweetneſs——O! what a Waſte on thy neglected Love, has my unthinking Brain committed? But Time and future Thriſt of Tenderneſs ſhall yet repair it all. The Hours will come when this ſoft gliding Stream that ſwells my Heart, uninterrupted ſhall renew its Courſe———

And like the Ocean after Ebb, ſhall move
With conſtant Force of due returning Love.

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to another Room.*

And then Re-enter Lady Eaſy *and Lady* Betty.

L. *Bet*. YOu've been in Tears, my Dear, and yet you look pleas'd too.

L. *Eaſy*. You'll pardon me, if I can't let you into Circumſtances: But be ſatisfied, Sir *Charles* has made me happy, ev'n to a Pain of Joy.

L. *Bet*.

L. *Bet.* Indeed I'm truly glad of it, tho' I am ſorry to find that any one who has Generoſity enough to do you Juſtice, ſhou'd unprovok'd be ſo great an Enemy to me.

L. *Eaſy.* Sir *Charles* your Enemy!

L. *Bet.* My Dear, you'll pardon me if I always thought him ſo, but now I am convinc'd of it.

L. *Eaſy.* In what, pray? I can't think you'll find him ſo.

L. *Bet.* O! Madam, it has been his whole Buſineſs of late to make an utter Breach between my Lord *Morelove* and me.

L. *Eaſy.* That may be owing to your Uſage of my Lord: perhaps he thought it wou'd not diſoblige you; I am confident you are miſtaken in him.

L. *Bet.* O! I don't uſe to be out in Things of this Nature, I can ſee well enough; But I ſhall be able to tell you more when I have talk'd with my Lord.

L. *Eaſy.* Here he comes; and becauſe you ſhall talk with him——No Excuſes——for poſitively I will leave you together.

L. *Bet.* Indeed, my Dear, I deſire you would ſtay then; for I know you think now, that I have a Mind to——to——

L. *Eaſy.* To——to——ha! ha! ha! [*Going.*

L. *Bet.* Well! remember this.

Enter Lord Morelove.

L. *Mor.* I hope I don't fright you away, Madam?

L. *Eaſy.* Not at all, my Lord; but I muſt beg your Pardon for a Moment, I'll wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*

L. *Bet.* My Lady *Eaſy* gone?

L. *Mor.* Perhaps, Madam, in Friendſhip to you; ſhe thinks I may have deſerv'd the Coldneſs you of late have ſhewn me, and was willing to give you this opportunity to convince me, you have not done it without juſt Grounds and Reaſon.

L. *Bet.* How handſomly does he reproach me? But I can't bear that he ſhould think I know it—— [*Aſide.* My Lord, whatever has paſs'd between you and me, I dare

dare ſwear that could not be her Thoughts at this Time: For when two People have appear'd profeſs'd Enemies, ſhe can't but think one will as little care to give, as t'other to receive a Juſtification of their Actions.

L. *Mor.* Paſſion indeed often does repeated Injuries on both Sides, but I don't remember in my Heat of Error I ever yet profeſs'd myſelf your Enemy.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, I ſhall be very free with you——I confeſs I do think now I have not a greater Enemy in the World.

L. *Mor.* If having long loved you, to my own Diſquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to ſtand the foremoſt of your Enemies.

L. *Bet.* O my Lord, there's no great Fear of your being my Enemy that way, I dare ſay——

L. *Mor.* There's no other Way my Heart can bear to offend you now, and I foreſee in that it will perſiſt to my undoing.

L. *Bet.* Fy, fy, my Lord, we know where your Heart is well enough.

L. *Mor.* My Conduct has indeed deſerv'd this Scorn, and therefore 'tis but juſt I ſhould ſubmit to your Reſentment, and beg (tho' I'm aſſur'd in vain) for Pardon.

[*Kneels.*

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir *Char.* How, my Lord! [*L.* Mor. *riſes.*

L. *Bet.* Ha! He here? This was unlucky. [*Aſide.*

L. *Mor.* O pity my Confuſion! [*To L.* Betty.

Sir *Char.* I am ſorry to ſee you can ſo ſoon forget yourſelf: methinks the Inſult you have borne from that Lady, by this Time, ſhou'd have warn'd you into a diſguſt of her regardleſs Principles.

L. *Mor.* Hold, Sir *Charles!* While you and I are Friends, I deſire you would ſpeak with Honour of this Lady——'Tis ſufficient I have no Complaint againſt her, and——

L. *Bet.* My Lord, I beg you wou'd reſent this thing no farther: An Injury like this, is better puniſh'd with our Contempt; apparent Malice ſhou'd only be laugh'd at.

Sir *Char.*

Sir *Char.* Ha! ha! the old Recourſe. Offers of any Hopes to delude him from his Reſentment; and then, as the grand Monarch did with *Cavalier*, you are ſure to keep your Word with him.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*, to let you know how far I am above your little Spleen, my Lord, your Hand from this Hour.——

Sir *Char.* Pſhaw! pſhaw! All Deſign! all Pique! meer Artifice, and diſappointed Woman.

L. *Bet.* Look you, Sir, not that I doubt my Lord's Opinion of me; yet——

Sir *Char.* Look you, Madam, in ſhort, your Word has been too often taken to let you make up Quarrels, as you uſed to do, with a ſoft Look, and a fair Promiſe you never intended to keep.

L. *Bet.* Was ever ſuch an Inſolence? he won't give me leave to ſpeak.

L. *Mor.* Sir *Charles!*

L. *Bet.* No pray, my Lord, have Patience; and ſince his Malice ſeems to grow particular, I dare his worſt, and urge him to the Proof on't: Pray, Sir, wherein can you charge me with Breach of Promiſe to my Lord?

Sir *Char.* Death, you won't deny it? How often to piece up a Quarrel, have you appointed him to viſit you alone; and tho' you have promis'd to ſee no other Company the whole Day, when he was come, he has found you among the Laugh of noiſy Fops, Coquets, and Coxcombs, diſſolutely Gay, while your full Eyes ran o'er with Tranſport of their Flattery, and your own vain Power of pleaſing? How often, I ſay, have you been known to throw away, at leaſt, four Hours of your good Humour, upon ſuch Wretches; and the Minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, ſunk into a diſtaſteful Spleen, complain'd you had talk'd yourſelf into the Head-ach, and then indulg'd upon the dear Delight of ſeeing him in Pain: And by that time you had ſtretch'd, and gap'd him heartily out of Patience, of a ſudden moſt importantly remember you had out-ſat your Appointment with my Lady *Fid-*

dle-

dle-faddle; and immediately order your Coach to the Park.

L. *Bet.* Yet, Sir, have you done?

Sir *Char.* No——tho' this might ſerve to ſhew the Nature of your Principles: But the noble Conqueſt you have gain'd at laſt over defeated Senſe of Reputation too, has made your Fame immortal.

L. *Mor.* How, Sir?

L. *Bet.* My Reputation?

Sir *Char.* Ay, Madam, your Reputation—my Lord, if I advance a Falſhood, then reſent it——I ſay, your Reputation——'t has been your Life's whole Pride of late, to be the common Toaſt of every publick Table, vain even in the infamous Addreſſes of a married Man, my Lord *Foppington*; let that be reconcil'd with Reputation, I'll now ſhake Hands with Shame, and bow me to the low Contempt which you deſerve from him; not but I ſuppoſe you'll yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill Uſage in danger of loſing your Conqueſt, 'tis poſſible you'll ſtop at nothing to preſerve it.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*——

[*Walks diſorder'd, and he after her.*

Sir *Char.* I know your Vanity is ſo voracious, 'twill ev'n wound itſelf to feed itſelf; offer him a Blank, perhaps to fill up with Hopes of what Nature he pleaſes, and part even with your Pride to keep him.

L. *Bet.* Sir *Charles*, I have not deſerv'd this of you.

[*Burſting into Tears.*

Sir *Char.* Ah! True Woman, drop him a ſoft diſſembling Tear, and then his juſt Reſentment muſt be huſht of Courſe.

L. *Mor.* O *Charles!* I can bear no more, thoſe Tears are too reproaching.

Sir *Char.* Hiſt, for your Life! [*Aſide and then aloud.* My Lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next Sight of my Lord *Foppington*, would make her yet forſwear all that ſhe can promiſe.

L. *Bet.* My Lord *Foppington!* Is that the mighty Crime that muſt condemn me then? You know I us'd him but as a Tool of my Reſentment, which you yourſelf, by

a

a pretended Friendſhip to us both, moſt artfully provok'd me to———

L. *Mor.* Hold, I conjure you, Madam, I want not this Conviction.

L. *Bet.* Send for him this Minute, and you and he ſhall both be Witneſſes of the Contempt, and Deteſtation I have for any forward Hopes his Vanity may have given him, or your Malice would inſinuate.

Sir *Char.* Death! you would as ſoon eat Fire, as ſoon part with your luxurious Taſte of Folly, as dare to own the half of this before his Face, or any one, that would make you bluſh to deny it to——Here comes my Wife, now we ſhall ſee——Ha! and my Lord *Foppington* with her———Now! now, we ſhall ſee this mighty Proof of your Sincerity———Now! my Lord, you'll have a Warning ſure, and henceforth know me for your Friend indeed———

Enter Lady Eaſy *and Lord* Foppington.

L. *Eaſy.* In Tears, my Dear, what's the matter!

L. *Bet.* O, my Dear, all I told you's true; Sir *Charles* has ſhewn himſelf ſo inveterably my Enemy, that if I believ'd I deſerv'd but half his Hate, 'twould make me hate myſelf.

L. *Fop.* Hark you, *Charles*, pr'ythee what is this Buſineſs?

Sir *Char.* Why yours, my Lord, for ought I know——I have made ſuch a Breach betwixt 'em——I can't promiſe much for the Courage of a Woman; but if hers holds, I am ſure it's wide enough, you may enter ten a Breaſt, my Lord.

L. *Fop.* Say'ſt thou ſo, *Charles?* then I hold Six to Four I am the firſt Man in the Town.

L. *Eaſy.* Sure there muſt be ſome Miſtake in this; I hope he has not made my Lord your Enemy.

L. *Bet.* I know not what he has done.

L. *Mor.* Far be that Thought! Alas! I am too much in fear myſelf, that what I have this Day committed, adviſ'd by his miſtaken Friendſhip, may have done my Love irreparable Prejudice.

L. *Bet.*

L. *Bet* No, my Lord, ſince I perceive his little Arts have not prevailed upon your Good-nature to my Prejudice, I am bound in Gratitude, in Duty to myſelf, and to the Confeſſion you have made, my Lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

L. *Mor.* Ha! is't poſſible, can you own ſo much? O my tranſported Heart.

L. *Bet.* He ſays I have taken Pleaſure in ſeeing you uneaſy——I own it——but 'twas when that Uneaſineſs I thought proceeded from your Love; and if you did love ——'twill not be much to pardon it.

L. *Mor.* O let my Soul thus bending to your Power, adore this ſoft deſcending Goodneſs.

L. *Bet.* And ſince the giddy Woman's Slights I have ſhewn you too often, have been publick, 'tis fit at laſt the Amends and Reparation ſhou'd be ſo: Therefore what I offer'd to Sir *Charles*, I now repeat before this Company, my utter Deteſtation of any paſt or future Gallantry, that has or ſhall be offer'd by me to your Uneaſineſs.

L. *Mor.* O be leſs generous, or teach me to deſerve it ——Now bluſh, Sir *Charles*, at your injurious Accuſation.

L. *Fop.* Hah! *Pardi voila quelque Choſe d'Extraordinaire.*

L. *Bet.* As for my Lord *Foppington*, I owe him Thanks for having been ſo friendly an Inſtrument of our Reconciliation, for tho' in the little outward Gallantry I receiv'd from him, I did not immediately truſt him with my Deſign in it, yet I have a better Opinion of his Underſtanding, than to ſuppoſe he cou'd miſtake it.

L. *Fop* I am ſtruck dumb with the Deliberation of her Aſſurance; and do not poſitively remember, that the *Non-Clarence* of my Temper ever had ſo bright an Occaſion to ſhew itſelf before.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, I hope you'll pardon the Freedom I have taken with you.

L. *Fop.* O, Madam, don't be under the Confuſion of an Apology upon my Account; for in Caſes of this Nature, I am never diſappointed, but when I find a Lady of

of the ſame Mind two Hours together———Madam, I have loſt a thouſand fine Women in my time; but never had the ill Manners to be out of Humour with any one for refuſing me, ſince I was born.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, that's a very prudent Temper.

L. *Fop.* Madam, to convince you that I am in an univerſal Peace with Mankind, ſince you own I have ſo far contributed to your Happineſs, give me leave to have the Honour of compleating it, by joining your Hand where you have already offer'd up your Inclination.

L. *Bet.* My Lord, that's a Favour I can't refuſe you.

L. *Mor.* Generous indeed, my Lord.

[*L.* Fop. *joins their Hands.*

L. *Fop.* And ſtap my Breath, if ever I was better pleas'd ſince my firſt Entrance into human Nature.

Sir *Char.* How now, my Lord! what! throw up the Cards before you have loſt the Game?

L. *Fop.* Look you, *Charles*, 'tis true, I did deſign to have play'd with her alone: But he that will keep well with the Ladies, muſt ſometimes be content to make one at a Poole with 'em: And ſince I know I muſt engage her in my Turn, I don't ſee any great Odds in letting him take the firſt Game with her.

Sir *Char.* Wiſely conſider'd, my Lord.

L. *Bet.* And now, Sir *Charles*———

Sir *Char.* And now Madam, I'll ſave you the Trouble of a long Speech; and, in one Word, confeſs that every Thing I have done in Regard to you this Day was purely Artificial —— I ſaw there was no Way to ſecure you to my Lord *Morelove*, but by alarming your Pride with the Danger of loſing him: And ſince the Succeſs muſt have by this Time convinc'd you, that in Love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted Averſion; I am ſure you won't take it ill, if we at laſt congratulate your Good-nature, by heartily laughing at the Fright we had put you in: Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Eaſy.* Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet* Why——well I declare it now, I hate you worſe than ever.

Sir *Char.* Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they wou'd take

take away it's Love from it ——————Poor Lady *Betty!* ha! ha!

L. *Eaſy.* My Dear, I beg your Pardon; but it's impoſſible not to laugh when one's ſo heartily pleas'd.

L. *Fop.* Really, Madam, I am afraid the Humour of the Company will draw me into your Diſpleaſure too; but if I were to expire this Moment, my laſt Breath wou'd poſitively go out with a Laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

L. *Bet.* Nay, I have deſerv'd it all, that's the Truth on't—but I hope, my Lord, you were not in this Deſign againſt me.

L. *Mor.* As a Proof, Madam, I am inclin'd never to deceive you more,——I do confeſs I had my ſhare in't.

L. *Bet.* You do, my Lord——then I declare 'twas a Deſign, one or other—the beſt carried on, that ever I knew in my Life; and (to my Shame own it) for ought I know, the only thing that could have prevail'd upon my Temper: 'Twas a fooliſh Pride that has coſt me many a bitten Lip to ſupport it—I wiſh we don't both repent, my Lord.

L. *Mor.* Don't you repent without me, and we never ſhall.

Sir *Char.* Well, Madam, now the worſt that the World can ſay of your paſt Conduct, is that my Lord had Conſtancy, and you have try'd it.

Enter a Servant to Lord Morelove.

Serv. My Lord, Mr. *le Fev're*'s below, and deſires to know what time your Lordſhip will pleaſe to have the Muſick begin.

L. *Mor.* Sir *Charles* what ſay you? will you give me leave to bring 'em hither?

Sir *Char.* As the Ladies think fit, my Lord.

L. *Bet.* O! by all means, 'twill be better here, unleſs we cou'd have the Terraſs to ourſelves.

L. *Mor.* Then, pray, deſire 'em to come all hither immediately.

Serv. Yes, my Lord. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Sir *Char.* Lady *Graveairs!*

L. *Grav.*

L. *Grav.* Yes, you may well ſtart! but don't ſuppoſe I am now come like a poor tame Fool to upbraid your Guilt; but if I cou'd to blaſt you with a Look.

Sir *Char.* Come, come, you have Senſe,——Don't expoſe yourſelf—you are unhappy and I own myſelf the Cauſe,—the only Satisfaction I can offer you, is to proteſt, no new Engagement takes me from you; but a ſincere Reflexion of the long Neglect, and Injuries I've done the beſt of Wives; for whoſe Amends and only Sake I now muſt part with you, and all the inconvenient Pleaſures of my Life.

L. *Grav.* Have you then fallen into the low Contempt of expoſing me, and to your Wife too?

Sir *Char.* 'Twas impoſſible, without it, I could ever be ſincere in my Converſion.

L. *Grav.* Deſpicable!

Sir *Char.* Do not think ſo—for my ſake I know ſhe'll not reproach you—nor, by her Carriage, ever let the World perceive you've wrong'd her.——My Dear.——

L. *Eaſy.* Lady *Graveairs*, I hope you'll ſup with us?

L. *Grav.* I can't refuſe ſo much good Company, Madam.

Sir *Char.* You ſee the worſt of her Reſentment——In the mean time, don't endeavour to be her Friend, and ſhe'll never be your Enemy.

L. *Grav.* I am unfortunate—'tis what my Folly has deſerv'd, and I ſubmit to it.

L. *Mor.* So! here's the Muſick.

L. *Eaſy.* Come, Ladies, ſhall we ſit?

After the Muſick, a SONG.

SAbina *with an Angel's Face,*
By Love ordain'd for Joy,
Seems of the Sirens *cruel Race,*
To charm and then deſtroy.

With

With all the Arts of Look and Dreſs,
She fans the fatal Fire;
Through Pride, miſtaken oft for Grace,
She bids the Swain expire.

The God of Love enrag'd to ſee
The Nymph defy his Flame,
Pronounc'd his Mercileſs Decree
Againſt the Haughty Dame;

Let Age with double Speed o'ertake her,
Let Love the Room of Pride ſupply;
And when the Lovers all forſake her,
A ſpotleſs Virgin let her die.

Sir Charles *comes forward with Lady* Eaſy.

Sir *Char.* Now, my Dear, I find my Happineſs grow faſt upon me; in all my paſt Experience of the Sex, I found even among the better Sort ſo much of Folly, Pride, Malice, Paſſion, and irreſolute Deſire, that I concluded thee but of the foremoſt Rank, and therefore ſcarce worthy my Concern; but thou haſt ſtirr'd me with ſo ſevere a Proof of thy exalted Virtue, it gives me Wonder equal to my Love———If then the unkindly Thought of what I have been, hereafter ſhould intrude upon thy growing Quiet, let this Reflection teach thee to be eaſy.

Thy Wrongs when Greateſt, moſt thy Virtue prov'd;
And from that Virtue found, I bluſh'd and truly lov'd.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

EPILOGUE.

Conqueſt and Freedom are at length our own,
Falſe Fears of Slav'ry no more are ſhown;
Nor dread of paying Tribute to a foreign Throne.
All Stations now the Fruits of Conqueſt ſhare,
Except (if ſmall with great Things may compare)
Th' Oppreſt Condition of the Lab'ring Player.
We're ſtill in Fears (as you of late in France)
Of the Deſpotick Power of Song, and Dance:
For while Subſcription, like a Tyrant, reigns,
Nature's neglected, and the Stage in Chains,
And Engliſh *Actors Slaves to ſwell the* Frenchman's *Gains.*
Like Æſop's Crow, the poor out-witted Stage,
That liv'd on wholſom Plays i' th' latter Age,
Deluded once to ſing, ev'n juſtly ſerv'd,
Let fall her Cheeſe to the Fox Mouth and ſtarv'd:
O that our Judgment, as your Courage has
Your Fame extended, wou'd aſſert our Cauſe,
That nothing Engliſh *might ſubmit to foreign Laws.*
If we but live to ſee that joyful Day,
Then of the Engliſh *Stage, reviv'd we may,*
As of your Honour now, with proper Application, ſay.

So when the Gallick *Fox by Fraud of Peace,*
Had lull'd the Britiſh *Lyon into Eaſe,*

And

EPILOGUE.

And ſaw that Sleep compos'd his couchant Head.
He bids him wake, and ſee himſelf betray'd
In Toils of treacherous Politicks around him laid:
Shews him how one cloſe Hour of Gallick *Thought*
Retook thoſe Towns for which he Years had fought.
At this th' Indignant Savage rolls his fiery Eyes,
Dauntleſs, tho' bluſhing at the baſe Surpriſe,
Pauſes a while——But finds Delays are vain:
Compell'd to fight, he ſhakes his ſhaggy Mane;
He grinds his dreadful Pangs; and ſtalks to Blenheim's *Plain.*
There with erected Creſt, and horrid Roar,
He furious, plunges on through Streams of Gore,
And dyes with falſe Bavarian *Blood the Purple* Danube's *Shore.*
In one puſht Battle frees the deſtin'd Slaves;
Revives old Engliſh *Honour, and an Empire ſaves.*

FINIS:

THE

Conſcious LOVERS,

A

COMEDY:

Written by

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Illud Genus Narrationis, quod in Perſonis poſitum eſt, debet habere Sermonis Feſtivitatem, Animorum Diſſimilitudinem, Gravitatem, Lenitatem, Spem, Metum, Suſpicionem Deſiderium, Diſſimulationem, Miſericordiam, Rerum Varietates, Fortunæ Commutationem, Inſperatum Incommodum, Subitam Lætitiam, Jucundum, Exitum Rerum.

Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib. 1.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXIV.

TO THE

KING.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

AFTER having aſpired to the Higheſt and moſt Laudable Ambition, that of following the Cauſe of Liberty, I ſhould not have humbly petition'd Your Majeſty for a Direction of the Theatre, had I not believ'd Succeſs in that Province an Happineſs much to be wiſh'd by an Honeſt Man, and highly conducing to the Proſperity of the Commonwealth. It is in this View I lay before Your Majeſty a Comedy, which the Audience, in juſtice to themſelves, has ſupported and encouraged, and is the Prelude of what, by Your Majeſty's Influence and Favour, may be attempted in future Repreſentations.

The Imperial Mantle, the Royal Veſtment, and the ſhining Diadem are what ſtrike ordinary Minds: But your Majeſty's Native Goodneſs, Your Paſſion for Juſtice, and her conſtant Aſſeſſor, Mercy, is what continually ſurrounds You, in the View of intelligent Spirits, and gives Hopes to the Suppliant, who ſees he has more than ſucceeded in giving Your Majeſty an Opportunity of doing Good. Our King is above the Greatneſs of Royalty, and every Act of His Will which makes another Man happy, has ten times more Charms in it, than one that makes Himſelf appear rais'd above the Condition of others; but even this carries Unhappineſs with it; for Calm Dominion, Equal Grandeur and Familiar Great-

neſs, do not eaſily affect the Imagination of the Vulgar, who cannot ſee Power but in Terror, and as Fear moves mean Spirits, and love prompts Great ones to obey, the Inſinuations of Malecontents are directed accordingly; and the unhappy People are inſnar'd from Want of Reflection, into Diſreſpectful Ideas of their Gracious and Amiable Sovereign; and then only begin to apprehend the Greatneſs of their Maſter, when they have incurr'd his Diſpleaſure.

As Your Majeſty was invited to the Throne of a Willing People, for their own Sakes, and has ever enjoy'd it with Contempt of the Oſtentation of it, we beſeech You to Protect us who revere Your Title as we love Your Perſon. 'Tis to be a Savage to be a Rebel and they who have fallen from You have not ſo much forfeited their Allegiance, as loſt their Humanity. And therefore, if it were only to preſerve myſelf from the Imputation of being amongſt the Inſenſible and Abandon'd, I would beg Permiſſion in the moſt publick Manner poſſible to profeſs myſelf, with the utmoſt Sincerity and Zeal,

SIRE,

Your MAJESTY'S

Moſt Devoted Subject

and Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

The PREFACE.

THIS Comedy has been receiv'd with universal Acceptance, for it was in every Part excellently perform'd, and there needs no other Applause of the Actors, but that they excell'd according to the Dignity and Difficulty of the Character they represented. But this great Favour done to the Work in Acting, renders the Expectation still the greater from the Author, to keep up the Spirit in the Representation of the Closet, or any other Circumstance of the Reader, whether alone or in Company: To which I can only say, that it must be remember'd a Play is to be Seen, and is made to be Represented with the Advantage of Action, nor can appear but with half the Spirit, without it; for the greatest Effect of a Play in reading is to excite the Reader to go see it; and when he does so, it is then a Play has the Effect of Example and Precept.

The chief Design of this was to be an innocent Performance, and the Audience have abundantly shew'd how ready they are to support what is visibly intended that Way; nor do I make any Difficulty to acknowledge, that the whole was writ for the Sake of the Scene of the fourth Act, wherein Mr. *Bevil* evades the Quarrel with his Friend; and hope it may have some Effect upon the *Goths* and *Vandals* that frequent the Theatres, or a more polite Audience may supply their Absence.

But this Incident, and the Case of the Father and Daughter are esteem'd by some People no Subjects of Comedy, but I cannot be of their Mind: for any Thing that has its Foundation in Happiness and Success, must be allow'd to be the Object of Comedy: and sure it must be an Improvement of it, to introduce a Joy too exquisite for Laughter, that can have no Spring but in Delight, which in the Case of this young Lady I must therefore contend, that the Tears which were shed on that Occasion flow'd from Reason and good Sense, and that Men ought not to be laugh'd at for weeping, till we are come to a more clear Notion of what is to be imputed to the Hardness of the Head, and the Softness of the Heart: and I

t' ink it was very politely ſaid of Mr. *Wilks* to one who told him there was a *General* weeping for *Indiana*, I'll warrant he'll fight ne'er the worſe for that. To be apt to give way to the Impreſſions of Humanity is the Excellence of a right Diſpoſition, and the natural Working of a well-turn'd Spirit. But as I have ſuffer'd by Criticks who are got no further than to enquire whether they ought to be pleas'd or not, I would willingly find them properer Matter for their Employment, and revive here a Song which was omitted for want of a Performer, and deſign'd for the Entertainment of *Indiana*; Sig. *Carbonelli* inſtead of it play'd on the Fiddle, and it is for want of a Singer that ſuch advantageous Things are ſaid of an Inſtrument which were deſign'd for a Voice. The Song i. the Diſtreſs of a Love-ſick Maid, and may be a fit Entertainment for ſome ſmall Criticks to examine whether the Paſſion is juſt, or the Diſtreſs Male or Female.

From Place to Place forlorn I go,
With downcaſt Eyes a ſilent ſhade;
Forbidding to declare my Woe;
To ſpeak, till ſpoken to, afraid.

My inward Pangs, my ſecret Grief,
My joſt conſenting Looks betray:
He loves, but gives me no Relief:
Why ſpeaks not he who may?

It remains to ſay a Word concerning *Terence*, and I am extremely ſurpriz'd to find what Mr *Cibber* told me prove a Truth, that what I valued myſelf ſo much upon, the Tranſlation of him, ſhould be imputed to me as a Reproach. Mr. *Cibber*'s Zeal for the Work, his Care and Application in inſtructing the Actors, and altering the Diſpoſition of the Scenes, when I was, through Sickneſs, unable to cultivate ſuch Things myſelf, has been a very obliging Favour and Friendſhip to me. For this Reaſon, I was very hardly perſuaded to throw away *Terence*'s celebrated Funeral, and take only the bare Authority of the young Man's Character, and how I have work'd it into an *Engliſhman*, and made Uſe of the ſame Circumſtance, of diſcovering a Daughter, when we leaſt hoped for one, is humbly ſubmitted to the Learned Reader.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *WELSTED.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

TO win your Hearts, and to ſecure your Praiſe,
The Comic-Writers ſtrive by various Ways:
By ſubtil Stratagems they act their Game,
And leave untry'd no Avenue to Fame.
One writes the Spouſe a beating from his Wife;
And ſays, each Stroke was copy'd from the Life.
Some fix all Wit and Humour in Grimace,
And make a Livelihood of Pinkey's *Face:*
Here, One gay Shew and coſtly Habits tries,
Confiding to the Judgment of your Eyes:
Another ſmuts his Scene (a cunning Shower)
Sure of the Rakes and of the Wenches Favour.
Oft' have theſe Arts prevail'd; and one may gueſs,
If practis'd o'er again, would find Succeſs.
But the bold Sage the Poet of To-night,
By new and deſp rate Rules reſolv'd to Write;
Fain would he give more juſt Applauſes Riſe,
And pleaſe by Wit that ſcorns the Aids of Vice:
The Praiſe he ſeeks, from worthier Motives ſprings,
Such Praiſe, as Praiſe to thoſe that give, it brings.
Your Aid, moſt humbly ſought, then Britons *lend,*
And Lib'ral Mirth, like Lib'ral Men, defend:
No more let Ribaldry, with Licence writ,
Uſurp the Name of Eloquence or Wit;
No more let lawleſs Farce uncenſur'd go,
The lewd dull Gleanings of a Smithfield *ſhow.*
'Tis yours, with Breeding to refine the Age,
To Chaſten Wit, and Moralize the Stage.
Ye Modeſt, Wiſe and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-night the Champion of your Virtues ſave,
Redeem from long Contempt the Comic Name,
And judge Politely for your Country's Fame.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir John Bevil,	*Mr.* Mills.
Mr Sealand,	*Mr.* Williams.
Bevil *jun. in Love with* Indiana,	*Mr.* Booth.
Myrtle, in Love with Lucinda,	*Mr.* Wilks.
Cimberton, *a Coxcomb*,	*Mr.* Griffin.
Humphrey, *an old Servant to Sir* John,	*Mr.* Shepard.
Tom, *Servant to* Bevil *jun.*	*Mr.* Cibber.
Daniel, *a Country Boy, Servant to* Indiana,	*Mr.* Theo. Cibber.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Sealand, *ſecond Wife to* Sealand,	*Mrs* Moore.
Iſabella, *Siſter to* Sealand,	*Mrs* Thurmond.
Indiana, Sealand's *Daughter by his firſt Wife*,	*Mrs.* Oldfield.
Lucinda, Sealand's *Daughter by his ſecond Wife*,	*Mrs* Booth.
Phillis, *Maid to* Lucinda,	*Mrs.* Younger.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* John Bevil's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir John Bevil *and* Humphrey.

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I ſhould not be interrupted while I am dreſſing?

Humph. Yes, Sir: I believ'd you had ſomething of Moment to ſay to me.

Sir J. Bev. Let me ſee *Humphrey*; I think it is now full forty Years ſince I firſt took thee, to be about my Self.

Humph. I thank you, Sir, it has been an eaſy forty Years; and I have paſs'd 'em without much Sickneſs, Care, or Labour.

Sir J. Bev. Thou haſt a brave Conſtitution; you are a Year or two older than I am, Sirrah.

Humph. You have ever been of that Mind, Sir.

Sir

Sir J. Bev. You Knave, you know it; I took thee, for thy Gravity and Sobriety, in my wild Years.

Humph. Ah, Sir! our Manners were formed from our different Fortunes, not our different Age. Wealth gave a Looſe to your Youth, and Poverty put a Reſtraint upon mine.

Sir J. Bev. Well, *Humphrey*, you know I have been a kind Maſter to you; I have us'd you for the ingenuous Nature I obſerv'd in you from the Beginning, more like an humble Friend than a Servant.

Humph. I humbly beg you'll be ſo tender of me, as to explain your Commands, Sir, without any farther Preparation.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee then. In the firſt Place, this Wedding of my Son's, in all Probability, [ſhut the Door] will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir! not at all? for what Reaſon is it carried on in Appearance?

Sir J. Bev. Honeſt *Humphrey*, have Patience; and I'll tell thee all in Order. I have myſelf, in ſome Part of my Life, lived (indeed) with Freedom, but, I hope, without Reproach: Now, I thought Liberty would be as little injurious to my Son; therefore, as ſoon as he grew towards Man, I indulg'd him in living after his own Manner: I know not how otherwiſe to judge of his Inclination; for what can be concluded from a Behaviour under Reſtraint and Fear? But what charms me above all Expreſſion is, that my Son has never, in the leaſt Action, the moſt diſtant Hint or Word, valued himſelf upon that great Eſtate of his Mother's, which, according to our Marriage Settlement, he has had ever ſince he came to Age.

Humph. No, Sir; on the contrary, he ſeems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you, or any belonging to you —— He is as dependant and reſign'd to your Will, as if he had not a Farthing but what muſt come from your immediate Bounty—You have ever acted like a good and generous Father, and he like an obedient and grateful Son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his Carriage is ſo eaſy to all, with whom he converſes, that he is never aſſuming, never

prefers

prefers himſelf to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not called to, and certainly diſobliges moſt of his Acquaintance; to be ſhort, *Humphrey*, his Reputation was ſo fair in the World, that old *Sealand*, the great *India* Merchant has offer'd his only Daughter, and ſole Heireſs to that vaſt Eſtate of his, as a Wife for him; you may be ſure I made no Difficulties, the Match was agreed on, and this very Day named for the Wedding

Humph What hinders the Proceeding!

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know I was laſt *Thurſday* at the Maſquerade; my Son, you may remember, ſoon found us out —— He knew his Grandfather's Habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the Mode, in the laſt Age, yet the Maſkers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the moſt monſtrous Figures in that whole Aſſembly.

Humph. I remember indeed, a young Man of Quality in the Habit of a Clown, that was particularly troubleſome.

Sir J. Bev Right—He was too much what he ſeem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teized us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a Mind to come into that Particular. [*Aſide.*

Sir J Bev. Ay, he followed us, till the Gentleman who led the Lady in the *Indian* Mantle, preſented that gay Creature to the Ruſtick, and bid him (like *Cymon* in the Fable) grow polite, by falling in Love, and let that worthy old Gentleman alone, meaning me: The Clown was not reform'd, but rudely perſiſted, and offered to force off my Maſk; with that the Gentleman throwing off his own, appeared to be my Son, and in his Concern for me, tore off that of the Nobleman; at this they ſeized each other; the Company call'd the Guards; and in the Surprize, the Lady ſwoon'd away: Upon which my Son quitted his Adverſary, and had now no Care but of the Lady,——when raiſing her in his Arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever——forbid it, Heav'n!——She revives at his known Voice,——and with

with the moſt familiar tho' modeſt Geſture hangs in Safety over his Shoulders weeping, but wept as in the Arms of one, before whom ſhe could give herſelf a Looſe, were ſhe not under Obſervation; while ſhe hides her Face in his Neck, he carefully conveys her from the Company.

Humph I have obſerved this Accident has dwelt upon you very ſtrongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon Air, her noble Modeſty, the Dignity of her Perſon, and the Occaſion itſelf drew the whole Aſſembly together; and I ſoon heard it buzz'd about, ſhe was the adopted Daughter of a famous Sea-Officer, who had ſerved in *France*. Now this unexpected and publick Diſcovery of my Son's ſo deep Concern for her———

Humph. Was what, I ſuppoſe, alarm'd Mr. *Sealand*, in behalf of his Daughter, to break off the Match.

Sir J. Bev You are right——He came to me Yeſterday, and ſaid, he thought himſelf diſengaged from the Bargain; being credibly informed my Son was already marry'd, or worſe to the Lady at the Maſquerade. I palliated Matters, and inſiſted on our Agreement; but we parted with little leſs than a direct Breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir; and what Notice have you taken of all this to my young Maſter?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you——I have ſaid nothing to him yet——But look you, *Humphrey*———if there is ſo much in this Amour of his, that he denies upon my Summons to marry, I have Cauſe enough to be offended; and then by my inſiſting upon his marrying To day, I ſhall know how far he is engag'd to this Lady in Maſquerade, and from thence only ſhall be able to take my Meaſures: in the mean Time I would have you find out how far that Rogue his Man is let into his Secret——He, I know, will play Tricks as much to croſs me, as to ſerve his Maſter.

Humph Why do you think ſo of him, Sir? I believe he is no worſe than I was for you, at your Son's Age.

Sir

Sir J. Bev. I see it in the Rascal's Looks. But I have dwelt on these Things too long; I'll go to my Son immediately, and while I'm gone, your part is to convince his Rogue *Tom* that I am in earnest I'll leave him to you. [*Exit Sir* John Bevil.

Humph Well, tho' this Father and Son live as well together as possible, yet their Fear of giving each other Pain, is attended with constant mutual Uneasiness. I'm sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both: But they know I love 'em, and that makes the Task less painful however ——— Oh, here's the Prince of poor Coxcombs, the Representative of all the better fed than taught. ——— Ho! ho! *Tom*, whither so gay and so airy this Morning?

Enter Tom, *Singing.*

Tom Sir, we Servants of single Gentlemen are another kind of People, than you domestick ordinary Drudges that do Business. We are rais'd above you: The Pleasures of Board Wages, Tavern Dinners, and many a clear Gain; Vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Hum, h Thou hast Follies and Vices enough for a Man of Ten thousand a Year, tho' 'tis but as t other Day that I sent for you to Town, to put you into Mr. *Sealand*'s Family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young Master, who is too gentle for training such a rude Thing as you were into proper Obedience ——— You then pull'd off your Hat to every one you met in the Street, like a bashful great awkward Cub as you were. But your great Oaken Cudgel, when you were a Booby, became you much better than that dangling Stick at your Button, now you are a Fop That's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your Master's Hand when you are impertinent

Tom. Uncle *Humphrey*, you know my Master scorns to strike his Servants. You talk as if the World was now, just as it was when my old Master and you were in your Youth——When you went to Dinner because

cauſe it was ſo much a Clock, when the great Blow was given in the Hall at the Pantry-door, and all the Family came out of their Holes, in ſuch ſtrange Dreſſes and formal Faces, as you ſee in the Pictures in our long Gallery in the Country.

Humph Why, you wild Rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your Dinner till a formal Fellow, in a black Gown, ſaid ſomething over the Meat, as if the Cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after?——Deſpiſing Men of ſacred Characters! I hope you never heard my good young Maſter talk ſo like a Profligate.

Tom. Sir, I ſay you put upon me, when I firſt came to Town, about being orderly, and the Doctrine of wearing Shams, to make Linen laſt clean a Fortnight, keeping my Clothes freſh, and wearing a Frock within Doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you thoſe Leſſons becauſe I ſuppos'd, at that Time, your Maſter and you might have din'd at home every Day, and coſt you nothing; then you might have made a good Family Servant. But the Gang you have frequented ſince, at Chocolate-Houſes and Taverns, in a continual round of Noiſe and Extravagance——

Tom. I don't know what you heavy Inmates call Noiſe and Extravagance: but we Gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a Figure. Sir, think it a fine Life, and that we muſt be very pretty Fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph Very well, Sir,——I hope the Faſhion of being lewd and extravagant, deſpiſing of Decency and Order, is almoſt at an End, ſince it is arrived at Perſons of your Quality.

Tom Maſter *Humphrey*, Ha! ha! you were an unhappy Lad to be ſent up to Town in ſuch queer Days as you were: Why now, Sir, the Lacquies are the Men of Pleaſure of the Age; the Top Gameſters; and many a lac'd Coat about Town, have had their Education in our Party-colour'd Regiment,——We are falſe Lovers; have a Taſte of Muſick, Poetry, Billet-

Billet-doux, Dreſs, Politicks; ruin Damſels; and when we are weary of this lewd Town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our Maſters Wigs and Linen, and marry Fortunes.

Humph. Hey day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our Order is carry'd up to the higheſt Dignities and Diſtinctions; ſtep but into the *Painted Chamber*——and by our Titles you'd take us all for Men of Quality——then again come down to the *Court of Requeſts*, and you ſhall ſee us all laying our broken Heads together for the Good of the Nation: and tho' we never carry a Queſtion *Nemine Contradicente*, yet this I can ſay with a ſafe Conſcience, (and I wiſh every Gentleman of our Cloth could lay his Hand upon his Heart and ſay the ſame) that I never took ſo much as a ſingle Mug of Beer for my Vote in all my Life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your Extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to ſee you, to enquire how Things go with your Maſter, as far as you underſtand them; I ſuppoſe he knows he is to be married To-day.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is dreſs'd as gay as the Sun; but, between you and I, my Dear, he has a very heavy Heart under all that Gaiety. As ſoon as he was dreſs'd I retir'd, but overheard him Sigh in the moſt heavy Manner He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the Room, then went into his Cloſet; when he came out, he gave me this for his Miſtreſs, whoſe Maid you know——

Humph. Is paſſionately fond of your fine Perſon.

Tom. The poor Fool is ſo tender, and loves to hear me talk of the World, and the Plays, Opera's, and *Ridotto*'s, for the Winter; the Parks and *Bellfize*, for our Summer Diverſions; and Lard! ſays ſhe, you are ſo wild——but you have a world of Humour.

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your Maſter's Letter to Mrs. *Lucinda*, as he order'd you?

Tom. Becauſe Mrs. *Lucinda* is not ſo eaſily come at as you think for.

Humph.

Humph Not eaſily come at? Why, Sirrah, are not her Father and my old Maſter agreed that ſhe and Mr. *Bevil* are to be one Fleſh before To-morrow Morning?

Tom. Is no Matter for that; her Mother, it ſeems, Mrs. *Sealand*, has not agreed to it: and you muſt know, Mr. *Humphrey* that in that Family the grey Mare is the better Horſe.

Humph. What doſt thou mean?

Tom. In one Word, Mrs *Sealand* pretends to have a Will of her own, and has provided a Relation of her's, a ſtiff, ſtarch'd Philoſopher, and a wiſe Fool, for her Daughter; for which Reaſon, for theſe ten Days paſt, ſhe has ſuffer'd no Meſſage nor Letter from my Maſter to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this Intelligence?

Tom From a fooliſh fond Soul that can keep nothing from me——One that will deliver this Letter too, if ſhe is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! her pretty Hand-maid. Mrs. *Phillis?*

Tom. Even ſhe, Sir; this is the very Hour, you know ſhe uſually comes hither, under a Pretence of a Viſit to our Houſe keeper forſooth, but in reality to have a Glance at———

Humph. Your ſweet Face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing elſe in Nature; you muſt know, I love to fret, and play with the little Wanton.———

Hump Play with the little Wanton! What will this World come to!

Tom. I met her this Morning, in a new Manteau and Petticoat, not a bit the worſe for her Lady's wearing; and ſhe has always new Thoughts and new Airs with new Clothes ——— then ſhe never fails to ſteal ſome Glance or Geſture from every Viſitant at their Houſe; and is indeed the whole Town of Coquettes at ſecond Hand. But here ſhe comes; in one Motion ſhe ſpeaks and deſcribes herſelf better than all the Words in the World can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your own Affair is over, you will be ſo good as to mind your Maſter's with her.

Tom.

Tom. Dear *Humphrey*, you know my Maſter is my Friend, and thoſe are People I never forget ———

Humph. Saucineſs itſelf! but I'll leave you to do your beſt for him. [*Exit.*

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. *Thomas*, is Mrs. *Sugar-key* at home? —Lard, one is almoſt aſham'd to paſs along the ſtreets. The Town is quite empty, and no body of Faſhion left in it; and the ordinary People do ſo ſtare to ſee any Thing (dreſs'd like a Woman of Condition) as it were on the ſame Floor with them paſs by. Alas! Alas! it is a ſad Thing to walk. O Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a ſad Thing to walk? Why, Madam *Phillis*, do you wiſh yourſelf lame?

Phil. No, Mr. *Thomas*, but I wiſh I were generally carry'd in a Coach or Chair, and of a Fortune neither to ſtand nor go, but to totter, or ſlide, to be ſhort-ſighted, or ſtare, to ſneer in the Face, to look diſtant, to obſerve, to overlook, yet all become me; and, if I was rich, I could twire and loll as well as the beſt of them. Oh, *Tom! Tom!* is it not a pity that you ſhould be ſo great a Coxcomb, and I ſo great a Coquette, and yet be ſuch poor Devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. *Phillis*, I am your humble Servant for that ———

Phil. Yes, Mr *Thomas* I know how much you are my humble Servant, and know what you ſaid to Mrs *July*, upon ſeeing her in one of her Lady's Caſt Mantuas; That any one would have thought her the Lady, and that ſhe had ordered the other to wear it till it ſat eaſy—for now only it was becoming:—To my Lady it was only a Covering, to Mrs. *July* it was a Habit. This you ſaid after ſome Body or other. Oh, *Tom! Tom!* thou art as falſe and as baſe, as the beſt Gentleman of them all: but, you Wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious Subject. Don't, I ſay.

Tom. I know not how to reſiſt your Commands. Madam [*In a ſubmiſſive Tone, retiring.*

Phil. Commands about parting are grown mighty eaſy to you of late.

Tom.

Tom. O, I have her; I have nettled and put her into the right Temper to be wrought upon, and ſet a prating. [*Aſide.*]—Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. *Phillis*, I can take little Comfort of late in frequenting your Houſe.

Phil. Pray, Mr. *Thomas*, what is it all of a ſudden offends your Nicety at our Houſe?

Tom. I don't care to ſpeak Particulars, but I diſlike the Whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a Part of that Whole.

Tom. Miſtake me not, good *Phillis*.

Phil. Good *Phillis!* Saucy enough. But however—

Tom. I ſay, it is, that thou art a Part, which gives me Pain for the Diſpoſition of the Whole. You muſt know, Madam, to be ſerious, I am a Man, at the Bottom, of prodigious nice Honour. You are too much expos'd to Company at your Houſe. To be plain, I don't like ſo many, that would be your Miſtreſs's Lovers, whiſpering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You ſay this becauſe I wrung you to the Heart, when I touch'd your guilty Conſcience about *Judy*.

Tom. Ah *Phillis! Phillis!* if you but knew my Heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay then poor *Criſpo*'s Fate and mine are one—Therefore give me Leave to ſay, or ſing at leaſt, as he does upon the ſame Occaſion———

[*Se vedette*, &c. [*ſings*]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fobb'd off with a Song? I don't queſtion but you have ſung the ſame to Mrs. *Judy* too.

Tom. Don't diſparage your Charms, good *Phillis*, with Jealouſy of ſo worthleſs an Object; beſides, ſhe is a poor Huſſy, and if you doubt the Sincerity of my Love, you will allow me true to my Intereſt. You are a Fortune, *Phillis*———

Phil. What would the Fop be at now? In good Time indeed, you ſhall be ſetting up for a Fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, you have ſuch a Spirit that we ſhall never be dull in Marriage, when we come together.

But

But I tell you, you are a Fortune, and you have an Eſtate in my Hands. [*He pulls out a Purſe, ſhe eyes it.*

Phil. What Pretence have I to what is in your Hands, Mr. *Thomas?*

Tom. As thus: there are Hours, you know, when a Lady is neither pleas'd nor diſpleas'd, neither ſick or well, when ſhe lolls or loiters, when ſhe is without Deſires, from having more of every Thing than ſhe knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When ſhe has not Life enough to keep her bright Eyes quite open to look at her own dear Image in the Glaſs.

Phil. Explain thyſelf, and don't be ſo fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are alſo proſperous and good-natured Moments, as when a Knot or a Patch is happily fix'd; when the Complexion particularly flouriſhes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not Patience!

Tom. Why then——or on the like Occaſions——we Servants who have Skill to know how to time Buſineſs, ſee when ſuch a pretty folded Thing as this [*ſhews a Letter*] may be preſented, laid, or dropp'd, as beſt ſuits the preſent Humour. And, Madam, becauſe it is a long weariſome Journey to run through all the ſeveral Stages of a Lady's Temper, my Maſter, who is the moſt reaſonable Man in the World, preſents you this to bear your Charges on the Road. [*Gives her the Purſe.*

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt Huſſey.

Tom. Oh fy, I only think you'll take the Letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own Innocence; I take it for my Miſtreſs's Sake.

Tom. I know it my pretty one, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I ſay I do it becauſe I would not have my Miſtreſs deluded by one who gives no Proof of his Paſſion: but I'll talk more of this, as you ſee me on my Way home—— ——No, *Tom*, I aſſure thee; I take this Traſh of thy Maſter's not for the Value of the Thing, but as it convinces me he has a true Reſpect for my Miſtreſs. I remember a Verſe to the Purpoſe.

They

They may be falſe who languiſh and complain,
But they who part with Money never feign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Bevil *junior's Lodgings.*

Bevil *junior*, *reading.*

Bev. jun Theſe moral Writers practiſe Virtue after Death: This charming Viſion of *Mirza!* ſuch an Author conſulted in a Morning, ſets the Spirits for the Viciſſitudes of the Day, better than the Glaſs does a Man's Perſon; but what a Day have I to go thro'! to put on an eaſy Look with an aking Heart.—If this Lady my Father urges me to marry ſhould not refuſe me, my Dilemma is unſupportable. But why ſhould I fear it? is not ſhe in equal Diſtreſs with me? has not the Letter I have ſent her this Morning, confeſt my Inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral Aſſurances of her Engagements too, to my Friend *Myrtle?* It's impoſſible but ſhe muſt give in to it: For, ſure to be deny'd is a Favour any Man may pretend to. It muſt be ſo—Well then, with the Aſſurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently ſay to my Father, I am ready to marry her—Then let me reſolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honeſt Diſſimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *John Bevil*, Sir, is in the next Room.

Bev. jun. Dunce! why did you not bring him in?

Tom: I told him, Sir, you were in your Cloſet.

Bev. jun I thought you had known, Sir, it was my Duty to ſee my Father any where,

[*Going himſelf to the Door.*

Tom. The Devil's in my Maſter! he has always more Wit than I have. [*Aſide.*

Bevil *jun. introducing Sir* John.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the moſt gallant, the moſt com-

complaiſant of all Parents—Sure 'tis not a Compliment to ſay theſe Lodgings are yours———Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unſeaſonably on your Wedding-day.

Bev. jun. One to whom I am beholden for my Birth-day, might have uſed leſs Ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, Son, I have Intelligence you have writ to your Miſtreſs this Morning: It would pleaſe my Curioſity to know the Contents of a Wedding-day Letter; for Courtſhip muſt then be over.

Bev. jun. I aſſure you, Sir, there was no Inſolence in it, upon the Proſpect of ſuch a vaſt Fortune's being added to our Family; but much Acknowledgment of the Lady's greater Deſert

Sir J. Bev. But, dear *Jack*, are you in earneſt in all this! And will you really marry her!

Bev. jun. Did I ever diſobey any Command of yours, Sir? nay, any Inclination that I ſaw you bent upon?

Sir J. Bev. Why, I can't ſay you have, Son; but methinks in this whole Buſineſs, you have not been ſo warm as I could have wiſh'd you: You have viſited her, it's true, but you have not been particular. Every one knows you can ſay and do as handſome Things as any Man; but you have done nothing, but liv'd in the general; been complaiſant only.

Bev. jun. As I'm ever prepar'd to marry if you bid me, ſo I am ready to let it alone if you will have me.

[Humphrey *enters unobſerv'd.*

Sir J. Bev. Look you there now! why what am I to think of this ſo abſolute and ſo indifferent a Reſignation?

Bev. jun. Think? that I am ſtill your Son, Sir,——Sir,—you have been married and I have not. And you have, Sir, found the Inconvenience there is, when a Man weds with too much Love in his Head. I have been told, Sir, that at the Time you married, you made a mighty Buſtle on the Occaſion. There was challenging and fighting, ſcaling Walls———locking up the Lady——— and the Gallant under an Arreſt for

for Fear of killing all his Rivals ——— Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe you having found the ill Conſequences of theſe ſtrong Paſſions and Prejudices, in Preference of one Woman to another, in Caſe of a Man's becoming a Widower———

Sir J. Bev. How is this!

Bev. jun. I ſay, Sir, Experience has made you wiſer in your Care of me——— for, Sir, ſince you loſt my dear Mother, your Time has been ſo heavy, ſo lonely, and ſo taſteleſs, that you are ſo good as to guard me againſt the like Unhappineſs, by marrying me prudentially, by Way of Bargain and Sale. For, as you well judge, a Woman that is eſpous'd for a Fortune, is yet a better Bargain, if ſhe dies; for then a Man ſtill enjoys what he did marry, the Money; and is diſencumber'd of what he did not marry, the Woman.

Sir J. Bev. But pray, Sir, do you think *Lucinda* then a Woman of ſuch little Merit?

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir, I don't carry it ſo far neither, I am rather afraid I ſhall like her too well; ſhe has, for one of her Fortune, a great many needleſs and ſuperfluous good Qualities.

Sir J. Bev. I am afraid, Son, there's ſomething I don't ſee yet, ſomething that's ſmother'd under all this Raillery.

Bev. jun. Not in the leaſt, Sir: If the Lady is dreſs'd and ready, you ſee I am. I ſuppoſe the Lawyers are ready too.

Humph. This may grow warm, if I don't interpoſe. [*Aſide.*
Sir, Mr. *Sealand* is at the Coffee-houſe, and has ſent to ſpeak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the Lawyers are ready, Son, you'll be in the Way, you ſay———

Bev. jun. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll take a Chair and go to Mr. *Sealand*'s, where the young Lady and I will wait your Leiſure.

Sir J. Bev. By no Means——— The old Fellow will be ſo vain, if he ſees———

Bev.

Bev. jun. Ay——But the young Lady, Sir, will think me ſo indifferent——

Humph. Ay——there you are right——preſs your Readineſs to go to the Bride——he won't let you. [*Aſide to* Bevil *jun.*

Bev. jun. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide to* Humph.

Humph. How he likes being prevented. [*Aſide.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no: You are an Hour or two too early. [*Looking on his Watch.*

Bev. jun. You'll allow me, Sir, to think it too late to viſit a beautiful, virtuous young Woman, in the Pride and Bloom of Life, ready to give herſelf to my Arms: and to place her Happineſs or Miſery, for the future, in being agreeable or diſpleaſing to me, is a——Call a Chair.

Sir J. Bev. No, no, no, dear *Jack*; this *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow: There's no dealing with ſome People, but by managing with Indifference. We muſt leave to him the Conduct of this Day. It is the laſt of his commanding his Daughter.

Bev. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this Matter: you can't tell how humourſome old Fellows are:—— There's no offering Reaſon to ſome of 'em, eſpecially when they are rich——If my Son ſhould ſee him, before I've brought old *Sealand* into better Temper, the Match would be impracticable. [*Aſide.*

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you to let Mr. *Bevil* go.——See whether he will or not. [*Aſide to Sir* John. ——[*Then to* Bev.] Pray, Sir, command yourſelf; ſince you ſee my Matter is poſitive, it is better you ſhould not go.

Bev jun. My Father commands me, as to the Object of my Affections: but I hope he will not, as to the Warmth and Height of them,

Sir J. Bev. So! I muſt even leave Things as I found them: and in the mean Time, at leaſt, keep old *Sealand* out of his Sight.——Well, Son, I'll go myſelf and take Orders in your Affair——You'll be in the Way, I ſuppoſe, if I ſend to you——I'll leave

your old Friend with you——*Humphrey*——don't let him ſtir, d'ye hear: Your Servant, your Servant.

[*Exit Sir* John.

Humph. I have a ſad Time on't, Sir, between you and my Maſter——I ſee you are unwilling, and I know his violent Inclinations for the Match——I muſt betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common Good——Heav'n grant a good End of this Matter: But there is a Lady, Sir, that gives your Father much Trouble and Sorrow——You'll pardon me.

Bev. jun. Humphrey, I know thou art a Friend to both; and in that Confidence, I dare tell thee——That Lady——is a Woman of Honour and Virtue. You may aſſure yourſelf, I never will marry without my Father's Conſent: But give me Leave to ſay too, this Declaration does not come up to a Promiſe, that I will take whomſoever he pleaſes.

Humph. Come, Sir, I wholly underſtand you: You would engage my Services to free you from this Woman, whom my Maſter intends you, to make Way, in Time, for the Woman you have really a Mind to.

Bev. jun. Honeſt *Humphrey*, you have always been an uſeful Friend to my Father, and myſelf; I beg you continue your good Offices, and don't let us come to the Neceſſity of a Diſpute; for if we ſhould diſpute, I muſt either part with more than Life, or loſe the beſt of Fathers.

Humph. My dear Maſter, were I but worthy to know this Secret, that ſo near concerns you, my Life, my all, ſhould be engag'd to ſerve you. This, Sir, I dare promiſe, that I am ſure I will, and can be ſecret: your Truſt, at worſt, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot ſerve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you ſo.

Bev. jun. That's all I aſk: Thou haſt made it now my Intereſt to truſt thee——Be patient then, and hear the Story of my Heart.

Humph. I am all Attention, Sir.

Bev. jun. You may remember, *Humphrey*, that in my laſt Travels, my Father grew uneaſy at my making ſo long a Stay at *Toulon*.

Humph.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehenſive ſome Woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His fears were juſt; for there I firſt ſaw this Lady: She is of *Engliſh* Birth: Her Father's Name was *Danvers*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family, and originally an eminent merchant of *Briſtol*; who upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the *Indies*. In this Retreat Providence again grew favourable to his Induſtry, and, in ſix Years Time, reſtored him to his former Fortunes: On this he ſent Directions over, that his Wife and little Family ſhould follow him to the *Indies*. His Wife, impatient to obey ſuch welcome Orders, would not wait the Leiſure of a Convoy, but took the firſt Occaſion of a ſingle Ship, and with her Huſband's Siſter only, and this Daughter, then ſcarce ſeven Years old, undertook the fatal Voyage. For here, poor Creature, ſhe loſt her Liberty, and Life; ſhe, and her Family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a Privateer from *Toulon*. Being thus made a Priſoner, though, as ſuch, not ill-treated, yet the Fright, the Shock, and the cruel Diſappointment, ſeiz'd with ſuch Violence upon her unhealthy Frame, ſhe ſicken'd, pined and died at Sea.

Humph. Poor Soul! O the helpleſs Infant?

Bev. jun. Her Siſter yet ſurviv'd, and had the Care of her: The Captain too proved to have Humanity, and became a Father to her; for having himſelf married an *Engliſh* Woman, and being childleſs, he brought home, into *Toulon*, this her little Country-woman; preſenting her, with all her dead Mother's Moveables of Value to his Wife, to be educated as his own adopted Daughter.

Humph. Fortune here ſeem'd, again, to ſmile on her.

Bev. jun. Only to make her Frowns more terrible: For in his Height of Fortune, this Captain too, her Benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at Sea, and dying inteſtate, his Eſtate fell wholly to an Advocate, his Brother, who coming ſoon to take Poſſeſſion, there found (among his other Riches) this blooming Virgin, at his Mercy.

Humph. He durſt not ſure abuſe his Power!

Bev. jun No wonder if his pamper'd Blood was fired at the Sight of her——in ſhort, he lov'd: but when all Arts and gentle Means had fail'd to move, he offer'd too his Menaces in vain, denouncing Vengeance on her Cruelty; demanding her to account for all her Maintenance, from her Childhood; ſeiz'd on her little Fortune, as his own Inheritance, and was dragging her by Violence to Priſon; when Providence, at the Inſtant interpos'd, and ſent me, by Miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed: But pray, Sir, after all this Trouble, how came this Lady at laſt to *England?*

Bev. jun. The diſappointed Advocate, finding ſhe had ſo unexpected a Support, on cooler Thoughts, deſcended to a Compoſition; which I, without her Knowledge, ſecretly diſcharg'd.

Humph. That generous Concealment made the Obligation double.

Bev. jun. Having thus obtain'd her Liberty, I prevail'd, not without ſome Difficulty, to ſee her ſafe to *England*; where we no ſooner arrived, but my Father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately propoſed this other fatal Match that hangs upon my Quiet.

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this Lady.

Bev. jun. As my vital Life dwells in my Heart——and yet you ſee—what I do to pleaſe my Father: Walk in this Pageantry of Dreſs, this ſplendid Covering of Sorrow——But, *Humphrey*, you have your Leſſon.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material Queſtion——

Bev jun. Aſk it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own Paſſion for this ſecret Lady, or hers for you, that gives you this Averſion to the Match your Father has propoſed you?

Bev. jun. I ſhall appear, *Humphrey*, more romantick in my Anſwer, than in all the reſt of my Story: For tho' I dote on her to death, and have no little Reaſon to believe ſhe has the ſame Thoughts for me; yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmoſt Privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph.

Humph. How was it poſſible to avoid it?

Bev. jun. My tender Obligations to my Father have laid ſo inviolable a Reſtraint upon my Conduct, that 'till I have his Conſent to ſpeak, I am determin'd, on that Subject, to be dumb for ever——

Humph. Well, Sir, to your Praiſe be it ſpoken, you are certainly the moſt unfaſhionable Lover in *Great Britain.*

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtle*'s at the next Door, and if you are at Leiſure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. jun. Whenever he pleaſes——hold, *Tom!* did you receive no Anſwer to my Letter?

Tom. Sir, I was deſir'd to call again; for I was told, her Mother would not let her be out of her Sight; but about an Hour hence, Mrs. *Phillis* ſaid, I ſhould have one.

Bev. jun. Very well.

Humph. Sir, I will take another Opportunity; in the mean Time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a Secret I know, you may appear to your Father as forward as you pleaſe, to marry *Lucinda*, without the leaſt Hazard of its coming to a Concluſion———Sir, your moſt obedient Servant.

Bev. jun. Honeſt *Humphrey*, continue but my Friend, in this Exigence, and you ſhall always find me yours.

[*Exit* Humph.

I long to hear how my Letter has ſucceeded with *Lucinda*——but I think, it cannot fail; for, at worſt, were it poſſible ſhe could take it ill, her Reſentment of my Indifference, may as probably occaſion a Delay, as her taking it right.———Poor *Myrtle*, what Terrors muſt he be in all this while?———Since he knows ſhe is offer'd to me, and refuſed to him, there is no converſing, or taking any Meaſures with him, for his own Service.———But I ought to bear with my Friend, and uſe him as one in Adverſity;

All his Diſquietudes by my own I prove,
The greateſt Grief's Perplexity in Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Bevil *jun. and* Tom.

Tom. SIR, Mr. *Myrtle.*

Bev jun. Very well,——do you ſtep again, and wait for an Anſwer to my Letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well, *Charles*, why ſo much Care in thy Countenance? Is there any Thing in the World deſerves it? You, who uſed to be ſo gay, ſo open, ſo vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late chang'd Complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver Man, are now all Air in your Behaviour———But the Cauſe of my Concern, may, for ought I know, be the ſame Object that gives you all this Satisfaction. In a Word, I am told that you are this very Day (and your Dreſs confirms me in it) to be married to *Lucinda.*

Bev. jun. You are not miſinform'd———Nay, put not on the Terrors of a Rival, 'till you hear me out, I ſhall diſoblige the beſt of Fathers, if I don't ſeem ready to marry *Lucinda*; And you know I have ever told you, you might make Uſe of my ſecret Reſolution, never to marry her, for your own Service, as you pleaſe. But I am now driven to the Extremity of immediately refuſing, or complying, unleſs you help me to eſcape the Match.

Myrt. Eſcape? Sir, neither her Merit, nor her Fortune are below your Acceptance.——Eſcaping, do you call it!

Bev. jun. Dear Sir, do you wiſh I ſhould deſire the Match?

Myrt. No———but ſuch is my humorous and ſickly State of Mind, ſince it has been able to reliſh nothing but

but *Lucinda*, that tho' I muſt owe my Happineſs to your Averſion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her ſpoken of with Levity or Unconcern.

Bev jun. Pardon me, Sir; I ſhall tranſgreſs that Way no more. She has Underſtanding, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Wit———

Myrt. Nay, dear *Bevil*, don't ſpeak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.

Bev. jun. Why then, to give you Eaſe at once, tho' I allow *Lucinda* to have good Senſe, Wit, Beauty, and Virtue; I know another, in whom theſe Qualities appear to me more amiable, than in her.

Myrt. There you ſpoke like a reaſonable and good-natur'd Friend. When you acknowledge her Merit, and own your Prepoſſeſſion for another, at once, you gratify my Fondneſs, and cure my Jealouſy.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no Notice, you have no Apprehenſion of another Man, that has twice the Fortune of either of us.

Myrt. Cimberton! Hang him, a formal, philoſophical, pedantick Coxcomb——For the Sot, with all theſe crude Notions of divers Things, under the Direction of great Vanity, and very little Judgment, ſhews his ſtrongeſt Bias is Avarice; which is ſo predominant in him, that he will examine the Limbs of his Miſtreſs with the Caution of a Jockey, and pays no more Compliment to her perſonal Charms, than if ſhe were a mere breeding Animal.

Bev. jun. Are you ſure that is not affected? I have known ſome Women ſooner ſet on Fire by that Sort of Negligence, than by———

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the Rogue has no Art, it is pure ſimple Indolence and Stupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet with all this, I don't take him for a Fool.

Myrt. I own the Man is not a Natural; he has a very quick Senſe, tho' very ſlow Underſtanding.——— He ſays, indeed, many Things, that want only the Circumſtances of Time and Place, to be very juſt and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be ſure of me, if you can

diſappoint him; but my Intelligence ſays, the Mother has actually ſent for the Conveyancer, to draw Articles for his Marriage with *Lucinda*; tho' thoſe for mine with her, are, by her Father's Order, ready for ſigning, but it ſeems ſhe has not thought fit to conſult either him or his Daughter in the Matter.

Myrt. Pſhaw! A poor troubleſome Woman——— Neither *Lucinda*, nor her Father, will ever be brought to comply with it,——beſides, I am ſure, *Cimberton* can make no Settlement upon her, without the Concurrence of his great Uncle Sir *Geoffrey*, in the Weſt.

Bev. jun. Well, Sir, and I can tell you, that's the very Point that is now laid before her Counſel; to know whether a firm Settlement can be made, without this Uncle's actually joining in it.——Now pray conſider, Sir, when my Affair with *Lucinda* comes, as it ſoon muſt, to an open Rupture, how are you ſure that *Cimberton*'s Fortune may not then tempt her Father, too, to hear his Propoſals.

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that muſt be provided againſt.——Do you know who are her Counſel?

Bev jun. Yes, for your Service I have found out that too, they are Serjeant *Bramble* and Old *Target*——— by the Way, they are neither of 'em known in the Family; now I was thinking, why you might not put a couple of falſe Counſel upon her, to delay and confound Matters a little———beſides, it may probably let you into the Bottom of her whole Deſign againſt you.

Myrt. As how, pray?

Bev. jun. Why, can't you ſlip on a black Wig and a Gown, and be Old *Bramble* yourſelf?

Myrt. Ha! I don't diſlike it——but what ſhall I do for a Brother in the Caſe?

Bev. jun. What think you of my Fellow, *Tom?* the Rogue's intelligent, and is a good Mimick; all his Part will be but to ſtutter heartily, for that's Old *Target*'s Caſe——Nay, it would be an immoral Thing to mock him, were it not that his Impertinence is the Occaſion of its breaking out to that Degree———the Conduct of the Scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all Things; if you'll ſend *Tom* to my

my Chambers, I will give him full Inſtructions: This will certainly give me Occaſion to raiſe Difficulties, to puzzle, or confound her Project for a while, at leaſt.

Bev. jun. I'll warrant you Succeſs: ſo far we are right then: and now, *Charles*, your Apprehenſion of my marrying her, is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil!* tho' I know you are my Friend, yet when I abſtract myſelf from my own Intereſt in the Thing, I know no Objection ſhe can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope———

Bev. jun. Dear *Myrtle*, I am as much obliged to you for the Cauſe of your Suſpicion, as I am offended at the Effect: But be aſſured, I am taking Meaſures for your certain Security, and that all Things with regard to me will end in your entire Satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promiſe you to be as eaſy and as confident as I can; tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than Life at Stake on your Fidelity. [*Going.*

Bev. jun. Then depend upon it, you have no Chance againſt you.

Myrt. Nay, no Ceremony, you know I muſt be going. [*Exit* Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well! this is another Inſtance of the Perplexities which ariſe too, in faithful Friendſhip: We muſt often, in this Life, go on in our good Offices, even under the Diſpleaſure of thoſe to whom we do them, in Compaſſion to their Weakneſſes and Miſtakes——But all this while poor *Indiana* is tortured with the Doubt of me! ſhe has no Support or Comfort, but in my Fidelity, yet ſees me daily preſs'd to Marriage with another! How painful, in ſuch a Criſis, muſt be every Hour ſhe thinks on me? I'll let her ſee, at leaſt, my Conduct to her is not chang'd: I'll take this Opportunity to viſit her; for tho' the religious Vow I have made to my Father, reſtrains me from ever marrying without his Approbation, yet that confines me not from ſeeing a virtuous Woman, that is the pure Delight of my Eyes, and the guiltleſs Joy of my Heart: But the beſt Condition of Human Life is but a gentle Miſery.

To hope for perfect Happineſs is vain,
And Love has ever its Allays of Pain. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella, *and* Indiana *in her own Lodgings.*

Iſab. Yes—I ſay 'tis Artifice, dear Child; I ſay to thee, again and again, 'tis all Skill and Management.

Ind. Will you perſuade me there can be an ill Deſign, in ſupporting me in the Condition of a Woman of Quality? attended, dreſs'd, and lodg'd like one, in my Appearance abroad, and my Furniture at home, every Way in the moſt ſumptuous Manner, and he that does it has an Artifice, a Deſign in it?

Iſab. Yes, Yes.

Ind. And all this without ſo much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him!

Iſab. Ay, ay,——the more for that——that keeps the Title to all you have the more in him!

Ind. The more in Him!—He ſcorns the Thought—

Iſab. Then He———He———He———

Ind. Well, be not ſo eager———It he is an ill Man, let us look into his Stratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a Letter*] Here's two hundred and fifty Pound in Bank Notes, with theſe Words, 'To pay 'for the Set of Dreſſing-plate, which will be brought 'home To-morrow.' Why, dear Aunt, now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend—and it is with a bleeding Heart I hear you ſay any Thing to the Diſadvantage of Mr. *Bevil.* When he is preſent, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my Life, and the Support of it: Then again, as the Man who loves me with Sincerity and Honour. When his Eyes are caſt another Way, and I dare ſurvey him, my Heart is painfully divided between Shame and Love———Oh! could I tell you.

Iſab. Ah! You need not: I imagine all this for you.

Ind. This is my State of Mind in his Preſence; and when he is abſent, you are ever dinning my Ears with Notions of the Arts of Men; that his hidden Bounty, his reſpectful Conduct, his careful Proviſion for me, after his preſerving me from the utmoſt Miſery; are certain Signs he means nothing, but to make I know not what of me?

Iſab. Oh! You have a ſweet Opinion of him truly.

Ind. I have, when I am with him, ten thouſand Things,

Things, beſides my Sex's natural Decency and Shame, to ſuppreſs my Heart, that yearns to thank, to praiſe, to ſay, it loves him: I ſay, thus it is with me while I ſee him; and in his Abſence I am entertain'd with nothing but your Endeavours, to tear his amiable Image from my Heart; and in its Stead, to place a baſe Diſſembler, an artful Invader of my Happineſs, my Innocence, my Honour.

Iſab. Ah poor Soul! has not his Plot taken? don't you die for him? has not the Way he has taken, been the moſt proper with you? Oh! oh! He has Senſe, and has judg'd the Thing right.

Ind. Go on then, ſince nothing can anſwer you: ſay what you will of him. Heigh! ho!

Iſab. Heigh! ho! indeed. It is better to ſay ſo, as you are now, than as many others are. There are among the Deſtroyers of Women, the gentle, the generous, the mild, the affable, the humble, who all, ſoon after their Succeſs in their Deſigns, turn to the contrary of thoſe Characters. I will own to you, Mr. *Bevil* carries his Hypocriſy the beſt of any Man living, but ſtill he is a Man, and therefore a Hypocrite They have uſurp'd an Exemption from Shame, for any Baſeneſs, any Cruelty towards us. They embrace without Love; they make Vows without Conſcience of Obligation; they are Partners, nay, Seducers to the Crime, wherein they pretend to be leſs guilty.

Ind. That's truly obſerved. [*Aſide.*
But what's all this to *Bevil?*

Iſab. This is to *Bevil*, and all Mankind. Truſt not thoſe, who will think the worſe of you for your Confidence in them. Serpents, who lie in wait for Doves. Won't you be on your Guard againſt thoſe who would betray you? Won't you doubt thoſe who would contemn you for believing 'em? Take it from me: Fair and natural Dealing is to invite Injuries, 'tis bleating to eſcape Wolves who would devour you! Such is the World, ——and ſuch (ſince the Behaviour of one Man to my ſelf) have I believ'd all the reſt of the Sex. [*Aſide.*

Ind. I will not doubt the Truth of *Bevil*, I will not doubt it; He has not ſpoken it by an Organ that is given

given to lying: His Eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine: I know his Virtue, I know his filial Piety, and ought to truſt his Management with a Father, to whom he has uncommon Obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? my Leſſon is very ſhort. If he takes me for ever, my Purpoſe of Life is only to pleaſe him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I ſhall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worſe than Death has happen'd to me.

Iſab. Ay, do, perſiſt in your Credulity! flatter yourſelf that a Man of his Figure and Fortune will make himſelf the Jeſt of the Town, and marry a handſome Beggar for Love.

Ind. The Town! I muſt tell you, Madam, the Fools that laugh at Mr. *Bevil* will but make themſelves more ridiculous; his Actions are the Reſult of thinking, and he has Senſe enough to make even Virtue faſhionable.

Iſab. O' my Conſcience he has turn'd her Head.—— Come, come; if he were the honeſt Fool you take him for, why has he kept you here theſe three Weeks, without ſending you to *Briſtol?* in ſearch of your Father, your Family, and your Relations?

Ind. I am convinc'd he ſtill deſigns it; and that nothing keeps him here, but the Neceſſity of not coming to a Breach with his Father, in regard to the Match he has propos'd him: Beſides, has he not writ to *Briſtol?* and has not he Advice that my Father has not been heard of there, almoſt theſe twenty Years?

Iſab. All Sham, mere Evaſion; he is afraid, if he ſhould carry you thither, your honeſt Relations may take you out of his Hands, and ſo blow up all his wicked Hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked Hopes! did I ever give him any ſuch;

Iſab. Has he ever given you any honeſt ones? Can you ſay, in your Conſcience he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his Behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it, the Moment 'tis in his Power, or conſiſtent with his Honour, to make ſuch a Promiſe good to me.

Iſab. His Honour!

Ind.

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my Life uneasy by these ungrateful Jealousies of one, to whom I am, and wish to be oblig'd: For from his Integrity alone, I have resolv'd to hope for Happiness.

Isab. Nay, I have done my Duty; if you won't see, at your Peril be it.———

Ind. Let it be——This is his Hour of visiting me.

Isab. Oh! to be sure, keep up your Form: don't see him in a Bed-chamber: This is pure Prudence, when she is liable. where-ever he meets her, to be convey'd where-e'er he pleases. [*Apart.*

Ind. All the rest of my Life is but waiting 'till he comes: I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*

Isab. Well, go thy Ways, thou wilful Innocent! I once had almost as much Love for a Man, who poorly left me, to marry an Estate——And I am now, against my Will, what they call an old Maid———but I will not let the Peevishness of that Condition grow upon me———only keep up the Suspicion of it, to prevent this Creature's being any other than a Virgin, except upon proper Terms. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Indiana *speaking to a Servant.*

Ind. Desire Mr. *Bevil* to walk in———Design! impossible! A base designing Mind could never think of what he hourly puts in Practice——And yet, since the late Rumour of his Marriage, he seems more reserv'd than formerly——he sends in too, before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure——such new Respect may cover Coldness in the Heart——it certainly makes me thoughtful———I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair Occasions in his Way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an Explanation——for these Doubts are insupportable! ———But see! he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bevil *jun.*

Bev. jun. Madam, your most obedient———I am afraid I broke in upon your Rest last Night———'twas very late before we parted; but 'twas your own Fault; I never saw you in such agreeable Humour.

Ind.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never ſaw you better Company.

Bev. jun. Me, Madam! you rally: I ſaid very little.

Ind But, I am afraid, you heard me ſay a great deal; and when a Woman is in the talking Vein, the moſt agreeable Thing a Man can do, you know, is to have Patience, to hear her.

Bev. jun Then it's pity, Madam, you ſhould ever be ſilent, that we might be always agreeable, to one another.

Ind. If I had your Talent, or Power, to make my Actions ſpeak for me, I might indeed be ſilent, and yet pretend to ſomething more than the agreeable.

Bev. jun. If I might be vain of any Thing in my Power, Madam, it is that my Underſtanding, from all your Sex, has mark'd you out as the moſt deſerving Object of my Eſteem.

Ind. Should I think I deſerve this, it were enough to make my Vanity forfeit the very Eſteem you offer me.

Bev. jun. How ſo, Madam?

Ind. Becauſe Eſteem is the Reſult of Reaſon, and to deſerve it from good Senſe, the Height of human Glory. ——Nay, I had rather a Man of Honour ſhould pay me that, than all the Homage of a ſincere and human Love.

Bev. jun You certainly diſtinguiſh right Madam; Love often kindles from external Merit only————

Ind. But Eſteem riſes from a higher Source, the Merit of the Soul————

Bev. jun. True————And great Souls only can deſerve it [*Bowing reſpectfully.*

Ind. Now I think they are greater ſtill, that can ſo charitably part with it

Bev. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, ſince the utmoſt Pride and Pleaſure of my Life is, that I eſteem you——as I ought.

Ind. [*Aſide.*] As he ought! ſtill more perplexing! he neither ſaves nor kills my Hope.

Bev. jun. But, Madam, we grow grave, methinks— Let's find ſome other Subject——Pray how did you like the Opera laſt Night

Ind. Firſt give me Leave to thank you for my Tickets.

Bev. jun. O! your Servant, Madam—But pray tell me,

me, you now, who are never partial to the Faſhion I fancy, muſt be the propereſt Judge of a mighty Diſpute among the Ladies, that is, whether *Criſpo* or *Griſelda* is the more agreeable Entertainment.

Ind. With Submiſſion now, I cannot be a proper Judge of this Queſtion.

Bev. jun. How ſo, Madam?

Ind. Becauſe I find I have a Partiality for one of them.

Bev. jun. Pray which is that?

Ind. I do not know——— there's ſomething in that rural Cottage of *Griſelda*, her forlorn Condition, her Poverty, her Solitude, her Reſignation, her innocent Slumbers, and that lulling *Dolce Sogno* that's ſung over her; it had ſuch an Effect upon me, that——in ſhort I never was ſo well deceiv'd, at any of them.

Bev. jun. O! now then, I can account for the Diſpute: *Griſelda*, it ſeems, is the Diſtreſs of an injur'd innocent Woman: *Criſpo*, that only of a Man in the ſame Condition; therefore the Men are moſtly concern'd for *Criſpo*, and by a natural Indulgence, both Sexes for *Griſelda*.

Ind. So that Judgment, you think, ought to be for one, tho' Fancy and Complaiſance have got ground for the other Well! I believe you will never give me leave to diſpute with you upon any Subject; for I own, *Criſpo* has its Charms for me too: Though in the main, all the Pleaſure the beſt Opera gives us, is but mere Senſation——Methinks it's Pity the Mind can't have a little more Share in the Entertainment.——The Muſick's certainly fine; but, in my Thoughts, there's none of your Compoſers come up to old *Spakeſpear* and *Otway*.

Bev. jun. How, Madam! why if a Woman of your Senſe were to ſay this in the Drawing-Room ———

Enter Servant.

Serv Sir, here's Signior *Carbonelli* ſays he waits your Commands, in the next Room.

Bev. jun. A propos! you were ſaying Yeſterday, Madam, you had a Mind to hear him——will you give him Leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all Means: deſire the Gentleman to walk in.

[*Ex. Servant.*] *Bev.*

Bev. jun. I fancy you will find ſomething in this Hand, that is uncommon.

Ind You are always finding Ways, Mr. *Bevil*, to make Life ſeem leſs tedious to me.———

Enter Muſick Maſter.

When the Gentleman pleaſes.

After a Sonnata is play'd. Bevil Junior *waits on the Maſter to the Door*, &c.

Bev. jun. You ſmile, Madam, to ſee me ſo Complaiſant to one, whom I pay for his Viſit: Now, I own, I think it not enough barely to pay thoſe, whoſe Talents are ſuperior to our own (I mean ſuch Talents as would become our Condition, if we had them.) Methinks we ought to do ſomething more, than barely gratify them for what they do at our Command, only becauſe their Fortune is below us.

Ind. You ſay I ſmile: I aſſure you it was a Smile of Approbation; for indeed I cannot but think it the diſtinguiſhing Part of a Gentleman, to make his Superiority of Fortune as eaſy to his Inferiors as he can.——— Now once more to try him. [*Aſide.*]—I was ſaying juſt now, I believe you would never let me diſpute with you, and I dare ſay it will always be ſo: However, I muſt have your Opinion upon a Subject, which created a Debate between my Aunt and me, juſt before you came hither; ſhe would needs have it, that no Man ever does any extraordinary Kindneſs or Service for a Woman, but for his own Sake.

Bev. jun. Well, Madam! indeed I can't but be of her Mind.

Ind. What, though he would maintain, and ſupport her without demanding any Thing of her on her Part?

Bev. jun. Why, Madam, is making an Expence in the Service of a valuable Woman (for ſuch I muſt ſuppoſe her) though ſhe ſhould never do him any Favour, nay, though ſhe ſhould never know who did her ſuch Service, ſuch a mighty heroick Buſineſs?

Ind. Certainly! I ſhould think he muſt be a Man of an uncommon Mold.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, why ſo? 'tis but at beſt a better

better Taſte in Expence: To beſtow upon one, whom he may think one of the Ornaments of the whole Creation, to be conſcious, that from his Superfluity, an innocent, a virtuous Spirit, is ſupported above the Temptations and Sorrows of Life! That he ſees Satisfaction, Health and Gladneſs in her Countenance, while he enjoys the Happineſs of ſeeing her (as that I will ſuppoſe too, or he muſt be too abſtracted, too inſenſible) I ſay if he is allowed to delight in that Proſpect; alas! what mighty Matter is there, in all this?

Ind. No mighty Matter, in ſo diſintereſted a Friendſhip!

Bev. jun. Diſintereſted! I can't think him ſo! your Hero, Madam, is no more, than what every Gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are——He is only one, who takes more Delight in Reflexions than in Senſations; he is more pleaſed with Thinking, than Eating; that's the utmoſt you can ſay of him——Why, Madam, a greater Expence, than all this, Men lay out upon an unneceſſary Stable of Horſes.

Ind. Can you be ſincere in what you ſay?

Bev. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any ſuch Man, he does not love Dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. jun. Nor Cards, nor Dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor Bottle Companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor looſe Women.

Ind. No, I'm ſure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my Word then, if your admired Hero is not liable to any of theſe kind of Demands: there's no ſuch Preheminence in this, as you imagine: Nay, this Way of Expence you ſpeak of, is what exalts and raiſes him that has a Taſte for it: And at the ſame Time, his Delight is incapable of Satiety, Diſguſt or Penitence.

Ind. But ſtill I inſiſt his having no private Intereſt in the Action, makes it prodigious, almoſt incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more miſtaken: Why, who can be more an Uſurer, than he, who lays out his Money in ſuch valuable Purchaſes?

If

If Pleaſure be worth purchaſing, how great a Pleaſure is it to him, who has a true Taſte of Life, to eaſe an aking Heart, to ſee the human Countenance lighted up into Smiles of Joy, on the Receipt of a Bit of Oar, which is ſuperfluous, and otherwiſe uſeleſs in a Man's own Pocket? What could a Man do better with his Caſh? This is the Effect of an humane Diſpoſition, where there is only a general Tye of Nature, and common Neceſſity. What then muſt it be, when we ſerve an Object of Merit, of Admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue againſt it, the more I ſhall admire the Generoſity.

Bev. jun. Nay——Then Madam, 'tis Time to fly after a Declaration, that my Opinion ſtrengthens my Adverſary's Argument——I had beſt haſten to my Appointment with Mr. *Myrtle*, and be gone, while we are Friends, and——before Things are brought to an Extremity—— [*Exit careleſsly.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Well, Madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I proteſt I begin to fear he is wholly diſintereſted in what he does for me. On my Heart, he has no other View, but the mere Pleaſure of doing it, and has neither good or bad Deſigns upon me.

Iſab. Ah! dear Niece! don't be in Fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know Time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You pleaſe me, when you tell me ſo: For if he has any Wiſhes towards me, I know he will not purſue them, but with Honour.

Iſab. I wiſh, I were as confident of one, as t'other—I ſaw the reſpectful Downcaſt of his Eyes, when you catcht him gazing at you during the Muſick: He, I warrant, was ſurpriz'd, as if he had been taken ſtealing your Watch. O! the undiſſembled guilty Look!

Ind. But did you obſerve any ſuch Thing, really; I thought he look'd moſt charmingly graceful! How engaging is Modeſty in a Man, when one knows there is a great Mind within——So tender a Confuſion!

and

and yet in other reſpects, ſo much himſelf, ſo collected, ſo dauntleſs, ſo determin'd!

Iſab. Ah! Niece! there is a Sort of Baſhfulneſs, which is the beſt Engine to carry on a ſhameleſs Purpoſe: Some Men's Modeſty ſerves their Wickedneſs, as Hypocriſy gains the reſpect due to Piety: But I will own to you, there is one hopeful Symptom, if there could be ſuch a Thing, as a diſintereſted Lover; but it's all a Perplexity, till——till——till——

Ind. Till what?

Iſab. Till I know whether Mr. *Myrtle* and Mr. *Bevil* are really Friends or Foes——And that I will be convinced of, before I ſleep: For you ſhall not be deceiv'd.

Ind. I'm ſure, I never ſhall, if your Fears can guard me: In the mean Time I'll wrap myſelf up in the Integrity of my own Heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conſcious Honour all his Actions ſteers;
So conſcious Innocence diſpels my Fears. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand*'s Houſe.

Enter Tom *meeting* Phillis.

Tom. WELL, *Phillis!*——what with a Face, as if you had never ſeen me before——What a Work have I to do now? She has ſeen ſome new Viſitant at their Houſe, whoſe Airs ſhe has catch'd, and is reſolv'd to practiſe them upon me. Numberleſs are the Changes ſhe'll dance thro', before ſhe'll anſwer this plain Queſtion; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my Maſter's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to aſk an Account of it, in an ordinary Way; I'll be in my Airs as well as ſhe. [*Aſide.*]——Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at preſent pleaſed to make

make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiſer, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit ſhorter, than I am at this Inſtant.

[*Looking ſtedfaſtly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any Body doubt, Maſter *Thomas*, but that you were extremely ſatisfied with your ſweet ſelf?

Tom. I am indeed——The Thing I have leaſt Reaſon to be ſatisfied with is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty; perhaps if I were rich, I ſhould overlook the fineſt Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches to be thought ſo.

Phil. How prettily was that ſaid? But I'll have a great deal more, before I'll ſay one Word. [*Aſide.*

Tom. I ſhould, perhaps have been ſtupidly above her, had I not been her Equal; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Maſter's Servant for Hire; I am my Miſtreſs's from Choice; wou'd ſhe but approve my Paſſion.

Phil. I think it is the firſt Time I ever heard you ſpeak of it, with any Senſe of the Anguiſh, if you really do ſuffer any.

Tom. Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have ſeen?

Phil. I know not what I have ſeen, nor what I have heard; but ſince I am at Leiſure, you may tell me when you fell in Love with me: How you fell in Love with me; and what you have ſuffer'd, or are ready to ſuffer for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful Jade! when I'm in haſte about my Maſter's Letter————But I muſt go thro' it. [*Aſide.*]——Ah! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what Occaſion I was firſt ſurpris'd. It was on the firſt of *April* one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Sealand*'s Service; I was then a Hobble-de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Hand maid of the Houſekeeper————At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was ordered to get out of the Window, one Pair of Stairs, to rub the Saſhes clean,————the Perſon employ'd on the innerſide, was your charming ſelf, whom I had never ſeen before.

Phil.

Phil. I think I remember the ſilly Accident: What made ye, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you——You could not gueſs what ſurpris'd me. You took no Delight when you immediately grew wanton in your Conqueſt, and put your Lips cloſe and breath'd upon the Glaſs, and when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth you rubb'd againſt my Face, and hid your beauteous Form; when I again drew near, you ſpit, and rubb'd, and ſmil'd at my Undoing.

Phil. What ſilly Thoughts you Men have!

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*——but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall; I ſaw her, ſaw my *Thiſbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will againſt me——Would ſhe but yet relent?——Oh, *Phillis! Phillis!* ſhorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very ſufferable; the pain is not ſo exquiſite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my fair one's Will, I could with Glory ſuffer——But deareſt Creature, conſider our miſerable State.

Phil. How! miſerable!

Tom. We are miſerable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than thoſe we love——with that generous Paſſion in the Heart, to be ſent to and fro on Errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meaneſt Trifles. Oh, *Phillis!* You don't know how many *China* Cups, and Glaſſes, my Paſſion for you has made me break: You have broken my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Maſter writes and you ſpeak the beſt of any Men in the World. Never was a Woman ſo well pleas'd with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an Anſwer to it. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Tom. This was well done, my deareſt; conſider, we muſt ſtrike out ſome pretty Livelihood for our ſelves, by cloſing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them

them to give us a little Being of our own, ſome ſmall Tenement, out of their large Poſſeſſions: whatever they give us, it will be more than what they keep for themſelves: one Acre, with *Phillis*, would be worth a whole Country without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. [*Kiſſes her.*

Phil. There's no contradicting you, how clotely you argue, *Tom!*

Tom. And will cloſer in due Time. But I muſt haſten with this Letter, to haſten towards the Poſſeſſion of you ——Then, *Phillis*, conſider how I muſt be reveng'd, look to it, of all your Skittiſhneſs, ſhy Looks, and at beſt but coy Compliances.

Phil. Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and ſenſual, as my Lady calls it, I muſt not endure it; Oh! Foh! you are a Man, an odious, filthy Male Creature; you ſhould behave, if you had a right Senſe, or were a Man of Senſe, like Mr. *Cimberton*, with Diſtance and Indifference, or let me ſee, ſome other becoming hard Word, with ſeeming in-in-in-advertency, and not ruſh on one as if you were ſeizing a Prey. But huſh——the Ladies are coming——Good *Tom*, don't kiſs me above once, and begone——Lard, we have been fooling and toying, and not conſider'd the main Buſineſs of our Maſters and Miſtreſſes.

Tom. Why, their Buſineſs is to be fooling and toying, as ſoon as the Parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd——Parchments——my Lady, to my Knowledge, is preparing Writings between her Coxcomb Couſin *Cimberton* and my Miſtreſs; though my Maſter has an Eye to the Parchments already prepar'd between your Maſter, Mr. *Bevil*, and my Miſtreſs; and I believe, my Miſtreſs herſelf has ſign'd and ſeal'd, in her Heart, to Mr. *Myrtle*——Did I not bid you kiſs me but once and begone? but I know you won't be ſatisfy'd.

Tom. No, you ſmooth Creature, how ſhould I? [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Phil. Well, ſince you are ſo humble, or ſo cool, as to raviſh

raviſh my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality.

[*They ſalute formally.*

Tom. Pox of all this State. [*Offers to kiſs her more cloſely.*

Phil. No, pr'ythee *Tom*, mind your Buſineſs, we muſt follow that Intereſt which will take; but endeavour at that which will be moſt for us, and we like moſt—— O, here is my young Miſtreſs! [Tom. *taps her Neck behind, and kiſſes his Fingers.*] Go, ye liquoriſh Fool.

[*Exit* Tom.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your Ladyſhip's Service, to carry your Ladyſhip's Letter to his Maſter, I could hardly get the Rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he ſo little Love for his Maſter?

Phil. No, but he has ſo much Love for his Miſtreſs.

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiſs you. Why do you ſuffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we Vulgar take it to be a Sign of Love; we Servants, we poor People, that have nothing but our Perſons to beſtow, or treat for, are forc'd to deal and bargain by Way of Sample: and therefore as we have no Parchments, or Wax neceſſary in our Arguments, we ſqueeze with our Hands, and ſeal with our Lips, to ratify Vows and Promiſes.

Luc. But can't you truſt one another, without ſuch Earneſt down?

Phil. We don't think it ſafe, any more than you Gentry, to come together without Deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry Huſſey.

Phil. I wiſh, Madam, your Lover and you were as happy, as *Tom* and your Servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam; and I won't aſk you, what you intend to do with Mr. *Myrtle*, what your Father will do with Mr. *Bevil*, nor what you all, eſpecially my Lady, mean by admitting Mr. *Cimberton* as particularly

larly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as People of Quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different Beds in the ſame Houſe.

Luc. Pſhaw! I have a very great Value for Mr. *Bevil*, but have abſolutely put an End to his Pretenſions, in the Letter I gave you for him: But, my Father, in his Heart, ſtill has a Mind to him, were it not for this Woman they talk of; and, I am apt to imagine he is married to her, or never deſigns to marry at all.

Phil. Then Mr. *Myrtle* ——

Luc. He had my Parents Leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me, and my Affections: who is to have this Body of mine, without 'em, it ſeems, is nothing to me; my Mother ſays, 'tis indecent for me to let my Thoughts ſtray about the Perſon of my Huſband: Nay, ſhe ſays, a Maid, rightly virtuous, tho' ſhe may have been where her Lover was a thouſand times, ſhould not have made Obſervations enough, to know him from another Man, when ſhe ſees him in a third Place.

Phil. That is more than the Severity of a Nun, for not to ſee, when one may, is hardly poſſible; not to ſee when one can't is very eaſy: at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not ſeen, who ——

Luc. Mamma ſays, the firſt Time you ſee your Huſband ſhould be at that Inſtant he is made ſo; when your Father, with the Help of the Miniſter, gives you to him; then you are to ſee him; then you are to obſerve and take Notice of him, becauſe then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my Lady remember, you are to love, as well as to obey?

Luc. To love is a Paſſion, 'tis a Deſire, and we muſt have no Deſires. Oh! I cannot endure the Reflexion! With what inſenſibility on my Part, with what more than Patience, have I been expos'd, and offered to ſome awkward Booby or other, in every County of *Great Britain?*

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you ſpeak of it before, with this Indignation.

Luc. Every Corner of the Land has preſented me with a wealthy Coxcomb. As faſt as one Treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my Name and Perſon have been

been the Tittle Tattle of the whole Town: What is this World come to! No Shame left! To be barter'd for, like Beaſts of the Fields, and that in ſuch an Inſtance, as coming together to an entire Familiarity, and Union of Soul and Body; oh! and this without being ſo much as Well-wiſhers to each other, but for increaſe of Fortune.

Phil. But, Madam, all theſe Vexations will end very ſoon, in one for all: Mr. *Cimberton* is your Mother's Kinſman, and three hundred Years an older Gentleman than any Lover you ever had; for which Reaſon, with that of his prodigious large Eſtate, ſhe is reſolved on him, and has ſent to conſult the Lawyers accordingly. Nay, has (whether you know it or no) been in Treaty with Sir *Geoffry*, who to join in the Settlement, has accepted of a Sum to do it, and is every Moment expected in Town for that Purpoſe.

Luc. How do you get all this Intelligence?

Phil. By an Art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the Waiting-Maids in *Great-Britain*; the Art of Liſtning, Madam, for your Ladyſhip's Service.

Luc I ſhall ſoon know as much as you do; leave me, leave me, *Phillis*, be gone: Here, here, I'll turn you out. My Mother ſays I muſt not converſe with my Servants; tho' I muſt converſe with no one elſe. [*Exit Phillis*] How unhappy are we, who are born to great Fortunes! no one looks at us with Indifference, or acts towards us on the Foot of Plain Dealing; yet, by all I have been heretofore offer'd to, or treated for, I have been us'd with the moſt agreeable of all Abuſes, Flattery; but now, by this phlegmatick Fool, I'm us'd as nothing, or a mere Thing; he forſooth! is too wiſe, too learned to have any Regard to Deſires, and, I know not what the learned Oaf calls Sentiments of Love and Paſſion—Here he comes with my Mother—It's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more Notice of me than of any other Moveable in the Room.

Enter Mrs. Scaland, *and Mr.* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned Taſte of yours, and the worthy Regard you have to

our own ancient and honourable Houſe, in conſulting a Means to keep the Blood as pure, and as regularly deſcended as may be.

Cimb. Why, really Madam, the young Women of this Age are treated with Diſcourſes of ſuch a Tendency, and their Imaginations ſo bewilder'd in Fleſh and Blood, that a Man of Reaſon can't talk to be underſtood: They have no Ideas of Happineſs, but what are more groſs than the Gratification of Hunger and Thirſt.

Luc. With how much Reflexion he is a Coxcomb? [*Aſide.*

Cimb. And in Truth, Madam, I have conſider'd it, as a moſt brutal Cuſtom, that Perſons of the firſt Character in the World, ſhould go as ordinarily, and with as little Shame, to Bed, as to Dinner with one another. They proceed to the Propagation of the Species, as openly, as to the Preſervation of the Individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to Bed to thee, muſt have no Shame, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Couſin *Cimberton!* Couſin *Cimberton!* how abſtracted, how refin'd, is your Senſe of Things; but, indeed, it is too true, there is nothing ſo ordinary as to ſay, in the beſt govern'd Families, my Maſter and Lady are gone to Bed; one does not know but it might have been ſaid of one's ſelf.

[*Hiding her Face with her Fan.*

Cimb. Lycurgus, Madam, inſtituted otherwiſe; among the *Lacedæmonians*, the whole female World was pregnant, but none, but the Mothers themſelves, knew by whom; their Meetings were ſecret, and the amorous Congreſs always by Stealth; and no ſuch profeſſed Doings between the Sexes; as are tolerated among us under the audacious Word, Marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh! had I liv'd, in thoſe Days, and been a Matron of *Sparta*, one might, with leſs Indecency, have had ten Children, according to that modeſt Inſtitution, than one, under the Confuſion of our modern, barefac'd Manner.

Luc. And yet, poor Woman, ſhe has gone thro' the whole Ceremony, and here I ſtand a melancholy Proof of it. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Seal.

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of Buſineſs. That Girl walking about the Room there, is to be your Wife. She has, I confeſs, no Ideas, no Sentiments, that ſpeak her born of a thinking Mother.

Cimb. I have obſerv'd her; her lively Look, free Air, and diſengag'd Countenance, ſpeak her very———

Luc. Very, what?

Cimb. If you pleaſe, Madam———to ſet her a little that Way.

Mrs. Seal. Lucinda, ſay nothing to him, you are not a Match for him; when you are married, you may ſpeak to ſuch a Huſband, when you're ſpoken to. But, I am diſpoſing of you, above yourſelf, every Way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but obſerve the Inconveniencies I expoſe myſelf to, in Hopes that your Ladyſhip will be the Conſort of my better Part: As for the young Woman, ſhe is rather an Impediment, than a Help to a Man of Letters, and Speculation. Madam, there is no Reflexion, no Philoſophy, can at all Times ſubdue the ſenſitive Life, but the Animal ſhall ſometimes carry away the Man: Ha! ay, the Vermillion of her Lips.

Luc. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough——Pant of her Boſom.

Luc. Sir; Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward Cheſt.

Luc. Intolerable.

Cimb. High Health.

Luc. The grave, eaſy Impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud Heart.

Luc. Stupid Coxcomb!

Cimb. I ſay, Madam, her Impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all Attractions—her Arms—her Neck—what a Spring in her Step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you ſtrange unaccountable!

Cimb. What an Elaſticity in her Veins and Arteries!

Luc. I have no Veins, no Arteries.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a Scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The ſpeaking Invitation of her Shape, the gathering of herſelf up, and the Indignation you ſee in

the pretty little Thing——now, I am conſidering her, on this Occaſion, but as one that is to be pregnant.

Luc. The familiar, learned, unſeaſonable Puppy! [*Aſide.*

Cimb. And pregnant undoubtedly ſhe will be yearly. I fear I ſhan't, for many Years, have Diſcretion enough to give her one fallow Seaſon.

Luc. Monſter! there's no bearing it. The hideous Sot!—there's no enduring it, to be thus ſurvey'd like a Steed at Sale.

Cimb. At Sale! ſhe's very illiterate—But ſhe's very well limb'd too; turn her in; I ſee what ſhe is.

Mrs. Seal. Go, you Creature, I am aſham'd of you. [*Exit* Lucinda *in a Rage.*

Cimb. No harm done—you know, Madam, the better Sort of People, as I obſerv'd to you, treat by their Lawyers of Weddings [*adjuſting himſelf at the Glaſs*] and the Woman in the Bargain, like the Manſion-Houſe in the Sale of the Eſtate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all conſider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no Demand for her Youth, and Beauty, and every other Accompliſhment, as the common World think 'em, becauſe ſhe is not polite.

Cimb. Madam, I know, your exalted Underſtanding, abſtracted, as it is, from vulgar Prejudices, will not be offended, when I declare to you, I marry to have an Heir to my Eſtate, and not to beget a Colony, or a Plantation: This young Woman's Beauty, and Conſtitution, will demand Proviſion for a tenth Child at leaſt.

Mrs. Seal. With all that Wit, and Learning, how conſiderate! What an Oeconomiſt! [*Aſide*]——Sir, I cannot make her any other than ſhe is; or ſay ſhe is much better than the other young Women of this Age, or fit for much, beſides being a Mother; but I have given Directions for the Marriage Settlement, and Sir *Geoffry Cimberton*'s Counſel is to meet ours here, at this Hour, concerning his joining in the Deed, which when executed, makes you capable of ſettling what is due to *Lucinda*'s Fortune: Herſelf, as I told you, I ſay nothing of.

Cimb.

Cimb. No, no, no, indeed, Madam, it is not uſual, and I muſt depend upon my own Reflexion and Philoſophy, not to overſtock my Family

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, Couſin *Cimberton*; but ſhe is, for ought I ſee, as well as the Daughter of any Body elſe.

Cimb. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a Servant who whiſpers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Seal. The Lawyers are come, and now we are to hear what they have reſolv'd, as to the Point, whether it's neceſſary that Sir *Geoffry* ſhould join in the Settlement, as being what they call in the Remainder. But, good Couſin, you muſt have Patience with 'em. Theſe Lawyers, I am told, are of a different Kind; one is what they call a Chamber-Counſel, the other a Pleader: The Conveyancer is ſlow, from an Imperfection in his Speech, and therefore ſhun'd the Bar, but extremely paſſionate, and impatient of Contradiction; the other is as warm as he; but has a Tongue ſo voluble, and a Head ſo conceited, he will ſuffer no Body to ſpeak but himſelf.

Cimb. You mean old Serjeant *Target*, and Counſellor *Bramble?* I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The ſame: ſhew in the Gentlemen.

[*Exit Servant.*

Re-enter Servant, introducing Myrtle *and* Tom, *diſguis'd as* Bramble *and* Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the Party concern'd, Mr. *Cimberton*; and I hope you have conſider'd of the Matter.

Targ. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it muſt be by Indent—dent—dent—dent—

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. *Serjeant* and myſelf have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it muſt be an Indenture Tripartite, and Tripartite let it be, for Sir *Geoffry* muſt needs be a Party; old *Cimberton*, in the Year 1619. ſays, in that ancient Roll, in Mr. Serjeant's Hands, as Recourſe thereto being had, will more at large appear——

Tar. Yes, and by the Deeds in your Hands, it appears that———

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no Inferences upon what is in our Cuſtody; but ſpeak to the Titles in your own Deeds——I ſhall not ſhew that Deed 'till my Client is in Town.

Cimb. You know beſt your own Methods.

Mrs. Seal. The ſingle Queſtion is, whether the Intail is ſuch, that my Couſin Sir *Geoffry*, is neceſſary in this Affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the Lordſhip of *Tretriplet*, but not as to the Meſſuage of *Grimgribber*.

Tar. I ſay that *Gr—gr—* that *Gr—gr—Grimgribber*, *Grimgribber* is in us. That is to ſay, the Remainder thereof, as well as that of *Tr—tr—Triplet*.

Bram. Yo go upon the Deed of Sir *Ralph*, made in the Middle of the laſt Century, precedent to that in which old *Cimberton* made over the Remainder, and made it paſs to the Heirs general, by which your Client comes in; and I queſtion whether the Remainder, even of *Tretriplet* is in him——But we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable Conſideration. But we ſhall not purchaſe what is in us for ever, as *Grimgribber* is, at the Rate as we guard againſt the Contingent of Mr. *Cimberton* having no Son——Then we know Sir *Geoffry* is the firſt of the collateral male Line in this Family——Yet———

Tar. Sir, *Gr——gr——ber* is——

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your Argument might be of Force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its Parts——But, Sir, I ſee very plainly what you are going into——I tell you it is as probable a Contingent that Sir *Geoffry* may die before Mr. *Cimberton*, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I muſt ſay--

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole Extent of that Argument; but that will go no farther than as to the Claimants under old *Cimberton*——I am of Opinion, that according to the Inſtructions of Sir *Ralph*, he could not dock the Entail, and then create a new Eſtate for the Heirs in general.

Tar.

Tar. Sir I have no Patience to be told that, when *Gr———gr———ber———*

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there muſt be the Word Heirs for ever, to make ſuch an Eſtate as you pretend.

Cimb. I muſt be impartial, tho' you are Counſel for my Side of the Queſtion—Were it not that you are ſo good as to allow him what he has not ſaid, I ſhould think it very hard you ſhould anſwer him without hearing him —But Gentlemen, I believe you have both conſider'd this Matter, and are firm in your different Opinions: 'Twere better therefore, you proceeded according to the particular Senſe of each of you, and give your Thoughts diſtinctly in Writing——And do you ſee, Sirs, pray let me have a Copy of what you ſay, in *Engliſh*.

Bram Why, what is all we have been ſaying?—— In *Engliſh!* Oh! but I forgot my ſelf, you're a Wit—— But however, to pleaſe you, Sir, you ſhall have it, in as plain Terms, as the Law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without Delay.

Bram. That, Sir, the Law will not admit of; the Courts are ſitting at *Weſtminſter*, and I am this Moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I ſhould not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at leaſt, the reſt would take it ill elſe———Therefore, I muſt leave what I have ſaid to Mr. Serjeant's Conſideration, and I will digeſt his Arguments on my Part, and you ſhall hear from me again, Sir. [*Exit* Bramble.

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. *Bramble* is very quick——He parted a little abruptly.

Tar He could not bear my Argument, I pincht him to the Quick, about that *Gr—gr—ber.*

Mrs. Seal. I ſaw that, for he durſt not ſo much as hear you——I ſhall ſend to you, Mr. Serjeant, as ſoon as Sir *Geoffry* comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjuſted.

Tar. I ſhall be at my Chambers, at my uſual Hours. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, if you pleaſe, I'll now attend you to the Tea-table, where I ſhall hear from your Lady-

ſhip, Reaſon and good Senſe, after all this Law and Gibberiſh.

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful Thing, Sir, that Men of Profeſſions do not ſtudy to talk the Subſtance of what they have to ſay, in the Language of the reſt of the World: Sure, they'd find their Account in it.

Cimb. They might, perhaps, Madam, with People of your good Senſe; but, with the generality 'twould never do: The Vulgar would have no Reſpect for Truth and Knowledge, if they were expos'd to naked View.

Truth is too ſimple, of all Art bereav'd,
Since the World will--why let it be deceiv'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bevil Junior's *Lodgings.*

Bevil jun. *with a Letter in his Hand, follow'd by* Tom.

Tom. UPON my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the Matter: I never open'd my Lips to Mr. *Myrtle*, about any Thing of your Honour's Letter to Madam *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. What's the Fool in ſuch a Fright for? I don't ſuppoſe you did: What I would know is, whether Mr. *Myrtle* ſhew'd any Suſpicion, or aſk'd you any Queſtions, to lead you to ſay caſually, that you had carry'd any ſuch Letter, for me, this Morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did aſk me any Queſtions, how could I help it?

Bev. jun. I don't ſay you could, Oaf! I am not queſtioning you, but him: What did he ſay to you?

Tom Why, Sir, when I came to his Chambers, to be dreſs'd for the Lawyer's Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he aſk'd me, if I had been at Mr. *Sealand*'s this Morning?——So I told him, Sir, I often went thither——becauſe, Sir, if I had not ſaid that, he might have thought there was ſomething more in my going now, than at another time.

Bev.

Bev. jun. Very Well!—The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealouſy. [*Aſide.*] Did he aſk you no other Queſtions?

Tom. Yes, Sir—now I remember, as we came away, in the Hackney-Coach, from Mr. *Sealand*'s, *Tom*, ſays he, as I came in to your Maſter this Morning, he bade you go for an Anſwer to a Letter he had ſent. Pray did you bring him any? ſays he——Ah! ſays I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a Mind to know whether I can keep a Secret or no?

Bev. jun. And ſo by ſhewing him you could, you told him you had one?

Tom Sir——— [*Confus'd.*

Bev. jun. What mean Actions does Jealouſy make a Man ſtoop to? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Servant, to make him betray his Maſter? Well! and when did he give you this Letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. jun. Very well; and what did he ſay, when you brought him my Anſwer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and ſaid, it was very well.

Bev jun. I knew he would be grave upon't,—wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad I don't like this; I am afraid we are in the wrong Box here——— [*Exit* Tom.

Bev. jun. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was preſent: But I have never been more thoroughly diſturb'd; this hot Man! to write me a Challenge, on ſuppoſed artificial Dealing, when I profeſs'd myſelf his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I cannot ſuffer Shame. What's to be done? But firſt, let me conſider *Lucinda*'s Letter again. [*Reads.*

SIR,

I Hope it is conſiſtent with the Laws a Woman ought to impoſe upon herſelf, to acknowledge, that your Manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage, in our Family, and deſiring the Refuſal may come from me, has ſomething more engaging in it, than the Courtſhip of him, who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; except your Friend exerts himſelf, for our common Safety and Happineſs: I have Reaſons for de-

ſiring Mr. Myrtle *may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your moſt obliged humble Servant,*

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but the Poſtſcript. [*Reads.*

I won't upon ſecond Thoughts, hide any Thing from you. But, my Reaſon of concealing this is, That Mr. Myrtle *has a Jealouſy in his Temper, which gives me ſome Terrors; but my Eſteem for him inclines me to hope, that only an ill Effect, which ſometimes accompanies a tender Love; and what may be cur'd by a careful and unblameable Conduct.*

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put herſelf, in a kind, under my Protection: I cannot tell him immediately, the Purport of her Letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable Paſſion of Jealouſy, and to ſerve him and her, by diſobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I ſhould by complying with her Directions--But then this Duelling, which Cuſtom has impos'd upon every Man, who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World:—How muſt I preſerve myſelf from Imputations there? He'll, forſooth, call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without fighting—But his Letter—I'll read it again——

SIR,

YOU have us'd me baſely, in correſponding, and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me you were indifferent: I have chang'd my Sword ſince I ſaw you, which Advertiſement I thought proper to ſend you, againſt the next Meeting between you and the injur'd

Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom

Tom. Mr. *Myrtle,* Sir: would your Honour pleaſe to ſee him?

Bev jun. Why, you ſtupid Creature! Let Mr. *Myrtle* wait at my Lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit* Tom. Well! I am reſolv'd upon my Carriage to him——He is in Love, and in every Circumſtance of Life a little diſtruſtful, which I muſt allow for—but here he is.

Enter Tom *introducing* Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour, ——But, Sir, you with your very diſcerning Face, leave

leave the Room. [*Exit* Tom.] Well, Mr. *Myrtle*, your Commands with me?

Myrt. The Time, the Place, our long Acquaintance, and many other Circumſtances, which affect me on this Occaſion, oblige me, without any Ceremony, or Conference, to deſire you wou'd not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but alſo comply with the Requeſt in it. I muſt have farther Notice taken of my Meſſage than theſe half Lines,—I have yours,—I ſhall be at home——

Bev. jun. Sir, I own, I have received a Letter from you, in a very unuſual Stile; but as I deſign every Thing, in this Matter, ſhall be your own Action, your own ſeeking, I ſhall underſtand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epiſtle.

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuſe you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankneſs; and I ſee your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine; to your own Safety, not Conſideration of your Friend.

Bev. jun. My own Safety, Mr. *Myrtle.*

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr *Bevil.*

Bev. jun. Look you, Mr. *Myrtle*, there's no diſguiſing that I underſtand what you would be at—But, Sir, you know, I have often dared to diſapprove of the Deciſions a Tyrant Cuſtom has introduc'd, to the Breach of all Laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil*, it would be a good firſt Principle, in thoſe who have ſo tender a Conſcience that Way, to have as much Abhorrence of doing Injuries, as——

Bev. jun. As what?

Myrt. As Fear of anſwering for 'em.

Bev. jun. As Fear of anſwering for 'em! But that Apprehenſion is juſt or blameable, according to the Object of that Fear ——I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and ruſhing into his Preſence——I ſay, by the very ſame Act, to commit the Crime againſt him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, I muſt tell you, this Coolneſs, this Gravity, this Shew of Conſcience, ſhall never cheat me of my Miſtreſs. You have, indeed, the beſt Excuſe for Life, the Hopes of poſſeſſing *Lucinda*: But, conſider, Sir, I have as much Reaſon to be weary of it, if I am to loſe her; and my firſt Attempt to recover her, ſhall be to let her ſee the dauntleſs Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, ſhew me but the leaſt Glimpſe of Argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own Hand to vindicate any lawleſs Inſult of this Nature, and I will ſhew thee——to chaſtize thee—hardly deſerves the Name of Courage——flight, inconſiderate Man!——There is, Mr. *Myrtle*, no ſuch Terror in quick Anger; and you ſhall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, ſo little an Occaſion of Anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign Trinket, for your looſe Hours; and from your Fortune, your ſpecious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumſtances, as eaſy a Way to the Poſſeſſion of a Woman of Honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be diſtracted, with Anxiety and Terror of loſing more than Life: Your Marriage, happy Man! goes on like common Buſineſs, and in the Interim, you have your rambling Captive, your *Indian* Princeſs, for your ſoft Moments of Dalliance, your convenient, your ready *Indiana*.

Bev. jun. You have touched me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excuſable in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmity of human Nature which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and obſerve your Letter——Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did: I heard you ſpeak aloud.

Bev. jun. Yes, go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir,—Maſter—Mr. *Myrtle*,—Friends—Gentlemen——What d'ye mean? I am but a Servant, or——

Bev.

Bev. jun. Call a Coach. [*Exit* Tom.

[*A long Pauſe, walking ſullenly by each other.*

[*Aſide.*] Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermoſt) recover myſelf at the Entrance of a third Perſon, and that my Servant too, and not have Reſpect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the beſt of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whoſe Life depends on mine. [*Shutting the Door.*

[*To* Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven had Time to recollect myſelf, and ſhall not, for fear of what ſuch a raſh Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the falſe Appearances, under which your Infirmity of Temper makes you ſuffer; when, perhaps too much Regard to a falſe Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffering.

Myrt. I am ſure, Mr. *Bevil* cannot doubt, but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword

Bev. jun. Why then would you aſk it firſt that Way?

Myrt. Conſider, you kept your Temper yourſelf no longer than till I ſpoke to the Diſadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have ſaved you from the moſt exquiſite Diſtreſs, even tho' you had ſucceeded in the Diſpute: I know you ſo well, that I am ſure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worſe than Death to yourſelf—Read it——When he is throughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of Jealouſy, when he has ſeen himſelf throughly, he will deſerve to be aſſiſted towards obtaining *Lucinda*.

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggreſſor? I begin to fear I have been too far tranſported——*A Treaty in our Family!* is not that ſaying too much? I ſhall relapſe——But I find (on the Poſtſcript) *ſomething like Jealouſy*——with what Face can I ſee my Benefactor? my Advocate? whom I have treated like a Betrayer.——Oh! *Bevil*, with what Words ſhall I——

Bev jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you—— *Bev.*

Bev. jun. You have o'erpaid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I see in you towards me: Alas! what Machines are we! thy Face is alter'd to that of another Man; to that of my Companion, my Friend.

Myr. That I could be such a precipitant Wretch!

Bev jun. Pray no more.

Myr. Let me reflect how many Friends have died, by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper; and you must give me Leave to cry again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior Spirit you have subdu'd me with—what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reason?

Bev jun. I congratulate to us both the Escape from ourselves, and hope the Memory of it will make us dearer Friends than ever.

Myr. Dear *Bevil*, your friendly Conduct has convinc'd me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by Reason, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue and Justice, and yet, how many have been sacrific'd to that Idol, the unreasonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their Swords against each other, with dissembled Anger, and real Fear.

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,
They hazard Being, to preserve a Name:
Nor dare inquire into the dread Mistake,
'Till plung'd in sad Eternity they Wake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *St. James's Park.*

Enter Sir John Bevil *and Mr.* Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me Leave, however, Mr. *Sealand*, as we are upon a Treaty for uniting our Families, to mention only the Business of an ancient House——— Genealogy and Descent are to be of some Consideration, in an Affair of this Sort———

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and Descent!———Sir, there has been in our Family a very large one There was *Galfrid* the Father of *Edward*, the Father of *Ptolemy*, the

the Father of *Croſſus*, the Father of Earl *Richard*, the Father of *Henry* the Marquis, the Father of Duke *John*———

Sir J. Bev. What do you rave, Mr. *Sealand?* all theſe great Names in your Family?

Mr. Seal. Theſe? yes, Sir——I have heard my Father name 'em all, and more.

Sir J. Bev. Ay, Sir;——and did he ſay they were all in your Family?

Mr. Seal. Yes, Sir, he kept them all——he was the greateſt Cocker in *England*——he ſaid Duke *John* won him many Battles, and never loſt one.

Sir J. Bev. Oh, Sir, your Servant, you are laughing at my laying any Streſs upon Deſcent———but I muſt tell you, Sir, I never knew any one, but he that wanted that Advantage, turn it into Ridicule

Mr. Seal. And I never knew any one, who had many better Advantages, put that into his Account——But, Sir *John*, value yourſelf as you pleaſe upon your ancient Houſe. I am to talk freely of every Thing you are pleas'd to put into your Bill of Rates on this Occaſion, ——yet, Sir, I have made no Objections to your Son's Family——— 'tis his Morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help ſaying, that what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may be no Stain to a Gentleman's Honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, the Honour of a Gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as ſmall a Matter as the Credit of a Trader; we are talking of a Marriage, and in ſuch a Caſe, the Father of a young Woman will not think it an Addition to the Honour or Credit of her Lover—— that he is a Keeper———

Sir J. Bev. Mr. *Sealand*, don't take upon you to ſpoil my Son's Marriage with any Woman elſe.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, let him apply to any Woman elſe, and have as many Miſtreſſes as he pleaſes———

Sir J. Bev. My Son, Sir, is a diſcreet and ſober Gentleman.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never ſaw a Man that wenched ſoberly and diſcreetly, that ever left it off———the Decency obſerv'd in the Practice, hides, even from the Sinner

Sinner the Iniquity of it. They purſue it, not that their Appetites hurry 'em away; but, I warrant you, becauſe 'tis their Opinion, they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you ſuſpect a Truth ——— do you deſign to keep your Daughter a Virgin 'till you find a Man unblemiſh'd that Way?

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for—— I know the Town and the World—and give me Leave to ſay that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this laſt Century, and are as honourable, and almoſt as uſeful, as you landed Folks, that have always thought yourſelves ſo much above us; for your trading, forſooth! is extended no farther, than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox——You are pleaſant People, indeed; becauſe you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore I warrant you, Induſtry is diſhonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our Point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended———but I don't love to leave any Part of the Account unclos'd——look you, Sir *John*, Compariſons are odious, and more particularly ſo on Occaſions of this Kind, when we are projecting Rates, that are to be made out of both Sides of the Compariſons.

Sir J. Bev. But, my Son, Sir, is, in the Eye of the World, a Gentleman of Merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you, I think him ſo.———But, Sir *John*, I am a Man exerciſ'd, and experienced in Chances, and Diſaſters; I loſt, in my earlier Years, a very fine Wife, and with her a poor little Infant: this makes me, perhaps over-cautious, to preſerve the ſecond Bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful as I can of this Child—you'll pardon me my poor Girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boaſted Son to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why that's one very good Reaſon, Mr. *Sealand*, why I wiſh my Son had her.

Mr. Seal There is nothing but this ſtrange Lady here, this *Incognita*, that can be objected to him——— here and there a Man falls in Love with an artful Creature, and gives up all the Motives of Life, to that one Paſſion.

Sir

Sir J. Bev. A Man of my Son's Underſtanding, cannot be ſuppoſed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wiſe Men have been ſo enſlav'd; and when a Man marries with one of them upon his Hands, whether moved from the Demand of the World, or ſlighter Reaſons; ſuch a Huſband ſoils with his Wife for a Month perhaps——then God b'w'y' Madam——the Show's over—ah! *John Dryden* points out ſuch a Huſband to a hair, where he ſays,

' And while abroad ſo prodigal the Dolt is,
' Poor Sponſe at home as ragged as a Cold is.

Now in plain Terms, Sir, I ſhall not care to have my poor Girl turn'd a grazing, and that muſt be the Caſe when——

Sir J. Bev. But pray conſider, Sir, my Son——

Mr. Seal. Look you, Sir, I'll make the Matter ſhort. This unknown Lady, as I told you, is all the Objection I have to him But one Way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engag'd to her——I am therefore reſolv'd this very Afternoon, to viſit her: Now from her Behaviour, or Appearance, I ſhall ſoon be let into, what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident, there can be nothing inquired into, relating to my Son, that will not, upon being underſtood, turn to his Advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that as ſincerely, as you believe it—Sir *John Bevil*, when I am ſatisfied in this great Point, if your Son's Conduct anſwers the Character you give him, I ſhall wiſh your Alliance more than that of any Gentleman in *Great Britain*, and ſo your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Bev. He is gone in a Way but barely civil; but his great Wealth, and the Merit of his only Child, the Heireſs of it, are not to be loſt for a little Peeviſhneſs—

Enter Humphrey.

Oh! *Humphrey*, you are come in a ſeaſonable Minute; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my Head and Heart are on the Rack, about my Son.

Humph. Sir, you may truſt his Diſcretion, I am ſure you may.

Sir J. Bev. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in

a thouſand Fears, when I lay this vaſt Wealth before me: When I conſider his Prepoſſeſſions, either generous, to a Folly, in an honourable Love, or abandon'd, paſt Redemption, in a vicious one; and from the one or the other, his Inſenſibility to the faireſt Proſpect, towards doubling our Eſtate: a Father, who knows how uſeful Wealth is, and how neceſſary, even to thoſe who deſpiſe it, I ſay a Father, *Humphrey*, a Father cannot bear it.

Humph. Be not tranſported, Sir; you will grow incapable of taking any Reſolution, in your Perplexity.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him ſurpriz'd in any Thing——This mercantile rough Man may go groſly into the Examination of this Matter, and talk to the Gentlewoman ſo as to——

Humph. No, I hope, not in an abrupt Manner.

Sir. J. Bev No, I hope not! Why, doſt thou know any Thing of her, or of him, or of any Thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear Maſter, I know ſo much! that I told him this very Day, you had Reaſon to be ſecretly out of Humour about her.

Sir J. Bev. Did you go ſo far? Well, what ſaid he to that?

Humph. His Words were, looking upon me ſtedfaſtly: *Humphrey*, ſays he, that Woman is a Woman of Honour.

Sir J. Bev How! Do you think he is married to her or deſigns to marry her?

Humph I can ſay nothing to the latter———But he ſays, he can marry no one without your Conſent, while you are living

Sir J. Bev. If he ſaid ſo much, I know he ſcorns to break his Word with me.

Humph I am ſure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are ſure of that———Well! that's ſome Comfort———Then I have nothing to do but to ſee the Bottom of this Matter, during this preſent Ruffle ——Oh, *Humphrey*———

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

Sir J. Bev Yes, a Man is very ill, that is in a very ill Humour: To be a Father, is to be in Care for one, whom

whom you oftener diſoblige than pleaſe, by that very Care——Oh! that Sons could know the Duty to a Father, before they themſelves are Fathers——But, perhaps you'll ſay now, that I am one of the happieſt Fathers in the World; but I aſſure you, that of the very happieſt is not a Condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, your Pain ariſes, not from the Thing itſelf, but your particular Senſe of it——You are over-fond, nay, give me Leave to ſay, you are unjuſtly apprehenſive from your Fondneſs: My Maſter *Bevil* never diſoblig'd you, and he will, I know he will, do every Thing you ought to expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this Money with this Girl——For ought I know, he will, forſooth, have ſo much Moderation, as to think he ought not to force his Liking for any Conſideration.

Humph. He is to marry her, not you; he is to live with her, not you, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think; but I know, nothing can be more miſerable than to be in this Doubt——Follow me; I muſt come to ſome Reſolution.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Bevil *Junior's Lodgings.*

Enter Tom *and* Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you muſt ſpeak with Mr. *Myrtle*, you ſhall; he is now with my Maſter in the Library.

Phil. But you muſt leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a preſent, nor I ſo handſomly take any Thing from him, before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent indeed, for me to retire, and leave my Miſtreſs with another Man.

Phil. He is a Gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe ſo——but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to truſt you; I'll call him to you. [*Exit* Tom.

Phil. What a deal of Pother and Sputter here is, between my Miſtreſs and Mr. *Myrtle*, from mere Punctilio.

I could any Hour of the Day get her to her Lover, and would do it——But ſhe forſooth, will allow no Plot to get him; but if he can come to her, I know ſhe would be glad of it; I muſt therefore do her an acceptable Violence, and ſurprize her into his Arms. I am ſure I go by the beſt Rule imaginable: If ſhe were my Maid, I ſhould think her the beſt Servant in the World, for doing ſo by me.

Enter Myrtle *and* Tom.

Oh Sir! You and Mr. *Bevil* are fine Gentlemen, to let a Lady remain under ſuch Difficulties as my poor Miſtreſs, and not Attempt to ſet her at Liberty, or releaſe her from the Danger of being inſtantly married to *Cimberton*.

Myrt. Tom has been telling—But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done——when a Man can't come at his Miſtreſs?——Why can't you fire our Houſe, or the next Houſe to us, to make us run out, and you take us!

Myrt. How, Mrs. *Phillis*——

Phil. Ay——let me ſee that Rogue deny to fire a Houſe, make a Riot, or any other little Thing, when there were no other Way to come at me.

Tom. I am oblig'd to you, Madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every Day of People's hanging themſelves for Love, and won't they venture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love?——Oh! were I a Man——

Myrt. What manly Thing would you have me undertake? according to your Ladyſhip's Notion of a Man.

Phil. Only be at once, what, one time or other, you may be, and wiſh to be, or muſt be.

Myrt. Dear Girl, talk plainly to me, and conſider, I, in my Condition, can't be in very good Humour——you ſay to be once what I muſt be.

Phil. Ay, ay——I mean no more than to be an old Man; I ſaw you did it very well at the Maſquerade: In a Word, old Sir *Geoffry Cimberton* is every Hour expected in Town, to join in the Deeds and Settlements, for marrying Mr. *Cimberton*——He is half blind,

half

half lame, half deaf, half dumb; tho', as to his Paſſions and Deſires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the Heat of Youth. ———

Tom. Come to the Buſineſs, and don't keep the Gentleman in Suſpence for the Pleaſure of being courted, as you ſerve me.

Phil. I ſaw you at the Maſquerade act ſuch a one to Perfection; go, and put on that very Habit, and come to our Houſe as Sir *Geoffry*. There is not one there, but myſelf, knows his Perſon; I was born in the Pariſh where he is Lord of the Manor. I have ſeen him often and often, at Church in the Country. Do not heſitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain Security againſt Mr. *Myrtle*, and you bring Mr. *Myrtle*; leave the reſt to me, I leave this with you; and expect ———They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever, if you loſe this Opportunity———I muſt be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear *Phillis!*

[*Catches and kiſſes her, and gives her Money.*

Phil. O Fy! My Kiſſes are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right Owner [Tom, *kiſſes her*] Come, ſee me down Stairs [*to* Tom.] and leave the Lover to think of his laſt Game for the Prize. [*Exeunt* Tom *and* Phillis.

Myrt. I think I will inſtantly attempt this wild Expedient——the Extravagance of it will make me leſs ſuſpected, and it will give me Opportunity to aſſert my own Right to *Lucinda*, without whom I cannot live: But I am ſo mortify'd at this Conduct of mine towards poor *Bevil*; he muſt think meanly of me———I know not how to reaſſume myſelf, and be in Spirit enough for ſuch an Adventure as this———Yet I muſt attempt it, if it be only to be near *Lucinda*, under her preſent Perplexities; and ſure———

The next Delight to Tranſport, with the Fair,
Is to relieve her, in her Hours of Care. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand's* Houſe.

Enter Phillis, *with Lights, before* Myrtle, *diſguis'd like old Sir* Geoffry; *ſupported by Mrs.* Sealand, Lucinda *and* Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. NOW I have ſeen you thus far, Sir *Geoffry*, will you excuſe me a Moment, while I give my neceſſary Orders for your Accommodation? [*Exit Mrs.* Seal.

Myrt. I have not ſeen you, Couſin *Cimberton*, ſince you were ten Years old; and as it is incumbent on you, to keep up our Name and Family, I ſhall, upon very reaſonable Terms, join with you in a Settlement to that Purpoſe. Tho' I muſt tell you, Couſin, this is the firſt Merchant that has married into our Houſe.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a Merchant, becauſe my Father is? [*Aſide.*

Myrt. But is he directly a Trader at this Time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the Diſgrace, Sir; he trades to all Parts of the World

Myrt. We never had one of our Family before, who deſcended from Perſons that did any Thing.

Cimb. Sir, ſince it is a Girl that they have, I am, for the Honour of my Family, willing to take it in again; and to ſink her into our Name, and no Harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generouſly reſolv'd——— Is this the young Thing?

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of Humour, but let them run to the utmoſt of their Extravagance——Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I ſee her nearer? My Eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beſide, I am ſure the Uncle has ſomething worth your Notice. I'll take Care to get off the young one,

one, and leave you to obſerve what may be wrought out of the old one for your Good. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, this old Gentleman, your great Uncle, deſires to be introduced to you, and to ſee you nearer! ——Approach, Sir.

Myrt. By your Leave, young Lady——[*Puts on Spectacles*]——Couſin *Cimberton!* She has exactly that Sort of Neck and Boſom, for which my Siſter *Gertrude* was ſo much admir'd, in the Year ſixty-one, before the *French* Dreſſes firſt diſcovered any Thing in Women, below the Chin.

Luc. [*Aſide.*] What a very odd Situation am I in? Tho' I cannot but be diverted at the Extravagance of their Humours, equally unſuitable to their Age——— Chin, quotha—I don't believe my paſſionate Lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better Glaſs——— [*Pulls out a large one.*

Enter Phillis *to* Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my Lady deſires to ſhew the Apartment to you, that ſhe intends for Sir *Geoffry.*

Cimb. Well, Sir! by that Time you have ſufficiently gazed, and ſunned yourſelf in the Beauties of my Spouſe there, I will wait on you again [*Ex.* Cimb *and* Phil.

Myrt. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troubleſome, there is ſomething of Importance, tho' we are alone, which I would ſay more ſafe from being heard.

Luc. There is ſomething in this old Fellow methinks, that raiſes my Curioſity.

Myrt. To be free, Madam, I as heartly contemn this Kinſman of mine, as you do, and am ſorry to ſee ſo much Beauty and Merit devoted, by your Parents, to ſo inſenſible a Poſſeſſor.

Luc. Surprizing!——I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the Wrong you are ſo generous to pity, whatever may be the Intereſt of your Family.

Myrt. This Hand of mine ſhall never be employ'd to ſign any Thing, againſt your Good and Happineſs.

Luc. I am ſorry, Sir, it is not in my Power to make you proper Acknowledgments; but there is a

Gen-

Gentleman in the World, whoſe Gratitude will, I am ſure, be worthy of the Favour.

Myrt. All the Thanks I deſire, Madam, are in your Power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myrt. Only, Madam, that the firſt Time you are alone with your Lover, you will with open Arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his Heart could wiſh it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your Promiſe! O *Lucinda!*

Luc. O! a Cheat! a Cheat! a Cheat!

Myrt. Huſh! 'tis I, 'tis I, your Lover, *Myrtle* himſelf, Madam.

Luc. O bleſs me! what a Raſhneſs and Folly to ſurprize me ſo——But huſh——my Mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton *and* Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the Matter?

Luc. O, Madam! as ſoon as you left the Room, my Uncle fell into a ſudden Fit, and—and—ſo I cry'd out for Help to ſupport him, and conduct him to his Chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! Sir, how do you find yourſelf?

Myrt. Never was taken in ſo odd a Way in my Life--pray lead me! Oh! I was talking here——(*pray carry me*) to my Couſin *Cimberton*'s young Lady——

Mrs. Seal. [*Aſide*] My Couſin *Cimberton*'s young Lady! How zealous he is, even in his Extremity, for the Match! a right *Cimberton.*

[Cimberton *and* Lucinda *lead him, as one in Pain,* &c.

Cimb. Pox! Uncle, you will pull my Ear off.

Luc. Pray Uncle! you will ſqueeze me to Death.

Mrs. Seal. No Matter, no Matter--he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, ſhall I help you out!

Myrt By no means; I'll trouble no Body but my young Couſins here [*They lead him off.*

Phil But pray, Madam, does your Ladyſhip intend that Mr. *Cimberton* ſhall really marry my young Miſtreſs at laſt? I don't think he likes her.

Mrs. Seal. That's not material! Men of his Speculation are above Deſires—but be that as it may; now I have given old Sir *Geoffry* the Trouble of coming up to ſign and ſeal, with what Countenance can I be off?

Phil.

Phil. As well as with twenty others, Madam? It is the Glory and Honour of a great Fortune, to live in continual Treaties, and ſtill to break off; it looks great, Madam.

Mrs. Seal. True, *Phillis*——yet to return our Blood again into the *Cimbertons*, is an Honour not to be rejected ——but were not you ſaying, that Sir *John Bevil's* Creature *Humphrey* has been with Mr. *Sealand*?

Phil. Yes, Madam; I overheard them agree, that Mr. *Sealand* ſhould go himſelf, and viſit this unknown Lady that Mr. *Bevil* is ſo great with; and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. *Bevil* ſhould ſtill marry my young Miſtreſs.

Mrs. Sealand. How! nay then he ſhall find ſhe is my Daughter, as well as his: I'll follow him this Inſtant, and take the whole Family along with me: The diſputed Power of diſpoſing of my own Daughter ſhall be at an End this very Night——I'll live no longer in Anxiety for a little Huſſey, that hurts my Appearance, where ever I carry her: and, for whoſe Sake, I ſeem to be not at all regarded, and that in the beſt of my Days.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, if ſhe were married, your Ladyſhip might very well be taken for Mr. *Sealand's* Daughter.

Mrs. Seal. Nay, when the Chit has not been with me, I have heard the Men ſay as much—I'll no longer cut off the greateſt Pleaſure of a Woman's Life (the ſhining in Aſſemblies) by her forward Anticipation of the Reſpect, that's due to her Superior——ſhe ſhall down to *Cimberton Hall*——ſhe ſhall——ſhe ſhall.

Phil. I hope, Madam, I ſhall ſtay with your Ladyſhip.

Mrs. Seal. Thou ſhalt, *Phillis*, and I'll place thee then more about me ——But order Chairs immediately ——I'll begone this Minute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Charing-Croſs.*

Enter Mr. Sealand, *and* Humphrey.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. *Humphrey*, that you agree with me, that it is for our common Good, I ſhould look thoroughly into this Matter.

Humph. I am indeed, of that Opinion; for there is no Artifice, nothing concealed in our Family, which ought in Juſtice to be known; I need not deſire you, Sir, to treat the Lady with Care and Reſpect.

Mr. Seal. Maſter *Humphrey*———I ſhall not be rude, tho' I deſign to be a little abrupt, and come into the Matter at once, to ſee how ſhe will bear, upon a Surpriſe—

Humph. That's the Door; Sir, I wiſh you Succeſs——[*While* Humphrey *ſpeaks*, Sealand *conſults his Table-Book*] I am leſs concern'd what happens there, becauſe I hear Mr. *Myrtle* is well lodg'd, as old Sir *Geoffry*, ſo I am willing to let this Gentleman employ himſelf here, to give them Time at home; for I am ſure, 'tis neceſſary for the Quiet of our Family, *Lucinda* were diſpoſed of, out of it, ſince Mr. *Bevil*'s Inclination is ſo much otherwiſe engag'd. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. I think this is the Door———[*Knocks*] I'll carry this Matter with an Air of Authority, to enquire, tho' I make an Errand to begin Diſcourſe. [*Knocks* again, *and enter a Foot-boy.*] So young Man! is your Lady within?

Boy. Alack, Sir? I am but a Country Boy—I don't know, whether ſhe is, or noa: but an you'll ſtay a bit, I'll goa, and aſk the Gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah, tho' you are a Country Boy, you can ſee can't you? you know whether ſhe is at home, when you ſee her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not ſuch a Country Lad neither, Maſter, to think ſhe is at home becauſe I ſee her: I have been in Town but a Month, and I loſt one Place already, for believing my own Eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah! have you learnt to lie already?

Boy. Ah! Maſter! Things that are Lies in the Country, are not Lies at *London*———I begin to know my Buſineſs a little better than ſo———but an you pleaſe to walk in, I'll call a Gentlewoman to you, that can tell you for certain———ſhe can make bold to aſk my Lady herſelf.

Mr. Seal. O! then, ſhe is within, I find, tho' you dare not ſay ſo.

Boy. Nay, nay! that's neither here or there: what's matter,

matter, whether ſhe is within or no, if ſhe has not a Mind to ſee any Body?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, Sirrah, whether you are arch, or ſimple, but however get me a direct Anſwer, and here's a Shilling for you.

Boy. Will you pleaſe to walk in, I'll ſee what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I ſee you will be fit for your Buſineſs, in Time, Child. But I expect to meet with nothing but Extraordinaries in ſuch a Houſe.

Boy. Such a Houſe! Sir, you han't ſeen it yet: Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Indiana's *Houſe.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What Anxiety do I feel for this poor Creature! What will be the End of her? Such a languiſhing unreſerv'd Paſſion, for a Man, that at laſt muſt certainly leave, or ruin her! and perhaps both! then the Aggravation of the Diſtreſs is, that ſhe does not believe he will ——not but, I muſt own, if they are both what they would ſeem, they were made for one another as much as *Adam* and *Eve* were, for there is no other of their Kind, but themſelves.

Enter Boy.

So *Daniel!* what News with you?

Boy. Madam there's a Gentleman below wou'd ſpeak with my Lady.

Iſab. Sirrah? don't you know Mr. *Bevil* yet?

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the Gentleman who comes every Day, and aſks for you, and won't go in 'till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Iſab. Ha! that's a Particular I did not know before: Well; be it who it will, let him come up to me.

[*Exit* Boy; *and re-enters with Mr.* Sealand. Iſabella *looks amaz'd!*

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little ſurpriz'd, to ſee a perfect Stranger make a Viſit, and—

Iſab. I am indeed ſurpriz'd!———I ſee he does not know me.

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here, Madam, in troth you ſeem to have every Thing in Plenty——— a Thouſand a Year, I warrant you, upon this pretty Neſt of Rooms, and the dainty one within them.

[*Aſide and looking about.*

Iſab. [*Apart.*] Twenty Years, it ſeems, have leſs Effect in the Alteration of a Man of Thirty, than of a Girl of Fourteen——he's almoſt ſtill the ſame; but alas! I find by other Men as well as himſelf, I am not what I was——as ſoon as he ſpoke, I was convinc'd 'twas he—How ſhall I contain my Surprize and Satisfaction! he muſt not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any Diſturbance; but there is a young Lady here, with whom I have a particular Buſineſs to diſcourſe, and I hope ſhe will admit me to that Favour.

Iſab. Why, Sir, have you had any Notice concerning her; I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herſelf.

Iſab. Well, Sir! you ſhall ſee her:—I find he knows nothing yet, nor ſhall from me: I am reſolv'd, I will obſerve this Interlude, this Sport of Nature, and of Fortune.—You ſhall ſee her preſently, Sir; for now I am as a Mother, and will truſt her with you. [*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. As a Mother! right; that's the old Phraſe, for one of thoſe commode Ladies, who lend out Beauty, for Hire, to young Gentlemen that have preſſing Occaſions. But here comes the precious Lady herſelf. In troth a very ſightly Woman———

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have ſome Affair that requires your ſpeaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, Madam: There came to my Hands a Bill drawn by Mr. *Bevil*, which is payable To-morrow; and he, in the Intercourſe of Buſineſs, ſent it to me,

me, who have Caſh of his, and deſired me to ſend a Servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the Money myſelf.

Ind. Sir! was that neceſſary?

Mr. Seal. No, Madam; but to be free with you, the Fame of your Beauty, and the Regard, which Mr. *Bevil* is a little too well known to have for you! excited my Curioſity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your ſober Appearance, Sir, which my Friend deſcrib'd, made me expect no Rudeneſs, or Abſurdity, at leaſt——Who's there? Sir, if you pay the Money to a Servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended? I came hither on an innocent, nay a virtuous Deſign? and, if you will have Patience to hear me, it may be as uſeful to you, as you are in Friendſhip with Mr. *Bevil*, as to my only Daughter, whom I was this Day diſpoſing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have miſtaken you: I am compos'd again; be free, ſay on——what I am afraid to hear—— [*Aſide.*

Mr. Seal. I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted Paſſion here, but I did not think it was in Abuſe of ſo worthy an Object, ſo accompliſh'd a Lady, as your Senſe and Mein beſpeak——but the Youth of our Age care not what Merit and Virtue they bring to Shame, ſo they gratify——

Ind. Sir—you are going into very great Errors——but, as you are pleas'd to ſay you ſee ſomething in me that has chang'd, at leaſt, the Colour of your Suſpicions; ſo has your Appearance alter'd mine, and made me earneſtly attentive to what has any Way concern'd you, to enquire into my Affairs, and Character.

Mr. Seal. How ſenſibly! with what an Air ſhe talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be ſeated——and tell me tenderly——keep all your Suſpicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared Way——acquaint me why the Care of your Daughter obliges a Perſon of your ſeeming Worth and Fortune, to be thus inquiſitive about a wretched, helpleſs, friendleſs——[*Weeping.*] But I beg your Pardon——tho' I am an Orphan,

your Child is not; and your Concern for her, it ſeems, has brought you hither——I'll be compos'd——pray go on, Sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. *Bevil* be ſuch a Monſter, to injure ſuch a Woman?

Ind. No, Sir——you wrong him——he has not injured me——my Support is from his Bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when Gluttons give high Prices for Delicates, they are prodigious bountiful.

Ind. Still, ſtill you will perſiſt in that Error——But my own Fears tell me all——You are the Gentleman, I ſuppoſe, for whoſe happy Daughter he is deſign'd, a Huſband, by his good Father, and he has, perhaps, conſented to the Overture: He was here this Morning, dreſs'd beyond his uſual Plainneſs, nay moſt ſumptuouſly——and he is to be, perhaps this Night a Bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended ſuch: But Madam, on your Account, I have determin'd to defer my Daughter's Marriage, till I am ſatisfied from your own Mouth, of what Nature are the Obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His Actions, Sir, his Eyes, have only made me think, he deſign'd to make me the Partner of his Heart. The Goodneſs and Gentleneſs of his Demeanour made me miſinterpret all——'Twas my own Hope, my own Paſſion, that deluded me——he never made one amorous Advance to me——His large Heart, and beſtowing Hand, have only help'd the Miſerable: Nor know I why, but from his mere Delight in Virtue, that I have been his Care, the Object on which to indulge and pleaſe himſelf, with pouring Favours.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the Matter I came about; but 'tis the ſame Thing, as if we had talk'd never ſo diſtinctly——he ne'er ſhall have a Daughter of mine.

Ind. If you ſay this from what you think of me, you wrong yourſelf and him——Let not me, miſerable tho' I may be, do Injury to my Benefactor—No, Sir, my Treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his

his Virtues ——— If to beſtow, without a Proſpect of Return; if to delight in ſupporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an Object of Deſire, with no other View than to be her Guard againſt thoſe who would not be ſo diſintereſted; if theſe Actions, Sir, can in a careful Parent's Eye commend him to a Daughter, give yours, Sir; give her to my honeſt, generous *Bevil*, —— What have I to do, but ſigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darkneſs, mutter in diſtracted Starts, and broken Accents, my ſtrange, ſtrange Story!

Mr. Seal. Take Comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my Comfort muſt be to expoſtulate in Madneſs, to relieve with Frenzy my Deſpair, and ſhrieking to demand of Fate, why ——— why was I born to ſuch Variety of Sorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the leaſt Occaſion ———

Ind. No ——— 'twas Heaven's high Will I ſhould be ſuch ——— to be plunder'd in my Cradle! Toſs'd on the Seas! and even there, an Infant Captive! to loſe my Mother, hear but of my Father ——— To be adopted! loſe my Adopter! then plunged again in worſe Calamities!

Mr. Seal. An Infant Captive!

Ind. Yet then! to find the moſt Charming of Mankind, once more to ſet me free, (from what I thought the laſt Diſtreſs) to load me with his Services, his Bounties, and his Favours; to ſupport my very Life, in a way, that ſtole, at the ſame time, my very Soul itſelf from me.

Mr. Seal. And has young *Bevil* been this worthy Man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very Man to take another! without leaving me the Right, the Pretence of eaſing my fond Heart with Tears! For oh! I can't reproach him, though the ſame Hand that rais'd me to this Height, now throws me down the Precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear Lady! O yet one Moment's Patience: my Heart grows full with your Affliction! But yet, there's ſomething in your Story that ———

Ind. My Portion here is Bitterneſs, and Sorrow.

Mr. Seal.

Mr. Seal. Do not think ſo: Pray anſwer me: Does *Bevil* know your Name and Family?

Ind. Alas! too well! O, could I be any other Thing, than what I am———I'll tear away all Traces of my former ſelf, my little Ornaments, the Remains of my firſt State, the Hints of what I ought to have been——

[*In her Diſorder, ſhe throws away her Bracelet, which* Sealand *takes up, and looks earneſtly on it.*

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my Eyes are not deceiv'd! It is, it is the ſame! the very Bracelet which I bequeath'd my Wife, at our laſt mournful Parting.

Ind. What ſaid you, Sir! Your Wife! Whither does my Fancy carry me? What means this unfelt Motion at my Heart? And yet again my Fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, Sir, your Name is *Sealand:* But my loſt Father's Name was ———

Mr. Seal. Danvers! was it not?

Ind. What new Amazement! That is indeed my Family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my Misfortunes drove me to the *Indies*, for Reaſons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my Name of *Danvers* into *Sealand*.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. If yet there wants an Explanation of your Wonder, examine well this Face (your's, Sir, I well remember) gaze on, and read, in me, your Siſter *Iſabella!*

Mr. Seal. My Siſter!

Iſab. But here's a Claim more tender yet———your *Indiana*, Sir, your long-loſt Daughter.

Mr. Seal. O my Child! my Child!

Ind. All-Gracious! Heav'n! is it poſſible! do I embrace my Father!

Mr. Seal. And do I hold thee—Theſe Paſſions are too ſtrong for Utterance--Riſe, riſe, my Child, and give my Tears their Way——O my Siſter! [*Embracing her.*

Iſab. Now, deareſt Niece, my groundleſs Fears, my painful Cares no more ſhall vex thee. If I have wrong'd thy noble Lover with too hard Suſpicions; my juſt Concern for thee, I hope, will plead my Pardon.

Mr. Seal.

Mr. Seal. O! make him then the full Amends, and be yourſelf the Meſſenger of Joy: Fly this inſtant!—— tell him all theſe wondrous Turns of Providence in his Favour! Tell him I have now a Daughter to beſtow, which he no longer will decline: That this Day he ſtill ſhall be a Bridegroom: Nor ſhall a Fortune, the Merit which his Father ſeeks, be wanting: Tell him the Reward of all his Virtues waits on his Acceptance. [*Exit* Iſab.] My deareſt *Indiana!* [*Turns and embraces her.*

Ind. Have I then at laſt a Father's Sanction on my Love! His bounteous Hand to give, and make my Heart a preſent worthy of *Bevil*'s Generoſity?

Mr. Seal. O my Child! how are our Sorrows paſt o'er paid by ſuch a Meeting! Though I have loſt ſo many Years of ſoft paternal Dalliance with thee, yet, in one Day to find thee thus, and thus beſtow thee, in ſuch perfect Happineſs! is ample! ample Reparation! And yet again the Merit of thy Lover.

Ind. O! had I Spirits left to tell you of his Actions! how ſtrongly Filial Duty has ſuppreſſed his Love; and how Concealment ſtill has doubled all his Obligations; the Pride, the Joy of his Alliance, Sir, would warm your Heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is Love, when born of Virtue! I burn to embrace him——

Ind. See, Sir, my Aunt already has ſucceeded, and brought him to your Wiſhes.

Enter Iſabella, *with* Sir John Bevil, Bevil *jun.* *Mrs.* Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, *and* Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. [*Entering.*] Where! where's this Scene of Wonder!——Mr. *Sealand*, I congratulate, on this Occaſion, our mutual Happineſs——Your good Siſter, Sir, has with the Story of your Daughter's Fortune, fill'd us with Surprize and Joy! Now all Exceptions are remov'd; my Son has now avow'd his Love, and turn'd all former Jealouſies and Doubts to Approbation, and, I am told, your Goodneſs has conſented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a Fortune equal to his Father's Hopes, can make this Object worthy his Acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear your Mention, Sir, of Fortune, with Pleaſure

Pleaſure only, as it may prove the Means to reconcile the beſt of Fathers to my Love—Let him be Provident, but let me be Happy——My ever deſtin'd, my acknowledg'd Wife! [*Embracing* Indiana.

Ind. Wife!—O my ever loved! my Lord! my Maſter!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myſelf as well as you, that I have a Son, who could, under ſuch Diſadvantages, diſcover your great Merit.

Mr. *Seal.* O! Sir *John!* how vain, how weak is human Prudence? What Care, what Foreſight, what Imagination could contrive ſuch bleſt Events, to make our Children happy, as Providence in one ſhort Hour has laid before us?

Cim. [*To* Mrs. *Sealand*] I am afraid, Madam, Mr. *Sealand* is a little too buſy for our Affair, if you pleaſe we'll take another Opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have Patience, Sir.
Cim. But we make Sir *Geoffry* wait, Madam.
Myrt. O Sir, I'm not in haſte.

During this Bev. jun. *preſents* Lucinda *to* Indiana.

Mr. Seal. But here! here's our general Benefactor: Excellent young Man, that could be, at once, a Lover to her Beauty, and a Parent to her Virtue.

Bev jun. If you think that an Obligation, Sir, give me leave to overpay myſelf, in the only Inſtance, that can now add to my Felicity, by begging you to beſtow this Lady on Mr. *Myrtle.*

Mr. Seal. She is his without Reſerve, (I beg he may be ſent for)—Mr. *Cimberton*, notwithſtanding you never had my Conſent, yet there is, ſince I laſt ſaw you, another Objection to your Marriage with my Daughter.

Cim. I hope, Sir, your Lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth, Sir! nothing but what was conceal'd from myſelf; another Daughter, who has an undoubted Title to half my Eſtate.

Cim. How! Mr. *Sealand!* Why then if half Mrs. *Lucinda*'s Fortune is gone, you can't ſay, that any of my Eſtate is ſettled upon her: I was in Treaty for the Whole; but if that is not to be come at, to be ſure, there can be no Bargain,--Sir,—I have nothing to do but to take my leave

leave of your good Lady, my Couſin, and beg Pardon for the Trouble I have given this old Gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. *Cimberton*, with all my Heart. [*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Omnes. Mr. *Myrtle!*

Myrt. And I beg Pardon of the whole Company, that I aſſumed the Perſon of Sir *Geoffry*, only to be preſent at the Danger of this Lady's being diſpoſed of, and in her utmoſt Exigence to aſſert my Right to her: Which if her Parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my Pretenſions, no Abatement of Fortune ſhall leſſen her Value to me.

Luc. Generous Man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you can overlook the Injury of being in Treaty with one who has meanly left her, as you have generouſly aſſerted your Right in her, ſhe is Your's.

Luc. Mr. *Myrtle*, Tho' you have ever had my Heart, yet now I find I love you more, becauſe I bring you leſs.

Myrt. We have much more than we want, and I am glad any Event has contributed to the Diſcovery of our real Inclinations to each other.

Mrs. Seal. Well! however I'm glad the Girl's diſpoſed of any Way. [*Aſide.*

Bev. jun. Myrtle! no longer Rivals now, but Brothers.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil!* you are born to triumph over me! but now our Competition ceaſes: I rejoice in the Prehe-minence of your Virtue, and your Alliance adds Charms to *Lucinda*.

Sir J. Bev. Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you have ſet the World a fair Example: Your Happineſs is owing to your Conſtancy and Merit: And the ſeveral Difficulties you have ſtruggled with, evidently ſhew

Whate'er the generous Mind itſelf denies,
The ſecret Care of Providence ſupplies. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *WELSTED.*

Intended to be Spoken by INDIANA.

OUR Authors, whom Intreaties cannot move,
Spite of the dear Coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not fruſtrate (ſo he plainly means)
By a looſe Epilogue, his indecent Scenes.
Is it not, Sirs, hard Fate I meet To-day,
To keep me rigid ſtill, beyond the Play?
And yet, I'm ſav'd a world of Pains that Way:
I now can look, I now can move at Eaſe,
Nor need I torture theſe poor Limbs to pleaſe;
Nor with the Hand or Foot attempt Surprize,
Nor wreſt my Features, nor fatigue my Eyes:
Bleſs me! What freakiſh Gambols have I play'd!
What Motions try'd, and wanton Looks betray'd!
Out of pure Kindneſs all! to over-rule
The threaten'd Hiſs, and ſcreen ſome ſcribbling Fool,
With more Reſpect I'm entertain'd To-night:
Our Author thinks, I can with Eaſe delight.
My artleſs Looks while modeſt Graces arm,
He ſays, I need but to appear; and charm.
A Wife ſo form'd by theſe Examples bred,
Pours Joy and Gladneſs 'round the Marriage Bed;
Soft Source of Comfort, kind Relief from Care,
And 'tis her leaſt Perfection to be fair.
The Nymph with Indiana's *Worth who vies,*
A Nation will behold with Bevil's *Eyes.*

FINIS.

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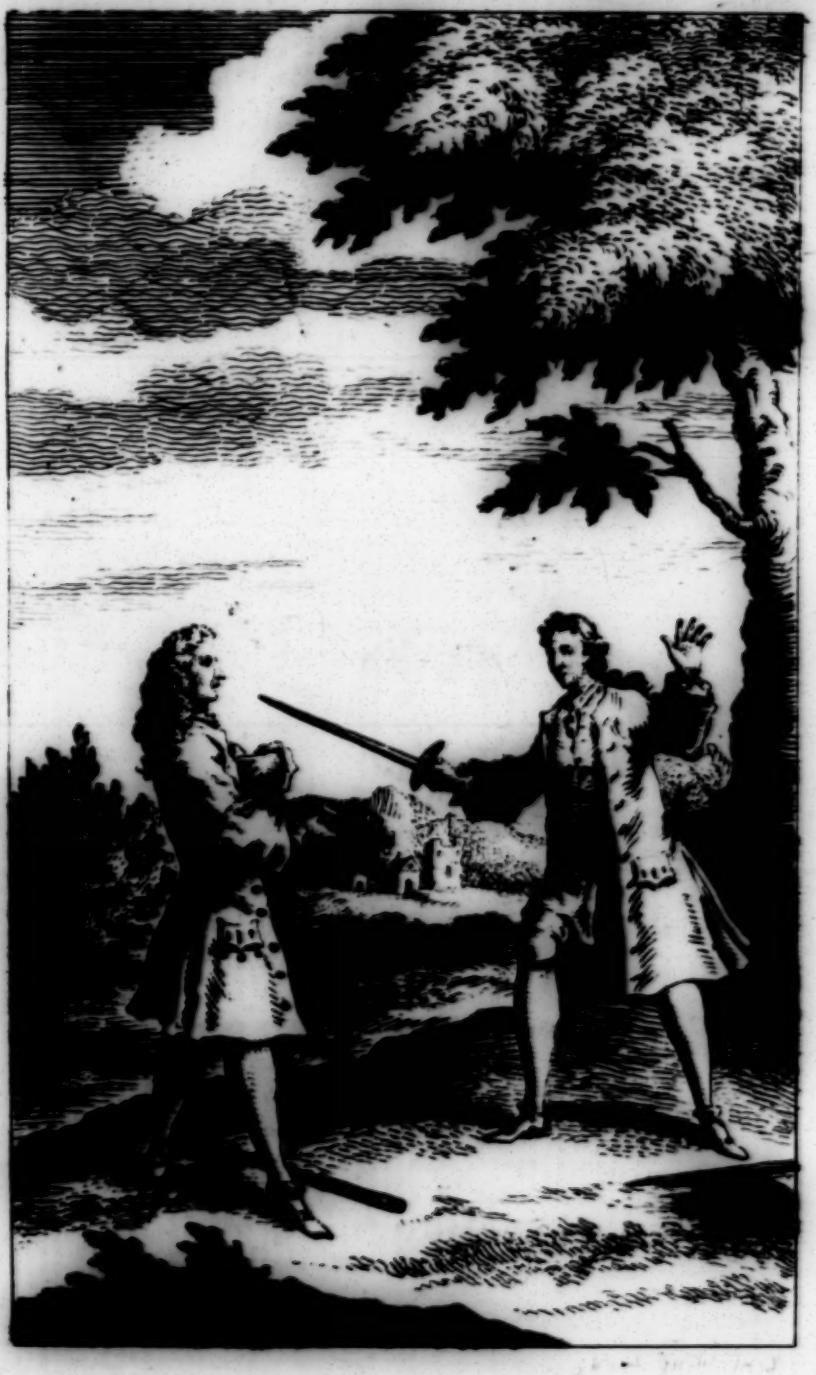

THE

DOUBLE GALLANT:

OR,

The SICK LADY's Cure.

A

COMEDY.

Written by

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER and Co.
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MDCCLXI.

THE
DOUBLE GALLANT:
OR, THE
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A
COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

COU'D thoſe, who never try'd, conceive the Sweat,
The Toil requir'd, to make a Play compleat;
They'd pardon, or encourage all that cou'd
Pretend to be but tolerably good.
Plot, Wit, and Humour's hard to meet in one,
And yet without 'em all——all's lamely done:
One Wit, perhaps, another Humour paints;
A third deſigns you well, but Genius wants;
A fourth begins with Fire——but, ah! to weak to hold it, faints.
A Modern Bard, who late adorn'd the Bays,
Whoſe Muſe advanc'd his Fame to envy'd Praiſe,
Was ſtill obſerv'd to want his Judgment moſt in Plays.
Thoſe, he too often found, required the Pain,
And ſtronger Forces of a vig'rous Brain:
Nay, even alter'd Plays, like old Houſes mended,
Coſt little leſs than new, before they're ended;
At leaſt, our Author finds the Experience true,
For equal Pains had made this wholly new:
And tho' the Name *ſeems old, the* Scenes *will ſhow*
That 'tis, in Fact, no more the ſame, than now
Fam'd Chatſworth *is, what 'twas ſome Years ago.*
Pardon the Boldneſs, that a Play ſhou'd dare,
With Works of ſo much Wonder to compare:
But as that Fabrick's antient Walls or Wood
Were little worth, to make this new one good;
So of this Play, we hope, 'tis underſtood.
For tho' from former Scenes *ſome Hints he draws,*
The Ground-Plot's wholly chang'd from what it was:
Not but he hopes you'll find enough that's new,
In Plot, in Perſons, Wit, and Humour too:
Yet what's not his, he owns in other's right,
Nor toils he now for Fame, but your Delight.
If that's attain'd, what's matter whoſe the Play's;
Applaud the Scenes, *and ſtrip him of the Praiſe.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Solomon Sadlife*,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Clarimont,	Mr. *Booth.*
Careleſs,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Atall,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Captain *Strut*,	Mr. *Bowen.*
Sir *Squabble Splitlair*,	Mr. *Norris.*
Saunter,	Mr. *Pack.*
Old Mr. *Wilfull*,	Mr. *Bullock.*
Sir *Harry Atall*,	Mr. *Croſs.*
Supple,	Mr. *Fairbank.*
Dr. *Bliſter*,	
Rhubarb,	
Finder,	

WOMEN.

Lady *Dainty*,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lady *Sadlife*,	Mrs. *Croſs.*
Clarinda,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Sylvia,	Mrs. *Bradſhaw.*
Wiſhwell,	Mrs. *Saunders.*
Situp,	Mrs. *Brown.*

THE

THE DOUBLE GALLANT: OR, THE SICK LADY'S CURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PARK.

Enter Clerimont *and* Atall.

CLERIMONT.

MR. *Atall*, your very humble Servant.

At. O *Clerimont*, ſuch an Adventure, (I was juſt going to your Lodgings) ſuch a tranſporting Accident! in ſhort, I am now poſitively fix'd in Love for altogether.

Cler. All the Sex together, I believe.

At. Nay, if thou doſt not believe me, and ſtand my Friend, I am ruin'd paſt Redemption.

Cler. Dear, Sir, if I ſtand your Friend without believing you, won't that do as well? But why ſhou'd you think I don't believe you? I have ſeen you twice in

Love within this Fortnight; and it wou'd be hard indeed to ſuppoſe a Heart of ſo much Mettle could not hold out a third Engagement.

At. Then to be ſerious in one Word, I am honourably in love; and if ſhe proves the Woman I am ſure ſhe muſt, will poſitively marry her.

Cler. Marry! O degenerate Virtue!

At. Now will you help me?

Cler. Sir, you may depend upon me: But that I may be the better able to ſerve you——all Things in order ——pray give me Leave firſt to ask a Queſtion or two: What is this honourable Lady's Name?

At. Faith, I don't know.

Cler. What are her Parents?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. What Fortune has ſhe?

At. I don't know.

Cler. Where does ſhe live?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. A very conciſe Account of the Perſon you deſign to marry. Pray, Sir, what is't you do know of her?

At. That I'll tell you! Coming yeſterday from *Greenwich* by Water, I overtook a Pair of Oars, whoſe lovely Freight was one ſingle Lady, and a Fellow in a handſome Livery in the Stern. When I came up, I had at firſt reſolv'd to uſe the Privilege of the Element, and bait her with Waterman's Wit, till I came to the Bridge: But as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, inſtead of turning her Head aſide, or cramming her Hoods in her Mouth to raiſe my Curioſity, ſhe very prudently prevented my Deſign; and as I paſs'd, bow'd to me with an humble Bluſh, that ſpoke at once ſuch Senſe, ſo juſt a Fear, and Modeſty, as put the looſeſt of my Thoughts to rout. And when ſhe found her Fears had mov'd into me Manners, the cautious Gloom that ſat upon her Beauties, diſappear'd; her ſparkling Eyes reſum'd their native Fire; ſhe look'd, ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe talk'd, while her diffuſive Charms new fir'd my Heart, and gave my Soul a Softneſs it never felt before——To be brief, her Converſation

tion was as charming as her Perſon, both eaſy, unconſtrain'd, and ſprightly: But then her Limbs! O rapturous Thought! The ſnowy Down upon the Wings of unfledg'd Love, had never half that Softneſs.

Cler. Raptures indeed. Pray, Sir, how came you ſo well acquainted with her Limbs?

At. By the moſt fortunate Misfortune ſure that ever was: For as we were ſhooting the Bridge, her Boat, by the Negligence of the Waterman, running againſt the Piles, was over-ſet; out jumps the Footman to take care of a ſingle Rogue, and down went the poor Lady to the Bottom. My Boat being before her, the Stream drove her, by the Help of her Clothes, towards me; at Sight of her I plung'd in, caught her in my Arms, and with much ado ſupported her till my Waterman pull'd in to ſave us. But the charming Difficulty of her getting into the Boat, gave me a Tranſport that all the wide Water in the *Thames* had not Power to cool: For, Sir, while I was giving her a Lift into the Boat, I found the floating of her Clothes had left her lovely Limbs beneath as bare as new-born *Venus* riſing from the Sea.

Cler. What an impudent Happineſs art thou capable of!

At. When ſhe was a little recover'd from her Fright, ſhe began to enquire my Name, Abode, and Circumſtances, that ſhe might know to whom ſhe ow'd her Life and Preſervation. Now, to tell you the Truth, I durſt not truſt her with my real Name, leſt ſhe ſhould from thence have diſcover'd that my Father was now actually under Bonds to marry me to another Woman; ſo faith I ev'n told her my Name was *Freeman*, a *Glouceſterſhire* Gentleman, of a good Eſtate, juſt come to Town about a *Chancery* Suit. Beſides, I was unwilling any Accident ſhould let my Father know of my being yet in *England*, leſt he ſhould find me out, and force me to marry the Woman I never ſaw (for which, you know he commanded me home) before I have Time to prevent it.

Cler. Well, but cou'd not you learn the Lady's Name all this while?

At.

At. No 'Faith, ſhe was inexorable to all Intreaties; only told me in general Terms, that if what I vow'd to her was ſincere, ſhe wou'd give me a Proof in a few Days what Hazards ſhe would run to requite my Services; ſo, after having told her where ſhe might hear of me, I ſaw her into a Chair, preſs'd her by the cold Roſy Fingers, kiſs'd 'em warm, and parted.

Cler. What! Then you are quite off of the Lady, I ſuppoſe, that you made an Acquaintance with in the *Park* laſt Week.

At. No, no; not ſo neither: One's my *Juno*, all Pride and Beauty: but this my *Venus*, all Life, Love, and Softneſs. Now, what I beg of thee, dear *Clerimont*, is this: Mrs. *Juno*, as I told you, having done me the Honour of a civil Viſit or two at my own Lodgings, I muſt needs borrow thine to entertain Mrs. *Venus* in; for if the Rival Goddeſſes ſhould meet, and Claſh, you know there wou'd be the Devil to do between them.

Cler. Well, Sir, my Lodgings are at your Service: But you muſt be very private and ſober, I can tell you; for my Landlady's a *Preſbyterian*; if ſhe ſuſpects your Deſign, you're blown up, depend upon't.

At. Don't fear, I'll be as careful as a guilty Conſcience: But I wan't immediate Poſſeſſion; for I expect to hear from her every Moment, and have already directed her to ſend thither. Pr'ythee come with me.

Cler. 'Faith, you muſt excuſe me; I expect ſome Ladies in the *Park* that I would not miſs of for an Empire: But yonder's my Servant, he ſhall conduct you.

At. Very good! that will do as well then: I'll ſend my Man along with him to expect her Commands, and call me if ſhe ſends: And in the mean time I'll e'en go home to my own Lodgings: for to tell you the Truth, I expect a ſmall Meſſage there from my Goddeſs Imperial. And I am not ſo much in love with my new Bird in the Buſh, as to let t'other fly out of my Hand for her.

Cler. And pray, Sir, what Name does your Goddeſs Imperial, as you call her, know you by?

At. O, Sir, with her I paſs for a Man of Arms, and am

am call'd Col. *Standfaſt*; with my new Face, *John Freeman* of *Flatland Hall*, Eſq; But Time flies; I muſt leave you.

Cler. Well, dear *Atall*, I'm yours——Good Luck to you, [*Exit* At.] What a happy Fellow is this, that owes his Succeſs with the Women purely to his Inconſtancy? What a Blockhead am I, to taint my Inclinations with Virtue, when I have ſo many daily Examples before my Eyes, of People's being ill us'd for their Sincerity? Here comes another too almoſt as happy as he, a Fellow that's wiſe enough to be but half in Love, and make his whole Life a ſtudied Idleneſs.

Enter Careleſs.

Cler. So, *Careleſs!* you're conſtant, I ſee, to your Morning's Saunter. Well! how ſtand Matters? I hear ſtrange Things of thee; that after having rail'd at Marriage all thy Life, thou haſt reſolv'd to fall into the Nooſe at laſt.

Care. I don't ſee any great Terror in the Nooſe, (as you call it) when a Man's weary of Liberty: The Liberty of playing the Fool, when one's turn'd of thirty, is not of much Value.

Cler. Hey-day! Then you begin to have nothing in your Head now, but Settlements, Children, and the main Chance?

Care. Ev'n ſo faith; but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forc'd very often to make my Way thro' Pills, Elixirs, Bolus's, Ptizans, and Gallipots.

Cler. What, is your Miſtreſs an Apothecary's Widow?

Care. No, but ſhe is an Apothecary's Shop, and keeps as many Drugs in her Bed-chamber; ſhe has her Phyſick for every Hour of the Day and Night——for 'tis vulgar, ſhe ſays, to be a Moment in rude and perfect Health. Her Bed lin'd with Poppies; the black Boys at the Feet, that the Healthy employ to bear Flowers in their Arms, ſhe loads with *Diaſcordium*, and other ſleepy Potions; her Sweet-bags, inſtead of the common and offenſive

ſive Smells of Muſk and Amber, breathe nothing but the more modiſh and ſalubrious Scents of Hart's-horn, Rue, and Aſſafœtida.

Cler. Why, at this Rate, ſhe's only fit to be the Conſort of *Hippocrates.* But pray what other Charms has this extraordinary Lady?

Care. She has one, *Tom*, that a Man may reliſh without being ſo deep a Phyſician.

Cler. What's that?

Care. Why, two thouſand Pound a Year.

Cler. No vulgar Beauty, I confeſs, Sir; But can'ſt thou for any Conſideration throw thyſelf into this Hoſpital, this Box of Phyſick, and lie all Night like Leaf-Gold upon a Pill.

Care. O, dear Sir, this is not half the Evil; her Humour is as fantaſtic as her Diet; nothing that is *Engliſh* muſt come near her; all her Delight is in foreign Impertinences: Her Rooms are all of *Japan* or *Perſia*, her Dreſs *Indian*, and her Equipage are all Monſters: The Coachman came over with his Horſes, both from *Ruſſia*, (*Flanders* are too common) the reſt of her Trim are a mottly Crowd of Blacks, Tawny, Olives, Feulamots, and pale Blues: In ſhort, ſhe's for any thing that comes from beyond Sea; her greateſt Monſters are thoſe of her own Country; and ſhe's in love with nothing o'this Side the Line, but the Apothecaries.

Cler. Apothecaries quotha! why your fine Lady, for aught I ſee, is a perfect Doſe of Folly and Phyſick; in a Month's time ſhe'll grow like an Antimonial Cup, and a Kiſs will be able to work with you.

Care. But to prevent that, *Tom*, I deſign upon the Wedding-Day to break all her Gallipots, kick the Doctor down Stairs, and force her, inſtead of Phyſick, to take a hearty Meal of a ſwinging Rump of boil'd Beef and Carrots, and ſo 'faith I have told her.

Cler. That's ſomething familiar: Are you ſo near Man and Wife?

Care. O nearer, for I ſometimes plague her till ſhe hates the very Sight of me.

Cler,

Cler. Ha! ha! very good! So being a very troubleſome Lover, you pretend to cure her of her Phyſick by a Counter Poiſon.

Care. Right; I intend to ſee a Doctor to preſcribe her an Hour of my Converſation to be taken every Night and Morning; and this to be continued till her Fever of Averſion's over.

Cler. An admirable Recipe!

Care. Well, *Tom*, but how ſtand thy own Affairs? Is *Clarinda* kind yet?

Cler. Faith I can't ſay ſhe's abſolutely kind, but ſhe's pretty near it; for ſhe's grown ſo ridiculouſly ill-humeur'd to me of late, that if ſhe keeps the ſame Airs a Week longer, I am in hopes to find as much Eaſe from her Folly, as my Conſtancy would from her Good-nature—But to be plain, I'm afraid I have ſome ſecret Rival in the Caſe; for Women's Vanity ſeldom gives them Courage enough to uſe an old Lover heartily ill, till they are firſt ſure of a new one, that they intend to uſe better.

Care. What ſays Sir *Solomon?* He is your Friend I preſume.

Cler. Yes, at leaſt I can make him ſo when I pleaſe: There is an odd five hundred Pound in her Fortune, that he has a great mind ſhou'd ſtick to his Fingers, when he pays in the reſt on't; which I am afraid I muſt comply with, for ſhe can't eaſily marry without his Conſent. And yet ſhe's ſo alter'd in her Behaviour of late, that I ſcarce know what to do——Pr'ythee take a turn and adviſe me.

Care. With all my Heart. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to Sir* Solomon Sadlife's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Solomon, *and* Supple *his Man.*

Sir *Sol. Supple*, doſt not thou perceive I put a great Confidence in thee? I truſt thee with my Boſom Secrets.

Sup. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Ah, *Supple!* I begin to hate my Wife—— but be ſecret.

Sup.

Sup. I'll never tell while I live, Sir,

Sir *Sol.* Nay then I'll truſt thee further: Between thee and I, *Supple*, I have reaſon to believe my Wife hates me too.

Sup. Ah! Dear Sir, I doubt that's no Secret; for to ſay the Truth, my Lady's bitter young and gameſome.

Sir *Sol.* But can ſhe have the Impudence, think'ſt thou, to make a Cuckold of a Knight, one that was dubb'd by the Royal Sword?

Sup. Alas! Sir, I warrant ſhe'as the Courage of a Counteſs, if ſhe's once provok'd, ſhe cares not what ſhe does in her Paſſion; if you were ten times a Knight, ſhe'd give you Dub for Dub, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Ah! *Supple*, when her Blood's up, I confeſs ſhe's the Devil; and I queſtion if the whole Conclave of Cardinals could lay her. But ſuppoſe ſhe ſhou'd reſolve to give me a Sample of her Sex, and make me a Cuckold in cool Blood?

Sup. Why if ſhe ſhou'd, Sir, don't take it ſo to Heart, Cuckolds are no ſuch Monſters now-a-days: In the City you know, Sir, it's ſo many honeſt Men's Fortune, that no body minds it there; and at this End of the Town a Cuckold has as much Reſpect as his Wife, for aught I ſee; for Gentlemen don't know but it may be their own Caſe another Day, and ſo People are willing to do as they would be done by.

Sir *Sol.* And yet I do not think but my Spouſe is honeſt—and think ſhe is not—wou'd I were ſatisfy'd.

Sup. Troth, Sir, I don't know what to think, but in my Conſcience I believe good looking after her can do her no Harm.

Sir *Sol.* Right, *Supple*; and in order to it, I'll firſt demoliſh her viſiting Days: For how do I know but they may be ſo many private Clubs for Cuckoldom.

Sup. Ah! Sir, your Worſhip knows I was always againſt your coming to this End of the Town.

Sir *Sol.* Thou wert indeed, my honeſt *Supple:* But Woman! fair and faithleſs Woman, worm'd and work'd me to her Wiſhes; like fond *Mark Anthony* I let my Empire

pire moulder from my Hands, and gave up all for Love. O Fool, to truſt thy Honour with a Woman! A Race of Vipers! They were Deceivers, *Supple*, from the Beginning. I'll have no Viſiters, that's determin'd.

Sup. Truly, Sir, I begin to think there's nothing ſav'd by them in the Year's End.

Sir *Sol.* O *Supple*, I run mad when I think on't; every powder'd Wig I meet is a piece of Ordnance planted againſt my Honour; the rattling of a fine Charriot gives me the Spleen, and my very Soul's ſet on Edge at the Squeak of a Fiddle.

Sup. And what's more provoking, Sir, the abominable Rogues always pitch upon this Side the Park for their Muſic and Intrigues.

Sir *Sol.* Dogs! Villains! Monſters! Zbud! I've been in a Sweat ever ſince I liv'd here——twice or thrice a Week all the Cuckold-makers in Town rendezvous under my Window. Inſupportable—I muſt have a young Wife with a Murrain to me—I hate her too—and yet the Devil on't is, I'm ſtill jealous of her—Stay! let me reckon up all the faſhionable Virtues ſhe has that can make a Man happy. In the firſt Place—I think her very ugly——

Sup. Ah! that's becauſe you are marry'd to her, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* As for her Expences, no Arithmetic can reach 'em; ſhe's always longing for ſomething dear and uſeleſs; ſhe will certainly ruin me in China, Silks, Ribbands, Fans, Laces, Perfumes, Waſhes, Powder, Patches, Jeſſamine-Gloves, and Ratifia.

Sup. Ah! Sir, that's a cruel Liquor with 'em.

Sir *Sol.* To ſum up all wou'd run me mad——The only way to put a ſtop to her Career, muſt be to put off my Coach, turn away her Chairmen, lock out her *Swiſs* Porter, bar up the Doors, keep out all Viſiters, and then ſhe'll be leſs expenſive.

Sup. Ay, Sir, for few Women think it worth their while to dreſs for their Huſbands.

Sir *Sol.* Then we ſha'n't be plagu'd with my old Lady *Tittle Tattle*'s Howd'ye's in a Morning, nor my Lady *Dainty*'s

Dainty's Spleen, or the ſudden Indiſpoſition of that grim Beaſt her horrible *Dutch* Maſtiff.

Su. No, Sir, nor the Impertinence of that great fat Creature, my Lady *Swill-Tea.*

Sir *Sol.* And her ſquinting Daughter. No, no: Let the Tide run ſomewhere elſe; I am reſolv'd to know the Happineſs of living in Silence, without the Din of a Viſiting-Day, ſpent in a continual Jargon of Impertinence, of this pretty Lace, and that pretty Ribband; this News of the Ring, and that of the Circle; this Party for *Plays*, and t'other for *Eunuchs* and *Opera*'s; one laughs in *Gamut*, another ſneezes in *Elami Alt*; and Hey! all their Clacks go together with a *Babel* of Sounds, till their Scandal and Faſhions are all run over; and then to the Peace of the Neighbourhood, they part with the ſame Impertinence they enter'd——No, *Supple*, after this Night, nothing in Petticoats ſhall come within ten Yards of my Doors.

Sup. Nor in Breeches neither?

Sir *Sol.* Only Mr. *Clerimont*; for I expect him to ſign Articles with me for the five hundred Pound he is to give me, for that ungovernable Jade my Niece *Clarinda.* [*Aſide*] Ha! ſee, who's that? [*Knocking.*

Sup. O, Sir, 'tis the three ſtrange Suitors that wou'd marry Madam *Clarinda.*

Sir *Sol.* Let 'em come in: I'll divert myſelf by laughing at them a little, and then ſend 'em about their Buſineſs like Fools as they came.

Re-enter Supple, *with Capt.* Strut, *Sir* Squabble Splithair, *and* Saunter.

Sir *Sol.* Well, Gentlemen your Buſineſs with me, I underſtand is much the ſame; my Conſent to your marrying my Kinſwoman; I ſhould be glad if any of you bring Pretences that I like; and ſo if you pleaſe, Gentlemen,——one after another; and when I have heard you all, I'll give you my Anſwer:——And in the firſt place, what are you, Sir?

Capt.

Capt. I, Sir, am——a Man of Honour.

Sir *Sol.* Pray, Sir, what's that, a Lord?

Capt. No, Sir, one that ſcorns to take the Lye, or pay Debts.

Sir *Sol.* Humh! that's pretty near the matter,——an extraordinary Perſon. Where do you live, Sir?

Capt. Why, here,——and there, Sir: I'm a Man of a frank Nature, and am always at home.

Sir *Sol.* Where do you ſleep a-nights?

Capt. No where! I ſit up every Night at the Tavern; and in the Morning,—lie rough in the *Round-houſe.*

Sir *Sol.* Pray, Sir, how do you ſpend your Time when you are out of a Tavern?

Capt. I play at *Crimp*, *Matches* at *Tennis*, *Bowls* and *Picquet*; and get in deſparate Debts for young Fellows, that dare not fight for themſelves.

Sir *Sol.* Are you never run through the Body?

Capt. Often Sir; yet I fear nothing but a *Bailiff*, or a *Court-Martial.*—Sir, I kiſs every Woman that ſmiles, and kick every Man that frowns upon me: for I take both to myſelf, whether they meant me, or not.

Sir *Sol.* How, Sir! ſtrike before you know whether you are affronted, or not? I thought you were a Man of Honour.

Capt. So I am, Sir, and wou'd not have it ſtain'd——in quarrelling. Delays look ſcurvily: Firſt Blows are beſt. When a Man looks angry upon me, and ſays any thing I don't underſtand, I knock him down; and then 'tis no matter whether I underſtand him or no—Shall a Raſcal, becauſe he has read Books, talk pertly to me?

Sir *Sol.* Why, Sir, are not your Men of Honour given to Learning?

Capt. Thoſe that think it worth their while, are; but we generally leave that to the Chaplain, and the Chaplain ſometimes leaves it to the Agent——Our Diſputes need but little Reading; Blows, Blood, and Wounds, re Soldiers Arguments, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, Sir, I ſhan't diſpute with you——But pray, Sir, what can you ſettle upon my Kinſwoman?

Capt.

Capt. My Glory, and my Sword.

Sir *Sol.* A Jointure of vaſt Honour, I muſt confeſs, Pray, Sir, where may your Glory lie?

Capt. In the *Gazette.*

Sir *Sol.* And your Sword———the Silver-hilted one I mean.

Capt. At the *Pawn-broker's.*

Sir *Sol.* And pray, Sir, why wou'd you marry?

Capt. Sir, I owe about fifteen hundred Pound; beſide I have a mind to leave off Whoring, and keep a freſh Girl to myſelf.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! a very ſober Principle, truly. Well, Sir, ſince I know your Pretences, will you give me Leave to talk with the other Gentlemen———Pray, Sir, what are you?

Sir *Squab.* I, Sir, am none of your Skip-jacks, no Spend-thrift Courtier, nor beggarly Soldier, but a ſolid ſubſtantial Man, with a thinking Head, and a prudent Conſcience; that have liv'd theſe twenty Years in St. *Magnus* Pariſh, have lent my Money to the Government, and owe none of my Neighbours a Shilling.

Sir *Sol.* Pray, Sir, what may be your Name?

Sir *Squab.* My Name, Sir, is Sir *Squabble Splithair,* Knt. and Citizen of *London,*

Sir *Sol.* And what may be your Profeſſion, Sir.

Sir *Squab.* Sir, I profeſs:—Troth I can hardly tell you what I profeſs; but turning of Money is my chief Buſineſs. Sir, I'll make a Bargain with any Man in the City, and defy him to out-wit me.——I have been too ſharp for every body I have dealt with, and have got a plentiful Eſtate by other People's Folly and my own Induſtry. Beſide, I am a Member of the Old *Eaſt-India* Company, and no Man alive will ever be able to tell what I'm worth.

Sir *Sol.* Very likely, Sir.

Sir *Squab.* Sir, I live ſoberly, and mind the main Chance: I never ſpend an idle Penny out of *Robin's* or *Garraway's* Coffee-houſe: I dine for a Groat at the Chop-houſe: I ſell by a ſhort Yard, and bring in a long Bill.

Sir

Sir *Sol.* Hah! you are rich, no doubt, Sir.

Sir *Squab.* Then, Sir, I am a ſevere Perſecutor of ill Women, and never let any of them 'ſcape the Beadle's Correction, without a valuable Conſideration.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, ay, you're much in the right, Sir; make 'em pay for their Wickedneſs.

Sir *Squab.* Then I diſcountenance the Enemies of the Government, by encouraging them firſt to run prohibited Goods; and then I diſcover 'em to ſhew my Loyalty.

Sir *Sol.* You'll be a great Man, Sir.

Sir *Squab.* Then, Sir, I am Guardian to my only Siſter; and tho' ſhe is ſix Years above Age, I ſtill keep her Fortune carefully in my own Hands, for fear ſhe ſhou'd idly throw it away upon ſome beggarly young Fellow: Not but I give her a good Gentlewomanly Education; for I have taught her ſeveral Tunes myſelf, upon the *Dulcimer*; and to ſave the Charge of a Singing-Maſter, I let her go once a Week with her Maid, in the Gallery, to learn the Songs out of the *Opera*.

Sir *Sol.* Good again, Sir; why this will certainly carry my Niece: Theſe are Qualities not to be reſiſted. But now, Sir, what are you willing to ſettle upon her?

Sir *Squab.* Settle, Sir! why I'll—look you, Sir, I don't underſtand your Law-Terms, and hard Words:——— But I'll make her a happy Woman. She ſhall want for nothing: I'll ſettle a good Huſband upon her; ſhe ſhall have Money in her Pocket, and good Clothes upon her Back; ſhe ſhall have her youngeſt 'Prentice in a *Blue Livery*, carry her *Gilt Bible* before her to Church every *Sunday*; ſhe ſhall wear a Gold Chain upon her Neck, and ſit in the great Pew next the Pulpit.

Sir *Sol.* Ay!

Sir *Squab.* Nay, Sir, if ſhe pleaſes my Humour, ſhe ſhall wear her Sunday Clothes every Day; go abroad once a Month in a Sedan; go to a Goſſiping once a Quarter: and once a Year ſhe ſhall conſtantly Lie in.

Sir *Sol.* Hold! hold! Sir, that I'm afraid, is more than you can promiſe.

Sir

Sir *Squab.* Sir, what I ſay I'll ſtand to; and if you doubt my Word, I'll give you City-Security for the Performance of it.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, Sir, what you can't perform, there's no doubt but your Security will.———Well, Sir! now I have heard what you can do.——I have but a Word or two with this Gentleman, and then——

Sir *Squab.* Sir, with all my heart; if you can get a better Bargain, take it.

Sir *Sol.* Well, Sir! now, pray what are you?

Saun. I, Sir!—ha, hah! I'm nothing at all, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! that is not much indeed, Sir.———But pray, Sir, have you no Employment?

Saun. Employment! what do you mean, old Gentleman, Joiner's Work?———Sir, I'm a Gentleman.

Sir *Sol.* Very good, Sir:——And pray, what Eſtate have you.

Saun. I can't tell, Sir:———I never mind Accounts; I don't underſtand 'em.

Sir *Sol.* Pray, Sir, what is't you do underſtand?

Saun. Bite, Bam, and the beſt of the Lay, old Boy.

Sir *Sol.* Hah; that's every Word more than I underſtand, I muſt confeſs. Do you know nothing of the Law, Sir?

Saun. Um!—juſt as much as I got from being often arreſted.

Sir *Sol.* Do you follow no Buſineſs, Sir?

Saun. No, Sir, I hate it—I avoid it.—I'll make Buſineſs follow me; a Gentleman's above it.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! you ſeem to lead a pleaſant Life, Sir.

Saun. Yes, Sir, Pleaſure's my Principle, and I'll ſtick to it as long as I live.

Sir *Sol.* Pray, what's your chief Diverſions?

Saun. Sauntering!———As thus, Sir, from my Lodging to the *Smyrna*, thence to *White*'s; then to the *Smyrna* again, then to *White*'s again; and all the while, my Chair follows me empty. Then I dine, drink a Bottle, go to *Will*'s, go behind the Scenes, make love in the *Green-Room*, take a Benefit-Ticket, ferret the

Boxes,

Boxes, ſtraddle into the Pit; *Green-Room* again; do the ſame at both Houſes, and ſtay at neither.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! a pretty Life: do you never ſtudy, Sir?

Saun. Um—in a Morning a little, while my Man draws on my Shoes, I hum over a Preface, or ſo: Then turn to the Concluſion, and give my Judgment accordingly.———I hate Fatigue; a Gentleman ſhou'd only have a Taſte of every Thing.

Sir *Sol.* But do you never ſtudy yourſelf neither?

Saun. O yes, Sir, that I never fail to do, at leaſt three Hours in a Glaſs every Morning.

Sir *Sol.* Provoking Dog! [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, and what other powerful Reaſons have you, to encourage my Niece's coming into your Family?

Saun. Why, none ſo great, Sir, as my Family itſelf; 'tis as ancient as any in *England.* The Saunterers, Sir, came in with King *Stephen* the Conqueror. And a Man of Honour, Sir, always values a good Family beyond Fortune.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, but ſome Fools don't, Sir; and I ſhall not bluſh to tell you, I am one of thoſe. And let me tell you, Sir, he that out-lives his Fortune, will have much ado ſometimes to make his Family own him. Poverty at Court, Sir, is like Wit in the City, always counted illegitimate.—Well, Gentlemen, I have heard you all: And I won't marry my Kinſwoman to this Gentleman, becauſe his prudent Conſcience, as he calls it, will let him ſpend but a Penny a Day: Nor to this Gentleman, becauſe, as far as I find, he has not that to ſpend: Nor to the noble Captain here, becauſe he ſpends more than he has.

Capt. Why then, Sir, I'll ſtick to my Punk, and a Pipe of Mundungus.

Sir *Squab.* And as for Sir *Squabble Splithair*,—know, Sir, that now I won't take under a Thouſand Pound more with your Niece; and ſo your Friend, and Servant.

Saun. And for me, Sir.———

Sir *Sol.* O ſweet Mr. *Nothing to do!*

Saun.

Saun. Know, Sir, that the Noble Family of the Saunterers ſhall never be ſtain'd with the baſe Blood of a Put, Sir; and ſo your Servant again, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Sir *Sol.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, I ſee there are other Monſters in the World beſide Cuckolds, and full as ridiculous. But now to my own Affairs. I'll ſtep into the *Park*, and ſee if I can meet with my hopeful Spouſe there! I warrant, engag'd in ſome innocent Freedom, (as ſhe calls it,) as walking in a Maſk, to laugh at the Impertinence of Fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely, I'm afraid, a Plot to Intrigue with thoſe that do. Oh! how many Torments lie in the ſmall Circle of a Wedding-Ring! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Clarinda's *Apartment.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Sylvia.

Cla. HA! ha! poor *Slvia!*

Syl. Nay, pr'ythee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for Inclination: For if there were, you know, why ſhou'd it be a greater Folly in me, to fall in love with a Man I never ſaw but once in my Life, than it is in you to reſiſt an honeſt Gentleman, whoſe Fidelity has deſerv'd your Heart an hundred times over.

Clar. Ah! but an utter Stranger, Couſin, and one that, for aught you know, may be no Gentleman.

Syl. That's impoſſible; his Converſation cou'd not be counterfeit. An elevated Wit, and good Breeding, have a natural Luſtre that's inimitable. Beſide, he ſav'd my Life at the hazard of his own; ſo that Part of what I give him, is but Gratitude.

Clar. Well! you are the firſt Woman that ever took fire in the middle of the *Thames*, ſure. But ſuppoſe now he is marry'd, and has three or four Children!

Syl. Pſha! Pr'ythee don't teaze me with ſo many ill-natur'd Objections: I tell you he is not marry'd, I am ſure he is not: for I never ſaw a Face look more in humour in my Life.——Beſide, he told me himſelf, he was a Country Gentleman, juſt come to Town upon Buſineſs: And I'm reſolv'd to believe him.

Clar. Well! well! I'll ſuppoſe you both as fit for one another then as a couple of Tallies. But, ſtill, my Dear, you know there's a ſurly old Father's Command againſt you; he is in Articles to marry you to another: And

tho' I know, Love is a notable Contriver, I can't ſee how you'll get over that Difficulty.

Syl. 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of your Aſſiſtance, dear *Clarinda*, I am ſtill in hopes to bring it to an even Wager, I prove as wiſe as my Father.

Clar. Nay, you may be ſure of me: You may ſee by the Management of my own Amours, I have ſo natural a Compaſſion for Diſobedience, I ſha'n't be able to refuſe you any thing in Diſtreſs.—There's my Hand; ——tell me how I can ſerve you.

Syl. Why thus;——Becauſe I wou'd not wholly diſcover myſelf to him at once, I have ſent him a Note to viſit me here, as if theſe Lodgings were my own.

Clar. Hither! to my Lodgings! 'Twas well I ſent Col. *Standfaſt* Word I ſhou'd not be at home. [*Aſide.*

Syl. I hope you'll pardon my Freedom, ſince one end of my taking it too, was to have your Opinion of him before I engage any farther.

Clar. O! it needs no Apology; any thing of mine is at your Service.—I am only afraid, my troubleſome Lover Mr. *Clerimont*, ſhou'd happen to ſee him, who is, of late, ſo impertinently jealous of a Rival, tho' from what Cauſe I know not——not but I lye too. [*Aſide.* I ſay, ſhou'd he ſee him, your Country Gentleman wou'd be in Danger, I can tell you.

Syl. O! there's no Fear of that; for I have order'd him to be brought in the back-way: When I have talk'd with him a little alone, I'll find an Occaſion to leave him with you; and then we'll compare our Opinions of him.

Enter Servant to Clarinda.

Serv. Madam, my Lady *Sadlife*.

Syl. Pſhah! ſhe here!

Clar. Don't be uneaſy; ſhe ſhan't diſturb you: I'll take care of her.

Enter

Enter Lady Sadlife.

Lady *Sad.* O my Dears you have loſt the ſweeteſt Morning ſure, that ever peep'd out of the Firmament The Park never was in ſuch Perfection.

Clar. 'Tis always ſo when your Ladyſhip's there.

Lady *Sad.* 'Tis never ſo without my dear *Clarinda.*

Syl. How civilly we Women hate one another. [*Aſide.*
Was there a good deal of Company, Madam?

Lady *Sad.* Abundance! and the beſt I have ſeen this Seaſon: for 'twas between Twelve and One, the very Hour you know, when the Mob are violently hungry. O! the Air was ſo inſpiring! ſo amorous! And to compleat the Pleaſure, I was attack'd in Converſation, by the moſt charming, modeſt, agreeably inſinuating young Fellow, ſure, that ever Woman play'd the fool with.

Clar. Who was it?

Lady *Sad.* Nay, Heav'n knows; his Face is as entirely new, as his Converſation. What Wretches our young Fellows are to him?

Syl. What Sort of a Perſon?

Lady *Sad.* Tall, ſtreight, well-limb'd, walk'd firm; and a Look as chearful as a *May-day* Morning.

Syl. The Picture's very like: Pray Heav'n it is not my Gentleman's. [*Aſide.*

Clar. I wiſh this don't prove my Colonel. [*Aſide.*

Syl. How came you to part with him ſo ſoon.

Lady *Sad.* O name it not! that eternal Damper of all Pleaſure, my Husband Sir *Solomon*, came into the *Mall* in the very Criſis of our Converſation——I ſaw him at a Diſtance, and complain'd that the Air grew tainted, that I was ſick o'th' ſudden, and left him in ſuch Abruptneſs and Confuſion, as if he had been himſelf my Huſband.

Clar. A melancholy Diſappointment indeed!

Lady *Sad.* Oh? 'tis a Huſband's Nature to give 'em.

A Servant whiſpers Sylvia.

Syl. Deſire him to walk in——Couſin, you'll be at hand.

Clar. In the next Room——Come, Madam, *Sylvia* has a little Buſineſs. I'll ſhew you ſome of the ſweeteſt, prettieſt-figur'd China.

Lady *Sad.* My Dear, I wait on you,

[*Exeunt Lady* Sad. *and* Clar.

Enter Atall, as *Mr.* Freeman.

Syl. You find, Sir, I have kept my Word in ſeeing you; 'tis all you yet have ask'd of me; and when I know 'tis in my power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in Honour, I ſhall refuſe you.

At. This generous Offer, Madam, is ſo high an Obligation, that it were almoſt mean in me to ask a farther Favour. [*Aſide.*] Death! what a Neck ſhe has! But 'tis a Lover's Merit to be a Miſer in his Wiſhes, and graſp at all Occaſions to enrich 'em—I own I feel your Charms too ſenſibly prevail, but dare not give a Looſe to my ambitious Thoughts, 'till I have paſs'd one dreadful Doubt that ſhakes 'em.

Syl. If 'tis in my power to clear it, ask me freely.

At. I tremble at the Trial; and yet methinks my Fears are vain: But yet to kill or cure 'em once for ever, be juſt and tell me; are you married?

Syl. If that can make you eaſy, No.

At. 'Tis Eaſe indeed——nor are you promis'd, nor your Heart engag'd?

Syl. That's hard to tell you: But to be juſt, I own my Father has engag'd my Perſon to one I never ſaw, and my Heart I fear's inclining to one he never ſaw.

At. O yet be merciful, and eaſe my Doubt; tell me the happy Man that has deſerv'd ſo exquiſite a Bleſſing.

Syl. That, Sir, requires ſome Pauſe; 'tis the only Secret

Secret yet I can refuſe you: Firſt tell me why you're ſo inquiſitive, without letting me know the Condition of your own Heart.

At. In every Circumſtance my Heart's the ſame with yours; 'tis promis'd to one I never ſaw, by a commanding Father, who by my firm Hopes of Happineſs I am reſolv'd to diſobey, unleſs your Cruelty prevents it.

Syl. But my Diſobedience would beggar me.

At. Baniſh that Fear. I'm Heir to a Fortune will ſupport you like yourſelf——May I not know your Family?

Syl. Yet you muſt not.

At. Why that Nicety? Is not it in my power to enquire whoſe Houſe this is when I am gone?

Syl. And be never the wiſer: Theſe Lodgings are a Friend's, and are only borrowed on this Occaſion: But to ſave you the trouble of any farther needleſs Queſtions, I will make you one Propoſal. I have a young Lady here within, who is the only Confident of my Engagements to you: On her Opinion I rely; nor can you take it ill, if I make no farther Steps without it: 'Twould be miſerable indeed ſhou'd we both meet Beggars. I own your Actions and Appearance merit all you can deſire; let her be as well ſatisfy'd of your Pretenſions and Condition, and you ſhall find it ſha'n't be a little Fortune ſhall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an Offer exceeds my Hopes.

Syl. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Deſire my Couſin *Clarinda* to walk in.

At. Ha! *Clarinda!* if it ſhou'd be my *Clarinda* now, I'm in a ſweet Condition——by all that's terrible the very ſhe; this was finely contriv'd of Fortune.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Defend me! Col. *Standfaſt!* ſhe has certainly diſcover'd my Affairs with him, and has a mind to inſult

me by an affected Reſignation of her Pretenſions to him —I'll diſappoint her, I won't know him.

Syl. Couſin, pray, come forward; this is the Gentleman I am ſo much oblig'd to—Sir, this Lady is a Relation of mine, and the Perſon we are ſpeaking of.

At. I ſhall be proud to be better known among any of your Friends. [*Salutes her.*

Clar. Soh! he takes the Hint, I ſee, and ſeems not to know me neither: I know not what to think—perhaps ſhe's only jealous of him, and had a mind that my ſeeing her Engagement with him, ſhou'd Occaſion a Breach between him and me—I am confounded! I hate both him and her. How unconcern'd he looks! Confuſion! he addreſſes her before my Face. [*Aſide.*

Lady Sadlife *peeping in.*

Lady *Sad.* What do I ſee? The pleaſant young Fellow that talk'd with me in the *Park* juſt now! This is the luckieſt Accident! I muſt know a little more of him.

[*Retires.*

Syl. Couſin, and Mr. *Freeman*————I think I need not make any Apology————you both know the occaſion of my leaving you together————in a Quarter of an Hour I'll wait on you again. [*Exit* Syl.

At. So, I'm in a hopeful way now, Faith; but Buff's the word: I'll ſtand it.

Clar. Mr. *Freeman!* So, my Gentleman has chang'd his Name too! How harmleſs he looks————I have my Senſes ſure, and yet the Demureneſs of that Face looks as if he had a mind to perſuade me out of 'em. I cou'd find in my heart to humour his Aſſurance, and ſee how far he'll carry it——won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

[*They ſit.*

At. What the Devil can this mean?—ſure ſhe has a mind to counterface me, and not know me too—with all my Heart: If her Ladyſhip won't know me, I'm ſure 'tis not my Buſineſs at this time to know her.

Clar.

Clar. Certainly that Face is Cannon Proof. [*Aſide.*

At. Now for a formal Speech, as if I had never ſeen her in my Life before.—Madam—a hem! Madam, I——a hem!

Clar. Curſe of that ſteady Face. [*Aſide.*

At. I ſay, Madam, ſince I am an utter Stranger to you, I am afraid it will be very difficult for me to offer you more Arguments than one to do me a Friendſhip with your Couſin; but if you are, as ſhe ſeems to own you, her real Friend, I preſume you can't give her a better Proof of your being ſo, than pleading the Cauſe of a ſincere and humble Lover, whoſe tender Wiſhes never can propoſe to taſte of Peace in Life without her.

Clar. Umph!——I'm choak'd. [*Aſide.*

At. She gave me Hopes, that when I had ſatisfied you of my Birth and Fortune, you wou'd do me the Honour to let me know her Name and Family.

Clar. Sir, I muſt own you are the moſt perfect Maſter of your Art, that ever enter'd the Liſts of Aſſurance.

At. Madam!

Clar. And I don't doubt but you'll find it a much eaſier Taſk to impoſe upon my Couſin, than me.

At. Impoſe, Madam! I ſhou'd be ſorry any thing I have ſaid cou'd diſoblige you into ſuch hard Thoughts of me: Sure, Madam, you are under ſome Miſinformation.

Clar. I was indeed, but now my Eyes are open——for 'till this Minute I never knew that the gay Col. *Standfaſt*, was the demure Mr. *Freeman.*

At. Col. *Standfaſt!* This is extremely dark, Madam.

Clar. This Jeſt is tedious, Sir——Impudence grows dull, when 'tis ſo very extravagant.

At. Madam, I am a Gentleman—but not yet wiſe enough, I find, to account for the Humours of a fine Lady.

Clar. Troth, Sir, on ſecond Thoughts I begin to be a little better reconcil'd to your Aſſurance; 'tis in ſome ſort Modeſty to deny yourſelf; for to own your Perjuries to my Face, had been an Inſolence tranſcendently provoking.

At. Really, Madam, my not being able to apprehend one Word of all this is a great Inconvenience to my Af-

fair with your Couſin: But if you will firſt do me the Honour to make me acquainted with her Name and Family, I don't much care if I do take a little Pains afterwards to come to a right Underſtanding with you.

Clar. Come! come! ſince you ſee this Aſſurance will do you no Good, you had better put on a ſimple honeſt Look, and generouſly confeſs your Frailties: The ſame Slyneſs that deceiv'd me firſt, will ſtill find me Woman enough to pardon you.

At. That Bite won't do. [*Aſide.*] Sure, Madam, you miſtake me for ſome other Perſon!

Clar. Inſolent! audacious Villain! I am not to have my Senſes then! [*Aſide.*

At. No.

Clar. And you are reſolv'd to ſtand it to the laſt!

At. The laſt Extremity. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Well, Sir, ſince you won't know yourſelf, 'tis poſſible at leaſt you may have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with the Perſon I take you for: It can do you no Harm, I preſume, to own you know Colonel *Standfaſt.*

At. By all that's binding, I know no more of him than you know of me.

Clar. If you know as much, 'tis enough.

At. Never ſaw or heard of any ſuch Perſon, ſince I was born.

Clar. Nay! that's hard! And I muſt tell you, Sir, ſince you will own nothing to me, I'll own ſomething to my Couſin for you: I'll take care ſhe ſhall know you perfectly.

At. Be not ſo barbarous, Madam, without a Cauſe to miſrepreſent me, where my Soul moſt languiſhes to be clearly known: Upon my Knees I beg you do not in a raſh Error of my Perſon ſo apparent, blindly ruin me with the only Creature in whom my humble Heart has treaſur'd up its future Hopes of Happineſs.

Clar. Poor little Malice, you think this ſtings me now; but you ſhall find—I'm not ſo little Miſtreſs of my Heart, but I can ſtill recall it—and ſince you are ſo much a Stranger to Colonel *Standfaſt*, I'll tell you where

to

to find him, and tell him this from me; I hate him, ſcorn, deteſt, and loath him: I never meant him but at beſt for my Diverſion, and ſhould he ever renew his dull Addreſſes to me, I'll have him uſed as his vain Inſolence deſerves. Now, Sir, I have no more to ſay, and I deſire you would leave the Houſe immediately.

At. I would not willingly diſoblige you, Madam, but 'tis impoſſible to ſtir 'till I have ſeen your Couſin, and clear'd myſelf of theſe ſtrange Aſperſions.

Clar. Don't flatter yourſelf, Sir, with ſo vain a Hope, for I muſt tell you once for all, you've ſeen the laſt of her: And if you won't be gone, you'll oblige me to have you forc'd away.

At. I'll be even with you. [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, ſince I find nothing can prevail upon your Cruelty, I'll take my Leave: But as you hope for Juſtice on the Man that wrongs you, at leaſt be faithful to your lovely Friend, And when you have nam'd to her my utmoſt Guilt, yet paint my Paſſion as it' is, ſincere. Tell her what Tortures I endur'd in this ſevere Excluſion from her Sight, that 'till my Innocence is clear to her, and ſhe again receives me into Mercy,

A Madman's Frenzy's Heav'n to what I feel;
The Wounds you give, 'tis ſhe alone can heal. [Exit.

Clar. Moſt abandon'd Impudence! And yet I know not which vexes me moſt, his out-facing my Senſes, or his inſolent owning his Paſſion for my Couſin to my Face: 'Tis impoſſible ſhe cou'd put him upon this, it muſt be all his own; but be it as it will, by all that's Woman I'll have Revenge. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Atall *and Lady* Sadlife *at the other Side.*

At. Hey-dey! is there no way down Stairs here? Death! I can't find my way out! This is the oddeſt Houſe.

Lady *Sad.* Here he is—I'll venture to paſs by him.

At. Pray, Madam, which is the neareſt way out?

Lady *Sad.* Sir! out—a——

At. O my Stars! is't you, Madam, this is fortunate indeed—I beg you tell me, do you live here, Madam?

Lady *Sad.* Not very far off, Sir: But this is no Place to talk with you alone—indeed I muſt beg your pardon.

At. By all thoſe kindling Charms that fire my Soul, no Conſequence on Earth ſhall make me quit my hold, 'till you've given me ſome kind Aſſurance that I ſhall ſee you again, and ſpeedily: I'gad I'll have one out of the Family at leaſt.

Lady *Sad.* O good, here's Company!

At. O do not rack me with Delays, but quick, before this dear ſhort liv'd Opportunity's loſt, inform me where you live, or kill me: To part with this ſoft white Hand is ten thouſand Daggers to my Heart. [*Kiſſing it eagerly.*

Lady *Sad.* O lud! I am going home this Minute: And if you ſhou'd offer to dog my Chair, I proteſt I——— was ever ſuch Uſuge———Lord———ſure! oh——— Follow me down then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Clarinda, *and* Sylvia.

Syl. Ha! ha! ha!

Clar. Nay, you may laugh, Madam, but what I tell you is true.

Syl. Ha! ha! ha!

Clar. You don't believe me then.

Syl. I do believe, that when ſome Women are inclin'd to like a Man, nothing more palpably diſcovers it, than their railing at him; ha! ha!———Your Pardon, Couſin; you know you laugh'd at me juſt now upon the ſame Occaſion.

Clar. The Occaſion's quite different, Madam; I hate him. And, once more I tell you, he's a Villain; you're impos'd on. He's a Colonel of Foot, his Regiment's now in *Spain*, and his Name's *Standfaſt*.

Syl. But pray, good Couſin, whence had you this Intelligence of him?

Clar. From the ſame Place that you had your falſe Account, Madam, his own Mouth.

Syl. Ay! pray when!

Clar. This Day ſeven-night.

Syl. Where?

Clar. In the next Room.

Syl. How came you to ſee him there?

Clar. Becauſe there was Company in this.

Syl. What was his Buſineſs with you?

Clar. Much about the ſame, as his Buſineſs with you ——Love.

Syl. Love! to you!

Clar. Me, Madam! Lord! What am I? Old! or a Monſter! Is it ſo prodigious that a Man ſhould like me?

Syl. No! but I'm amaz'd to think, if he had lik'd you, he ſhou'd leave you ſo ſoon, for me!

Clar. For you! Leave me for you! No, Madam, I did not tell you that neither! Ha! ha!

Syl. No! What made you ſo violently angry with him then? Indeed, Couſin, you had better take ſome other fairer way; this Artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you ſee I can be ſtill a Friend; prove him to be what you ſay he is, and my Engagements with him ſhall ſoon be over.

Clar. Look you, Madam, not but I ſlight the tendereſt of his Addreſſes; but to convince you that my Vanity was not miſtaken in him, I'll write to him by the Name of Col. *Standfaſt*, and do you the ſame by that of *Freeman*; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady *Sadlife*'s at the ſame time: If theſe appear two different Men, I think our Diſpute's eaſily at an end; if but one, and he does not own all I've ſaid of him to your Face; I'll make you a very humble Curt'ſy, and beg your Pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your Ladyſhip the ſame Reverence, and beg yours.

Enter Clerimont.

Clar. Pſhah! he here!

Cler.

Cler. I am glad to find you in ſuch good Company, Madam.

Clar. One's ſeldom long in good Company, Sir.

Cler. I am ſorry mine has been ſo troubleſome of late; but I value your Eaſe at too high a rate, to diſturb it. [*Going.*

Syl. Nay, Mr. *Clerimont*, upon my word, you ſhan't ſtir. Hark you—[*Whiſpers.*] Your Pardon, Couſin.

Clar. I muſt not loſe him neither.—Mr. *Clerimont*'s way is, to be ſevere in his Conſtruction of People's Meaning.

Syl. I'll write my Letter, and be with you, Couſin. [*Ex.*

Cler. It was always my Principle, Madam, to have an humble Opinion of my Merit; when a Woman of Senſe frowns upon me, I ought to think I deſerve it.

Clar. But to expect to be always receiv'd with a Smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary Opinion of one's Merit.

Cler. We differ a little as to Fact, Madam: For theſe ten Days paſt, I have had no Diſtinction, but a ſevere Reſervedneſs. You did not uſe to be ſo ſparing of your Good-humour; and while I ſee you gay to all the World but me, I can't but be a little concern'd at the Change.

Clar. If he has diſcover'd the Colonel now, I'm undone! he cou'd not meet him, ſure.——I muſt humour him a little. [*Aſide.*] Men of your ſincere Temper, Mr. *Clerimont*, I own, don't always meet with the Uſage they deſerve: but Women are giddy things, and had we no Errors to anſwer for, the Uſe of Good-nature in a Lover wou'd be loſt. Vanity is our inherent Weakneſs: You muſt not chide, if we are ſometimes fonder of your Paſſions than your Prudence.

Cler. This friendly Condeſcenſion makes me more your Slave than ever. O! yet be kind, and tell me, have I been tortur'd with a groundleſs Jealouſy?

Clar. Let your own Heart be Judge———But don't take it ill if I leave you now:—I have ſome earneſt Buſineſs with my Couſin *Sylvia*—But to-night at my Lady *Dainty*'s I'll make you amends; you'll be there.

Cler.

Cler. I need not promiſe you.

Clar. Your Servant.—Ah! How eaſily is poor Sincerity impos'd on! Now for the Colonel. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit.*

Cler. This unexpected Change of Humour more ſtirs my Jealouſy than all her late Severity.—I'll watch her cloſe.

For ſhe that from a juſt Reproach is kind,
Gives more Suſpicion of her guilty Mind, [*blind.*
And throws her Smiles, like Duſt, to ſtrike the Lover

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady Dainty's *Apartment: A Table, with Phials, Gallipots, Glaſſes, &c.*

Lady Dainty, *and* Situp *her Woman.*

Lady D. SItup! *Situp!*

Sit. Madam!

Lady D. Thou art ſtrangely ſlow; I told thee the *Hartshorn!* I have the Vapours to that degree.——

Sit. If your Ladyſhip would take my Advice, you ſhou'd e'en fling your Phyſick out of the Window; if you were not in perfect Health in three Days, I'd be bound to be ſick for you.

Lady D. Peace, Goody Impertinence! I tell thee, no Woman of Quality is, or ſhou'd be in perfect Health—Huh! huh! [*Coughs faintly.*] To be always in Health, is as vulgar as to be always in Humour, and wou'd equally betray one's want of Wit and Breeding; 'tis only fit for the clumſy State of a Citizen.—I am ready to faint under the very Idea of ſuch a barbarous Life.——Where are the Fellows?

Sit. Here, Madam—— [*Enter two Footmen.*

Lady D. Cæſar!——run to my Lady *Roundſides*; deſire to know how ſhe reſted; and tell her the Violence of my Cold is abated: Huh! huh! *Pompey*, ſtep you to my Lady *Killchairman*'s; give my Service; ſay, I have been ſo embarraſs'd with the Spleen all this Morning, that I am under the greateſt Uncertainty in the World, whether I ſhall be able to ſtir out, or no—And d'ye hear! deſire to know how my Lord does, and the new Monkey—— [*Exeunt Footmen.*

Sit. In my Conſcience, theſe great Ladies make themſelves ſick to make themſelves Buſineſs; and are well or ill, only in Ceremony to one another. [*Aſide.*

Lady D.

Lady *D.* Where's t'other Fellow?

Sit. He is not return'd yet, Madam.

Lady *D.* 'Tis indeed a ſtrange Lump, not fit to carry a Diſeaſe to any body: I ſent him t'other day to the Dutcheſs of *Diet-Drink* with the *Cholick*, and the Brute put it into his own *Tramontane* Language, and call'd it the *Belly-Ach*:—Never was Creature under ſuch Confuſion, ſure! At my next Viſit, half the Company ſaluted me upon it.—I was forc'd to explain the Booby's Meaning leſt they ſhould have ſuppos'd the Delicacy of my Conſtitution capable of ſo vulgar a Diſeaſe: A huh! huh!

Sit. I wiſh your Ladyſhip had not Occaſion to ſend for any, for my part———

Lady *D.* Thy part?—Pr'ythee! thou wert made of the rough Maſculine kind;—'tis betraying our Sex not to be ſikly, and tender.—All the Families I viſit, have ſomething deriv'd to 'em from the elegant nice State of Indiſpoſition; you ſee, even in the Men, a genteel (as it were) Stagger, or Twine of the Bodies; as if they were not yet confirm'd enough for the rough laborious Exerciſe of Walking, a lazy Saunter in their Motion, ſomething ſo Quality! and their Voices ſo ſoft and low, you'd think they were falling aſleep, they are ſo very delicate.

Sit. But methinks, Madam, it wou'd be better if the Men were not altogether ſo tender.

Lady *D.* Indeed, I have ſometimes wiſh'd the Creatures were not, but that the Niceneſs of their Frame ſo much diſtinguiſhes 'em from the Herd of common People: Nay, ev'n moſt of their Diſeaſes, you ſee, are not prophan'd by the Crowd: The *Apoplexy*, the *Gout*, and *Vapours*, are all peculiar to the Nobility.—Huh! huh! and I could almoſt wiſh, that *Colds* were only ours;—there's ſomething in 'em ſo genteel,———ſo agreeably diſordering——Huh! huh!

Sit. That, I hope, I ſhall never be fit for 'em—Your Ladyſhip forgot the *Spleen*.

Lady *D.* Oh!——my dear *Spleen*,——I grudge That ev'n to ſome of Us.

Sit. I knew an Ironmonger's Wife in this City that was mightily troubled with it.

Lady *D.*

Lady D. Foh! What a Creature haſt thou nam'd! An Ironmonger's Wife have the *Spleen!* Thou might'ſt as well have ſaid, her Husband was a fine Gentleman; not but thoſe Wretches give themſelves the Air of following us in every thing; they dreſs, game, viſit, hate their Huſbands, keep Chaplains, and go on as far as ſimple Nature can: But then the Creatures are ſo fond of Noiſe, and Merry-making, that the Delicacy of the *Spleen* can't bear their Barbarity; and, therefore, never does 'em the Honour to viſit 'em. I profeſs——I feel it, while I commend it——Give me ſomething.

Sit. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to take any of the *Steel-Drops?* or the *Bolus?* or the *Electuary?* or——

Lady D. This Wench will ſmother me with Queſtions,—huh! huh! Bring any of 'em—Theſe healthy Sluts are ſo boiſterous, they ſplit one's Brains: I fancy myſelf in an Inn, while ſhe talks to me—I muſt have ſome decay'd Perſon of Quality about me: For the Commons of *England* are the ſtrangeſt Creatures,———huh! huh!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mrs. *Sylvia*, Madam, is come to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Lady D. Deſire her to walk in;—let the Phyſic alone:—I'll take a little of her Company; ſhe's mighty good for the *Spleen.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Dear Lady *Dainty!*

Lady D. My good Creature, I'm over-joy'd to ſee you ——Huh! huh!

Syl. I am ſorry to ſee your Ladyſhip wrapt up thus; I was in hopes to have had your Company to the *Indian* Houſe.

Lady D. If any thing could tempt me abroad, 'twou'd be that Place, and ſuch agreeable Company: but how came you, dear *Sylvia*, to be reconcil'd to any thing in an *Indian* Houſe? You us'd to have a moſt barbarous inclination for our own odious Manufactures.

Syl.

Syl. Nay, Madam, I am only going to recruit my *Tea-Table:* As to the reſt of their Trumpery, I am as much out of Humour with it as ever.

Lady D. How can a Woman of Taſte, as you are, be pleas'd with any thing that's common? There is a peculiar Air in every thing that's foreign.

Syl. I fancy your Ladyſhip hates your own Country, as ſome Women do their Huſbands, only for being too near 'em.

Lady D. And is not that a very good Reaſon? For don't you find, it holds from moſt Huſbands to their Wives too: I hate any thing that's to be had like a Pound of *Sugar* at every Grocer's: I am ready to ſwoon at the fulſom Shops upon *Ludgate-hill*; and wou'd no more have my Equipage in an *Engliſh* Dreſs, than of an *Engliſh* Birth or Education.

Syl. Now, I think, our own Habits and Servants are as proper and uſeful as any.

Lady D. Uſeful! O deplorable! What a Trade's-man's Reaſon, my Dear, do you give? How inſipid wou'd Life be, if we had nothing about us but what was neceſſary? Can you ſuppoſe ſo many Women of Quality wou'd run mad after Monkeys, Squirrels, Parroquets, *Dutch* Dogs, and Eunuchs, but that they are of no manner of uſe in the World!

Syl. Now for that Reaſon, I like none of 'em all.

Lady D. How! Why, are not you ſtruck wth the Magnificence of a foreign Equipage? as *Swiſs* Porters, *French* Cooks and Footmen, *Italian* Singers, *Turkiſh* Coach-men, and *Indian* Pages?

Syl. Very Geographical indeed?

Lady D. Does not my Lord *Outſide*'s touch you?

Syl. It did ſurpriſe me at firſt, I own: For his frightful *Blackmoor* Coach-man, with his flat Noſe, and great Silver Collar, made me fancy they had dreſs'd up a *Dutch* Maſtiff, and I expected every Minute to hear him bark at his Horſes.

Lady D. Well, thou art a pleaſant Creature, thy Diſtaſte is ſo diverting.

Syl.

Syl. And your Ladyſhip is ſo expenſive, that really I am not able to come into it.

Lady D. Now it is to me prodigious! how ſome Women can muddle away their Money upon Houſwifery, Children, Books, and Charities, when there are ſo many well-bred Ways, and foreign Curioſities, that more elegantly require it—I have every Morning the Rarities of all Countries brought to me, and am in love with every new thing I ſee—Are the People come yet, *Situp?*

Sit. They have been below, Madam, this half Hour.

Lady D. Diſpoſe 'em in the Parlour, and we'll be there preſently. [*Exit* Sit.

Syl. How can your Ladyſhip take ſuch pleaſure in being cheated with the Bawbles of other Countries?

Lady D. Thou art a very Infidel to all Finery.

Syl. And you are a very Bigot———

Lady D. A Perſon of all Reaſon, and no Complaiſance.

Syl. And your Ladyſhip all Complaiſance, and no Reaſon.

Lady D. Follow me, and be converted. [*Exeunt.*

Re enter Situp, *a Woman with* China Ware; *an* Indian *Man with* Screens, Tea, *&c. a* Birdman *with a* Paroquet, Monkey, *&c.*

Sit. Come! come into this Room.

Chin. W. I hope your Ladyſhip's Lady won't be long coming.

Sit. I don't care if ſhe never comes to you.——It ſeems you trade with the Ladies for old Cloaths, and give 'em *China* for their Gowns and Petticoats I'm like to have a fine time on't with ſuch Cleatures as you indeed.

Chi. Alas! Madam, I'm but a poor Woman, and am forc'd to do any thing to live: Will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to accept of a Piece of *China?*

Sit. Puh! no;—I don't care.——Tho' I muſt needs ſay, you look like an honeſt Woman. [*Looks on it.*

Chi. Thank you, good Madam.

Sit.

Sit. Our Places are like to come to a fine paſs indeed, if our Ladies muſt buy their *China* with our Perquiſites: At this rate, my Lady ſha'n't have an old Fan, or a Glove; but——

Chi. Pray, Madam, take it.

Sit. No, not I; I won't have it, eſpecially without a Saucer to't. Here, take it again.

Chi. Indeed you ſhall accept of it.

Sit. Not I, truly——Come, give it me, give it me; here's my Lady.

Enter Lady Dainty *and* Sylvia.

Lady D. Well, my Dear, is not this a pretty Sight now?

Syl. It's better than ſo many Doctors and Apothecaries, indeed.

Lady D. All Trades muſt live you know; and thoſe no more than theſe could ſubſiſt, if the World were all wiſe, or healthy.

Syl. I'm afraid our real Diſeaſes are but few to our imaginary, and Doctors get more by the Sound than the Sickly.

Lady D. My Dear, you're allow'd to ſay any thing—— but now I muſt talk with the People.——Have you got any thing new there?

Chi.
Ind.
Arm.
Bird. } Yes, an't pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

Lady D. One at once.——

Bird. I have brought your Ladyſhip the fineſt Monkey——

Syl. What a filthy thing it is!

Lady D. I now think he looks very humourous and agreeable——I vow in a white Periwig he might do Miſchief; cou'd he but talk, and take Snuff, there's ne'er a Fop in Town wou'd go beyond him.

Syl. Moſt Fops would go farther if they did not ſpeak; but talking, indeed, makes 'em very often worſe Company than Monkeys.

Lady D. Thou pretty little Picture of Man——how very *Indian* he looks! I cou'd kiſs the dear Creature.

Syl.

Syl. Ah! don't touch him, he'll bite

Bird. No, Madam, he is the tameſt you ever ſaw, and the leaſt miſchievous.

Lady D. Then take him away, I won't have him, for Miſchief is the Wit of a Monkey, and I wou'd not give a Farthing for one that wou'd not break me three or four Pounds worth of China in a Morning. O! I am in love with theſe *Indian* Figures—do but obſerve what an innocent natural Simplicity there is in all the Actions of 'em.

Chi. Theſe are Pagods, Madam, that the *Indians* worſhip.

Lady D. So far I am an *Indian.*

Syl. Now to me they are all Monſters.

Lady D. Prophane Creature——I wou'd fain buy ſomething of the *Armenians*; but Amber Necklaces are ſuch old Things; they are the only People that come ſo far, and bring no Rarieties with 'em———Oh! Here *Situp* ſhall wear one.

Sit. Lord! Dear Madam, I ſhall make ſuch a Figure, People will think I am going to dine with my Lady Mayoreſs.

Chi. Is your Ladyſhip for a Piece of right *Flan-* Lace?

Lady D. Um——no, I don't care for it now it is not prohibited.

Ind. Will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to have a Pound of fine Tea?

Lady D. What filthy odious *Bohea*, I ſuppoſe.

Ind. No, Madam, right *Kappakawawa.*

Lady D. Well, there's ſomething in the very Sound of that Name, that makes it irreſiſtible——What is't a Pound?

Ind. But ſix Guineas, Madam.

Lady D. How infinitely cheap! I'll buy it all. *Situp* take the Man in and pay him, and let the reſt call again To-morrow.

Omnes. Bleſs your Ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Chi. Ind. Arm. *and* Bird.

Lady D. Lord! how feveriſh I am——the leaſt Motion does ſo diſorder me——do but feel me.

Syl.

Syl. No really, I think you are in very good Temper.

Lady *D.* Burning indeed, Child.

Enter Servant, Doctor *and* Apothecary.

Serv. Madam, here's *Doctor Bolus* and the *Apothecary.*

Lady *D.* Oh! Doctor, I'm glad you're come, one is not ſure of a Moment's Life without you.

Dr. How did your Ladyſhip reſt, Madam?

[*Feels her Pulſe.*

Lady *D.* Never worſe, indeed Doctor: I once fell into a little ſlumber indeed, but then was diſturb'd by the moſt odious frightful Dream: I dreamt there was an impudent Fellow that came into my Chamber with his Sword drawn, and ſwore he would marry me whether I wou'd or no; and ſo methought I flew out of the Room, and the horrid Creature purſu'd me to a vaſt great thorny Wood, and the Briars did ſo ſtick in my Cloaths, and I pull'd and was ſo out of Breath; and then methought upon a ſudden he chang'd into a great roaring mad Bull, and then methought I ran, and ran, and ran, and my Legs did ſo ach, that if the Fright had not waken'd me, I had certainly ſh'd in my Sleep with the Apprehenſion.

Dr. A certain Sign of a diſorder'd Brain, Madam, but I'll order ſomething that ſhall compoſe your Ladyſhip.

Lady *D.* Mr. *Rhubarb*, I muſt quarrel with you—— you don't diſguiſe your Medicines enough, they taſte all Phyſic; in a little time you'll bring me to take plain Jallap. Huh! huh!

Rhub. To alter it more might offend the Operation, Madam.

Lady *D.* I don't care what is offended, ſo my taſte is not.

Dr. Hark you, Mr. *Rhubarb*, withdraw the Medicine rather than not make it pleaſant; I'll find a Reaſon for the want of its Operation.

Rhub. But, Sir, if we don't look about us ſhe'll grow well upon our Hands.

Dr.

Dr. Never fear that, ſhe's too much a Woman of Quality to dare to be well without her Doctor's Opinion.

Rhub. Sir, we have drain'd the whole Catalogue of Diſeaſes already, there is not another left to put in her Head.

Dr. Then I'll make her go 'em over again.

Enter Careleſs.

Care. So! here's the old Levee! *Doctor* and *Apothecary* in cloſe Conſultation: Now will I demoliſh the Quack and his Medicines before her Face——Mr. *Rheubarb*, your Servant, pray what have you got in your Hand there?

Rhu. Only a Julep and compoſing Draught for my Lady, Sir.

Care. Have you ſo, Sir——pray let me ſee——I'll preſcribe to day——Doctor you may go——the Lady ſhall take no Phyſic at preſent but me.

Dr. Sir——

Care. Nay, if you won't believe me——

[*Breaks the Phials.*

Lady *D.* Ah!—— [*Frighted and leaning upon* Syl.

Dr. Come away, Mr. *Rhubarb*——he'll certainly put her out of Order, and then ſhe'll ſend for us again.

[*Ex.* Doctor *and* Apoth.

Care. You ſee, Madam, what Pains I take to come into your Favour.

Lady *D.* You take a very prepoſterous Way I can tell you, Sir.

Care. I can't tell how I ſucceed, but I am ſure I endeavour right, for I ſtudy every Morning new Impertinence to entertain you; for ſince I find nothing but Dogs, Doctors and Monkeys are your Favourites, it's very hard if your Ladyſhip won't admit me as one of the Number.

Lady *D.* When I find you of an equal Merit with my Monkey, you ſhall be in the ſame State of Favour: I confeſs, as a Proof of your Wit, you have done me as much

much Miſchief here: But you have not half Pug's Judgment, nor his Spirit; for that Creature will do a World of pleaſant Things, without caring whether one likes 'em or not.

Care. Why truly, Madam, the little Gentleman my Rival, I believe is much in the right on't; and if you obſerve, I have taken as much Pains of late to diſoblige, as to pleaſe you.

Lady *D.* You ſucceed better in one than t'other, I can tell you, Sir.

Care. I am glad on't——for if you had not me now and then to plague you, what wou'd you do for a Pretence to be chagreen, to faint, have the Spleen, the Vapours, and all thoſe modiſh Diſorders that ſo nicely diſtinguiſh a Woman of Quality?

Lady *D.* I am perfectly confounded! Certainly there are ſome People too impudent for our Reſentment.

Care. Modeſty's a ſtarving Virtue, Madam, an old threadbare Faſhion of the laſt Age, and wou'd ſit as oddly upon a Lover now as a picked Beard and Muſtachoes.

Lady *D.* Moſt aſtoniſhing!

Care. I have try'd ſighing and looking ſilly a great while, but 'twou'd not do—nay, had you had as little Wit as Good-nature, ſhou'd have proceeded to dance and ſing——Tell me but how, what Face or Form can worſhip you, and behold your Votary.

Lady *D.* Not, Sir, as the *Perſians* do the Sun, with your Face towards me: The beſt Proof you can give me of your horrid Devotion, is never to ſee me more. Come, my Dear. [*Ex. with* Sylvia.

Syl. I'm amaz'd ſo much Aſſurance ſhou'd not ſucceed. [*Exit.*

Care. All this ſhan't make me out of love with my Virtue—Impudence has ever been a ſucceſsful Quality—and 'twou'd be hard indeed if I ſhou'd be the firſt that did not thrive by it. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, Clerimont's *Lodgings.*

Enter Atall, *and* Finder *his Man.*

At. You are ſure you know the Houſe again?

Fin. Ah! as well as I do the Upper Gallery, Sir: 'Tis Sir *Solomon Sadlife*'s, at the two Glaſs Lanthorns, within three Doors of my Lord Duke's

At. Very well, Sir, then take this Letter, enquire for my Lady *Sadlife*'s Woman, and ſtay for an Anſwer.

Fin. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

At. Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous to propoſe Pleaſure in Love without Variety of Miſtreſſes, as to pretend to be a keen Sportſman without a good Stable of Horſes: We may talk what we will, but I ſay we love as we hunt, for Pleaſure; and he's likelieſt to ſee moſt of the Sport I'm ſure that has a good led Nag in the Field: How this Lady may prove I can't tell, but if ſhe is not a Deedy Tit at the Bottom, I'm no Jockey.

Re-enter Finder.

Fin. Sir, here are two Letters for you.

At. Who brought 'em?

Fin. A Couple of Footmen, and they both deſire an Anſwer.

At. Bid 'em ſtay, and do you make haſte where I order'd you.

Fin. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

At. To Col. *Standfaſt*—that's *Clarinda*'s Hand—— To Mr. *Freeman*———that muſt be my *Incognita.* Ah! I have moſt mind to open this firſt: But if t'other malicious Creature ſhou'd have perverted her growing Inclinations to me, 'twou'd put my whole Frame in a Trembling. Hold, I'll gueſs my Fate by Degrees—this may give me a Glimpſe of it. [*Reads* Clar. *Letter.*] Um——um——um ——ha! *to meet her at my Lady* Sadlife's *at Seven o'Clock to-night,* and takes no manner of Notice of my late diſ-

owning

owning myſelf to her——ſomething's at the Botton all this———now to ſolve the Riddle. [*Reads Letter.*] *My Couſin* Clarinda *has told ſome Thing that very much alarm me; but I am willing to Belief of them 'till I ſee you, which I deſire may be at Lady* Sadlife's *at Seven this Evening.*

The Devil! the ſame Place!

As you value the real Friendſhip of your Incognita.

So now the Riddle's out, the Rival Queens are fairly come to a Reference, and one or both of 'em I muſt loſe, that's poſitive!——Hard!

Enter Clerimont.

Hard Fortune! Now poor Impudence what will become of thee? O *Clerimont!* ſuch a Complication of Adventures ſince I ſaw thee, ſuch ſweet Hopes, Fears and unaccountable Difficulties, ſure never poor Dog was ſurrounded with.

Cler. O! you are an induſtrious Perſon, you'll get over 'em. But pray let's hear.

At. To begin then in the Climax of my Misfortuues: in the firſt Place, the private Lodgings that my *Incognita* appointed to receive me in, prove to be the very individual Habitation of my other Miſtreſs, whom (to compleat the Blunder of my ill Luck) ſhe civilly introduced in Perſon to recommend me to her better Acquaintance.

Cler. Ha! ha! Death! how cou'd you ſtand 'em both together?

At. The old Way——Buff——I ſtuck like a Burr to my Name of *Freeman*, addreſs'd my *Incognita* before the other's Face, and with a moſt unmov'd good Breeding, harmleſly faced her down I had never ſeen her in my Life before.

Cler. The prettieſt Modeſty I ever heard of. Well, but how did they diſcover you at laſt?

At. Why faith, the Matter's yet in Suſpenſe, and I find by both their Letters that they don't yet well know what to think; (but to go on with my Luck) you muſt know

they have ſince both appointed me, by ſeveral Names, to meet 'em at one and the ſame Place at Seven o'Clock this Evening.

Cler. Ah!

At. And laſtly to crown my Fortune, (as if the Devil himſelf moſt triumphantly rode a ſtraddle upon my Ruin) the fatal Place of their Appointment happens to be the very Houſe of a third Lady, with whom I made an Acquaintance ſince Morning, and had juſt before ſent Word I wou'd viſit near the ſame Hour this Evening.

Cler. O! Murder! Poor *Atall!* thou art really fallen under the laſt Degree of Compaſſion.

At. And yet, with a little of thy Aſſiſtance, in the middle of their ſmall Shot, I don't ſtill deſpair of holding my Head above Water.

Cler. You muſt think me barbarous indeed, if in ſuch Diſtreſs I ſhou'd not throw out a Rope to ſave you——— not that I can imagine what you propoſe; for I dare ſwear thou doſt not deſign to marry any one of 'em.

At. Shou'd my *Incognita*'s Birth prove equal to her Beauty, I tremble to tell thee what might become of me.

Cler. Why then you had as good quit her Friend, now.

At. No, no, that is not ſafe neither——and if I don't keep in with her, Intimacy will certainly give her Opportunities of ſpoiling my Market with her Rival.

Cler. Death! but you can't meet 'em both, you muſt loſe one of 'em, unleſs you can ſplit yourſelf.

At. Pr'ythee don't ſuſpect my Courage or my Modeſty, for I'm reſolv'd to go on, if you will ſtand by me.

Cler. Faith, my very Curioſity would make me do that——but what can I do?

At. You muſt appear for me upon Occaſion in Perſon.

Cler. With all my Heart———What elſe?

At. I ſhall want a Queen's Meſſenger in my Intereſt, or rather one that can perſonate one.

Cler. That's eaſily found———but what to do?

At. Come along, and I'll tell you———for firſt I muſt anſwer their Letters.

Cler. Thou art an Original, faith. [*Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE *changes to Sir* Solomon's.

Enter Sir Solomon *leading Lady* Sadlife; *and* Wiſhwell *her Woman.*

Sir *Sol.* There, Madam, let me have no more of theſe Airings———no Good, I'm ſure, can keep a Woman five or ſix Hours abroad in a Morning.

Lady *Sad.* You deny me all the innocent Freedoms of Life.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! you have the modiſh Cant of this End of the Town, I ſee: Intriguing, Gaming, Gadding, and Party-Quarries with a Pox to 'em, are innocent Freedoms, forſooth.

Lady *Sad.* I don't know what you mean, I'm ſure I have not one Acquaintance in the World that does an ill Thing.

Sir *Sol.* They muſt be better look'd after than your Ladyſhip then; but I'll mend my Hand as faſt as I can: Do you look to your Reputation henceforward, and I'll take care of your Perſon.

Lady *Sad.* You wrong my Virtue with theſe unjuſt Sufpicions.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, it's no Matter for that; better I wrong it than you. I'll ſecure my Doors for this Day at leaſt. [*Ex.*

Lady *Sad.* O! *Wiſhwell!* what ſhall I do?

Wiſh. What's the Matter, Madam?

Lady *Sad.* I expect a Letter from a Gentleman every Minute, and if it ſhou'd fall into Sir *Solomon*'s Hands, I'm Ruin'd paſt Redemption.

Wiſh. He won't ſuſpect it, Madam, ſure, if they are directed to me, as they uſed to be.

Lady *Sad.* But his Jealouſy's grown ſo violent of late, there's no truſting to it now; if he meets it I ſhall be lock'd up for ever.

Wiſh. O dear, Madam! I vow your Ladyſhip frights me———Why, he'll kill me for keeping Counſel.

Lady *Sad.* Run to the Window, quick, and watch the Meſſenger. [*Exit* Wiſh.] Ah! there's my Ruin near. ——I feel it——[*A knocking at the Door.*] What ſhall I

do?——Be very inſolent, or very humble, and cry. I have known ſome Women, upon theſe Occaſions, outſtrut their Huſband's Jealouſy, and make 'em aſk Pardon for finding 'em out——O Lud! here he comes——I can't do't, my Courage fails me——I muſt ev'n ſtick to my Handkerchief, and truſt to Nature.

Re-enter Sir Solomon, *taking a Letter from* Finder.

Sir *Sol.* Sir, I ſhall make bold to read this Letter; and if you have a mind to ſave your Bones, there's your Way out.

Find. O terrible! I ſhan't have a whole one in my Skin when I come home to my Maſter——[*Exit* Finder.

Lady *Sad.* [*Aſide.*] I'm loſt for ever.

Sir *Sol.* [*Reads.*] "Pardon, moſt Divine Creature,
"the Impatience of my Heart;
Very well! theſe are her innocent Freedoms! ah! Cockatrice!
"which languiſhes for an Opportunity to convince you of its Sincerity——
O the tender——Son of a Whore!
"which nothing cou'd relieve but
"the ſweet hope of ſeeing you this
"Evening.

Poor Lady! whoſe Virtue I have wrong'd with unjuſt Suſpicions!

Lady *Sad.* I'm ready to ſink with Apprehenſion!

Sir *Sol*——"To-night, at Seven, expect your
"dying *Strephon.*

Die, and be damn'd; for I'll remove your Comforter, by cutting her Throat——I cou'd find in my Heart to ram his impudent Letter into her Windpipe——Ha! what's this!
"To Mrs. *Wiſhwell*, my Lady
"*Sadlife*'s Woman.

Ad, I'm glad of it with all my Heart——What a happy Thing 'tis to have one's Jealouſy diſappointed! ——Now have I been curſing my poor Wife for the miſtaken

miſtaken Wickedneſs of that Trollop——'Tis well I kept my Thoughts to myſelf: For the Virtue of a Wife, when wrongfully accus'd, is moſt unmercifully inſolent ———Come, I'll do a great Thing——I'll kiſs her, and make her amends———What's the Matter, my Dear? Has any Thing frighted you?

Lady *Sad.* Nothing but your hard Uſage.

Sir *Sol.* Come! come! dry thy Tears, it ſhall be ſo no more——But, hark ye! I have made a Diſcovery here——Your *Wiſhwell* I'm afraid is a Slut——She has an Intrigue.

Lady *Sad.* An Intrigue! Heavens, in our Family!

Sir *Sol.* Read there——I wiſh ſhe be honeſt——

Lady *Sad.* How!——if there be the leaſt Ground to think it, Sir *Solomon*, poſitively ſhe ſhan't ſtay a Minute in the Houſe——Impudent Creature——have an Affair with a Man!

Sir *Sol.* But hold, my Dear——don't let your Virtue cenſure too ſeverely neither.

Lady *Sad.* I ſhudder at the Thoughts of her.

Sir *Sol.* Patience, I ſay, how do we know but his Courtſhip may be honourable?

Lady *Sad.* That, indeed, requires ſome Pauſe.

Wiſh.——[*Peeping in.*] So! all's ſafe I ſee——He thinks the Letter's to me——O good Madam ———that Letter was to me the Fellow ſays———I wonder, Sir, how you cou'd ſerve one ſo; if my Sweetheart ſhou'd hear you had open'd it, I know he wou'd not have me; ſo he wou'd not.

Sir *Sol.* Never fear that, for if he is in love with you, he's too much a Fool to value being laugh'd at.

Lady *Sad.* If it be yours, here take your Stuff; and next time bid him take better Care, than to ſend his Letters ſo publickly.

Wiſh. Yes, Madam; but now your Ladyſhip has read it, I'd feign beg the Honour of Sir *Solomon* to anſwer it for me; for I can't write.

Lady *Sad.* Not write!

Sir *Sol.* Nay, he thinks ſhe's above that I ſuppoſe;

for he calls her divine Creature——A pretty Piece of Divinity truly——But come, my Dear——Egad, we'll anſwer it for her. Here's Paper——you ſhall do it.

Lady *Sad.* I, Sir *Solomon!* Lard, I won't write to Fellows, not I—I hope he won't take me at my Word. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sol.* Nay, you ſhall do it——come, 'twill get her a good Huſband.

Wiſh. Ay! Pray, good Madam, do——

Sir *Sol.* Ah! how eager the Jade is!——

Lady *Sad.* I can't tell how to write to any body but you, my Dear.

Sir *Sol.* Well! well! I'll dictate then—Come, begin—

Lady *Sad.* Lard! this is the oddeſt Fancy!

[*Sits to write.*

Sir *Sol.* Come! come! Dear Sir; (for we'll be as loving as he for his Ears.)

Wiſh. No, pray, Madam, begin Dear Honey, or My deareſt Angel.

Lady *Sad.* Out! you Fool! you muſt not be ſo fond—Dear Sir is very well. [*Writes.*

Sir *Sol.* Ay! ay! ſo 'tis; but theſe young Fillies are for ſetting out at the Top of their Speed——But pr'ythee, *Wiſhwell*, what is thy Lover? for the Style of his Letter may ſerve for a Counteſs.

Wiſh. Sir, he's but a Butler at preſent; but he's a good Schollard, as you may ſee by his Hand-writing; and in time may come to be a Steward; and then we ſhan't be long without a Coach, Sir.

Lady *Sad.* Dear Sir——what muſt I write next?

Sir *Sol.* Why—— [*Muſing.*

Wiſh Hoping you are in good Health, as I am at this preſent Writing.

Sir *Sol.* You Puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Wiſh. I'm ſure my Mother us'd to begin all her Letters ſo.

Sir *Sol.* And thou art every Inch of thee her own Daughter, that I'll ſay for thee.

Lady *Sad.* Come, I have done't [*Reads.*] "Dear "Sir, ſhe muſt have very little Merit that is inſenſible "of yours.

Sir

Sir *Sol.* Very well, 'faith! write all yourſelf.

Wiſh. Ay! good Madam, do; that's better than mine. ——But pray, dear Madam, let it end with, *So I reſt your deareſt loving Friend, 'till Death us do part.*

Lady *Sad.* [*Aſide.*] This abſurd Slut will make me laugh out.

Sir *Sol.* But heark you, Huſſy; ſuppoſe now you ſhou'd be a little ſcornful and inſolent to ſhew your Breeding, and a little ill-natur'd in it to ſhew your Wit.

Wiſh. Ay, Sir! that is, if I deſign'd him for my Gallant: But ſince he is to be but my Huſband, I muſt be very good-natur'd and civil before I have him; and huff him, and ſhew my Wit after.

Sir *Sol.* Here's a Jade for you! [*Aſide.*] But why muſt you huff your Huſband, Huſſy?

Wiſh. O Sir! that's to give him a good Opinion of my Virtue; for you know, Sir, a Huſband can't think one cou'd be ſo very domineering, if one were not very honeſt.

Sir *Sol.* 'Sbud! this Fool on my Conſcience, ſpeaks the Senſe of the whole Sex. [*Aſide.*

Wiſh. Then, Sir, I have been told, that a Huſband loves one the better, the more one hectors him, as a Spaniel does the more one beats him.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! thy Husband will have a bleſſed Time on't.

Lady *Sad.* So! I have done.

Wiſh. O pray, Madam, read it.

Lady *Sad.* [*Reads.*] "Dear Sir——She muſt have very "little Merit that is inſenſible of yours; and while "you continue to love, and tell me ſo, expect what-"ever you can hope from ſo much Wit, and ſuch "unfeign'd Sincerity—At the Hour you mention, "you will be truly welcome to your paſſionate—

Wiſh. Oh! Madam! it is not half kind enough; pray put in ſome more Dears.

Sir *Sol.* Ay! ay! ſweeten it well——let it be all Syrup——with a Pox to her.

Wiſh. Every line ſhou'd have a *dear ſweet Sir* in it; ſo it ſhou'd———He'll think I don't love him elſe.

Sir *Sol.* Poor Moppet!—

Lady *Sad.* No! no! 'tis better now——Well, what muſt be at the Bottom to anſwer *Strephon?*

Sir *Sol.* Pray let her divine Ladyſhip ſign——*Abigail.*

Wiſh. No; pray, Madam, put down *Liſpamintha.*

Sir *Sol. Liſpamintha!*

Lady *Sad.* No, come———I'll write *Cælia.* Here, go in and ſeal it.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, come! I'll lend you a Wafer, that he may'nt wait for your Divinityſhip.

Wiſh. Pſhah! you always ſpoil one ſo.

[*Exe. Sir* Sol. *and* Wiſh.

Lady *Sad.* So! this is luckily over—Well! I ſee a Woman ſhou'd never be diſcourag'd from coming off at the greateſt Plunge: For tho' I was half dead with the Fright, yet now I'm a little recovered, I find——

That Apprehenſion does the Bliſs endear;
The real Danger's nothing to the Fear. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir Solomon's.

Enter Lady Sadlife, Atall, *and* Wiſhwell *with Lights.*

Lady *Sad.* THIS Room, I think, is pleaſanter; if you pleaſe, we'll ſit here, Sir—*Wiſhwell!* Shut the Door, and take the Key o'th' inſide, and ſet Chairs.

Wiſh. Yes, Madam.

Lady *Sad.* Lard! Sir, what a ſtrange Opinion you muſt have of me, for receiving your Viſits upon ſo ſlender an Acquaintance.

At. I have a much ſtranger Opinion, Madam, of your ordering your Servant to lock herſelf in with us.

Lady *Sad.* O! you would not have us wait upon ourſelves.

At. Really, Madam, I can't conceive that two Lovers alone have much Occaſion for Attendance. [*They ſit.*

Lady *Sad.* Lovers! Lard! how you talk! Can't People converſe without that Stuff!

At. Um!—yes, Madam, People may; but without a little of that Stuff, Converſation is generally very apt to be inſipid.

Lady *Sad.* Pooh! why, we can ſay any thing without her hearing, you ſee.

At. Ay! but if we ſhould talk ourſelves up to an Occaſion of being without her, it wou'd look worſe to ſend her out, than to have let her wait without when ſhe was out.

Lady *Sad.* You are pretty hard to pleaſe, I find, Sir: ſome Men, I believe, wou'd think themſelves well us'd, in ſo free a Reception as yours.

At. Hah! I ſee, this is like to come to nothing this Time; ſo I'll e'en put her out of Humour, that I may

get off in Time to my *Incognita*. [*Aſide.*] Really, Madam, I can never think myſelf free, where my Hand and my Tongue are ty'd. [*Pointing to* Wiſhwell.

Lady *Sad.* Your Converſation, I find, is very different from what it was, Sir.

At. With Submiſſion, Madam, I think it very proper for the Place we are in. If you had ſent for me, only to ſip Tea, to ſit ſtill, and be civil, with my Hat under my Arm, like a ſtrange Relation from *Ireland*, or ſo, why was I brought hither with ſo much Caution and Privacy?

Lady *Sad.* Suppoſe I had a favourable Thought of you; does that give you a Title to treat me as if it was not in my power to refuſe you any Thing?

At. Come, Madam, I'll be plain with you—I wou'd not have you to think me ignorant of all the tendereſt Forms that ought to approach a Lady's Favou s; but when a Woman breaks the ſeeming Promiſe of her Eyes, with me ſhe loſes all Pretence to 'em. (Your Woman's being with us is ridiculous;) I had a Lover's honeſt Reaſon, to expect you hear alone; but ſhe that thinks to make me dance Attendance to her Pride, to ſit at a diſtance, and tamely talk myſelf to a ſubmiſſive Flame for her; while ſhe with Eyes inſenſible receives it, and e'en ſwells her fated Vanity, to a deſpiſing of her eaſy Conqueſt, before ſhe enjoys it; let me tell you, Madam, in very conciſe Terms, that Woman—is moſt conſumedly miſtaken.

Lady *Sad.* You have a very odd way of treating People; you Men are the ſtrangeſt Creatures! Is there no ſuch Thing as Patience in your Compoſition!

At. O yes, Madam, abundance; for if you pleaſe but to order Madamoiſelle to get the Tea ready, to boil it a great while, and ſtay 'till it's done, you ſhall find I can yet change the Air of my Approaches.

Lady *Sad.* I don't know how to make her do any ſuch Thing, not I, Lard! She knows, I have had Tea juſt now.

At. I have not; and ſo your humble Servant, Madam.

Lady *Sad.* Hold!

At. Really, Madam, my Stomach won't ſtay; and

if

if your Ladyſhip's Tea is not ready, I muſt beg leave to take a Diſh at the Coffee-houſe.

[*As he is going,* Sir Solomon *knocks at the Door.*

Wiſh. O Heav'ns! my Maſter, Madam.

Sir *Sol.* Open the Door, there, (within.)

Lady *Sad.* What ſhall we do?

At. Nothing now, I'm ſure.

Lady *Sad.* Open the Door, and ſay, the Gentleman came to you.

Wiſh. O lud! Madam, I ſhall never be able to manage it at ſo ſhort a Warning—We had better ſhut the Gentleman into the Cloſet, and ſay, he came to no body at all.

Lady *Sad.* In! in then, for Mercy's ſake, quickly, Sir!

At. Soh; this is like to be a very pretty Buſineſs! Oh! Succeſs! and Impudence! thou haſt quite forſaken me.

[*Enters the Cloſet.*

Wiſh. Do you ſtep into your Bed-Chamber, Madam, and leave my Maſter to me. [*Exit Lady* Sadlife.

[Wiſhwell *opens the Door,* &c.

Enter Sir Solomon.

Sir *Sol.* What's the Reaſon, Miſtreſs, I am to be lock'd out of my Wife's Apartment?

Wiſh. Sir, my Lady was waſhing her——her——Neck, Sir, and I cou'd not come any ſooner.

Sir *Sol.* I'm ſure I heard a Man's Voice. [*Aſide.*] Bid your Lady come hither.—He muſt be hereabouts; 'tis ſo! all's out, all's over now: The Devil has done his worſt, and I am a Cuckold in ſpite of my Wiſdom. 'Sbud! now an *Italian* would poiſon his Wife for this, a *Spaniard* would ſtab her, and a *Turk* would cut off her Head with a Scimitar; but a poor Dog of an *Engliſh* Cuckold now, can only ſquabble and call Names.—Hold! here ſhe comes.——I muſt ſmother my Jealouſy that her Guilt mayn't be upon its Guard.

Enter Lady Sadlife, *and* Wiſhwell.

Sir *Sol.* My Dear! how do you do? Come hither, and kiſs me.

Lady

Lady *Sad.* I did not expect you home ſo ſoon, my Dear.

Sir *Sol.* Poor Rogue———I don't believe you did ——with a Pox to you. [*Aſide.*] *Wiſhwell*, go down, I have Buſineſs with your Lady.

Wiſh. Yes, Sir———but I'll watch you: For I'm afraid this Good-humour has Miſchief at the Bottom of it—— [*Retires.*

Lady *Sad.* I ſcarce know whether he's jealous, or not.

Sir *Sol.* Now dare not I go near that Cloſet door, leſt the murderous Dog ſhould poke a Hole in my Guts thro' the Key-hole.——Um—I have an old Thought in my Head—ay! and that will diſcover the whole bottom of her Affair—'Tis better to ſeem not to know one's Diſhonour, when one has not Courage enough to revenge it.

Lady *Sad.* I don't like his Looks, methinks.

Sir *Sol.* Odſo! what have I forgot now—Pry'thee, my Dear, ſtep into my Study, (for I am ſo weary!) and in the uppermoſt Parcel of Letters, you'll find one that I receiv'd from *Yorkſhire* to-day, in the Scrutore; bring it down, and ſome Paper; I will anſwer it while I think on't.

Lady *Sad.* If you pleaſe to lend me your Key—but had not you better write in your Study, my Dear?

Sir *Sol.* No! no! I tell you, I'm ſo tir'd, I am not able to walk.——There! make haſte.

Lady *Sad.* Wou'd all were well over. [*Exit Lady* Sad.

Sir *Sol.* 'Tis ſo by her Eagerneſs to be rid of me. Well, ſince I find I dare not behave myſelf like a Man of Honour in this Buſineſs, I'll at leaſt act like a Perſon of Prudence, and Penetration: For ſay, I ſhou'd clap a Brace of Slugs now in the very Bowels of this Raſcal, it may hang me; but if it does not, it can't divorce me:—— no, I'll e'en put out the Candles, and in a ſoft, gentle Whore's Voice, deſire the Gentleman to walk about his Buſineſs; and if I can get him out before my Wife returns, I'll fairly poſt myſelf in his room; and ſo, when ſhe comes to ſet him at liberty, in the dark, I'll humour the Cheat, 'till I draw her into ſome caſual Confeſſion of the

the Fact; anp then this injur'd Front ſhall bounce upon her, like a Thunderbolt. [*Puts out the Candle.*

Wiſh. [*Behind.*] Say you ſo, Sir? I'll take care my Lady ſhall be provided for you. *Exit.*

Sir *Sol.* Hiſt! Hiſt! Sir! Sir!

Enter Atall *from the Cloſet.*

At. Is all clear? may I venture, Madam?

Sir *Sol.* Ay! ay! quick! quick!! make haſte before Sir *Solomon* returns. A ſtrait-back'd Dog, I warrant him. [*Aſide.*] But when ſhall I ſee you again?

At. Whenever you'll promiſe me to make a better uſe of an Opportunity.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! then 'tis poſſible he mayn't yet have put the finiſhing Stroke to me.

At. Is this the Door?

Sir *Sol.* Ay! ay! away! [*Exit* Atall.] Soh! now the Danger of being murder'd is over; I find, my Courage returns: And if I catch my Wife but inclining to be no better than ſhe ſhou'd be, I'm not ſure that Blood wo'n't be the Conſequence.

[*He goes into the Cloſet, and* Wiſhwell *enters.*

Wiſh. Soh! my Lady has her Cue; and, if my wife Maſter can give her no better Proofs of his Penetration than this, ſhe'd be a greater Fool than he, if ſhe ſhou'd not do what ſhe has a mind to. Sir! Sir! Come! you may come out now. Sir *Solomon*'s gone.

Enter Sir Solomon *from the Cloſet.*

Sir *Sol.* So! now for a ſoft Speech, to ſet her impudent Blood in a Ferment, and then let it out with my Penkniſe. [*Aſide.*] Come, dear Creature, now let's make the kindeſt uſe of our Opportunity.

Wiſh. Not for the World! if Sir *Solomon* ſhou'd come again, I ſhou'd be ruin'd——Pray be gone——I'll ſend to you to-morrow.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, now you love me not——You would not let me part elſe thus unſatisfied.

Wiſh.

Wiſh. Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I ſhould not run ſuch Hazards for you.

Sir *Sol.* Fond Whore! [*Aſide.*] But I'm afraid you love Sir *Solomon*, and lay up all your Tenderneſs for him.

Wiſh. O ridiculous! How can ſo ſad a Wretch give you the leaſt uneaſy Thought! I loath the very Sight of him.

Sir *Sol.* Damn'd infernal Strumpet——I can bear no longer—Lights! Lights! within there. [*Seizes her.*

Wiſh. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Who's this, help! Murder!

Sir *Sol.* No, Traytreſs, don't think to 'ſcape me; for now I've trapp'd thee in thy Guilt, I cou'd find in my heart to have thee flea'd alive, thy ſkin ſtuff'd, and hung up in the middle of *Guild-hall*, as a terrible Conſequence of Cuckoldom to the whole City——Lights there!

Enter Lady Sadlife *with a Light.*

Lady *Sad.* O Heav'ns! what's the matter!

[*Sir* Solomon *looks aſtoniſh'd.*

Ha! what do I ſee! my Servant on the Floor, and Sir *Solomon* offering Rudeneſs to her! O! I can't bear it! oh!

[*Falls into a Chair.*

Sir *Sol.* What has the Devil been doing here?

Lady *Sad.* This the Reward of all my Virtue! O Revenge! Revenge!

Sir *Sol.* My Dear! my good Virtuous injur'd Dear, be patient; for here has been ſuch wicked Doings.—

Lady *Sad.* O Torture! do you own it too! 'tis well my Love protects you—but for this Wretch! this Monſter! this Sword ſhall do me Juſtice on her.

[*Runs at* Wiſhwell *with Sir* Solomon's *Sword.*

Sir *Sol.* O hold! my poor miſtaken Dear!—This horrid Jade, the Gods can tell, is innocent for me; but ſhe has had, it ſeems, a ſtrong Dog in the Cloſet here: which I ſuſpecting, put myſelf into his Place, and had almoſt trapp'd her in the very Impudence of her Iniquity.

Lady *Sad.* How!——I'm glad to find he dares not own 'twas his Jealouſy of me——— [*Aſide.*

Wiſh. [*Kneeling.*] Dear Madam, I hope your Ladyſhip will pardon the Liberty I took in your Abſence, in bringing my Lover into your Ladyſhip's Chamber; but I did not think

think you wou'd come home from Prayers ſo ſoon, and ſo I was forc'd to hide him in that Cloſet: but my Maſter ſuſpecting the Buſineſs, it ſeems, turn'd him out unknown to me, and then put himſelf there, and ſo had a mind to diſcover whether there was any Harm between us; and ſo becauſe he fancy'd I had been naught with him.——

Sir *Sol.* Ay, my Dear; and the Jade was ſo confoundedly fond of me, that I grew out of all Patience, and fell upon her like a Fury.

Lady *Sad.* Horrid Creature, and does ſhe think to ſtay a Minute in the Family, after ſuch Impudence!

Sir *Sol.* Hold, my Dear——for if this ſhould be the Man that is to marry her——you know there may be no Harm done yet.

Wiſh. Yes, it was he indeed, Madam.

Sir *Sol.* [*Aſide.*] I muſt not let the Jade be turn'd away, for fear ſhe ſhould put it in my Wife's Head, that I hid myſelf to diſcover her Ladyſhip, and then the Devil wou'd not be able to live in the Houſe with her.

Wiſh. Now, Sir, you know what I can tell of you.

[*Aſide to Sir* Solomon.

Sir *Sol.* Mum! that's a good Girl! there's a Guinea for you.

Lady *Sad.* Well, upon your Interceſſion, my Dear, I'll pardon her this Fault; but pray, Miſtreſs, let me hear of no more ſuch Doings. I am ſo diſorder'd with this Fright———fetch my Prayer-book, I'll endeavour to compoſe myſelf. [*Exit Lady* Sadlife.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, do ſo! that's my good Dear—What two bleſſed Eſcapes I have had! to find myſelf no Cuckold at laſt, and, which had been equally terrible, my Wife not know I wrongfully ſuſpected her.—Well! at length I am fully convinc'd of her Virtue---and now if I can but cut off the abominable Expence, that attends ſome of her impertinent Acquaintance, I ſhall ſhew myſelf a *Machiavel.*

Re-enter Wiſhwell.

Wiſh. Sir, here's my Lady *Dainty* come to wait upon my Lady.

Sir

Sir *Sol.* I'm ſorry for't with all my heart —— why did you ſay ſhe was within?

Wiſh. Sir, ſhe did not ask if ſhe was; but ſhe's never deny'd to her.

Sir *Sol.* Gad ſo! why then if you pleaſe to leave her Ladyſhip to me, I'll begin with her now.

Wiſhwell *brings in Lady* Dainty.

Lady *D.* Sir *Solomon*, your very humble Servant.

Sir *Sol.* Yours, yours, Madam.

Lady *D.* Where's my Lady!

Sir *Sol.* Where your Ladyſhip very ſeldom is——at Prayers.

Lady *D.* Huh! huh! you keep your old Humour ſtill I ſee of endeavouring to ſpeak home Truths; but I think you commonly gueſs wrong: For you muſt know that I have bought me the prettieſt Atlas Cuſhions with Gold Taſſels on purpoſe to kneel upon.

Sir *Sol.* Not unlikely, Madam: you fine Ladies have a great many fine things, that you never uſe—for I don't remember I have ſeen you, or your Cuſhions, at Church theſe three Weeks.

Lady *D.* Never miſs, never miſs, if I am in any ſort of Condition to, huh, huh, endure the Air: Tho' indeed a *Sunday* is very apt to give one the Spleen, or the Vapours.——but if I am not there myſelf, I conſtantly ſend my Woman to ſee how the Faſhions alter.

Sir *Sol.* I cry your Mercy, Madam, I did not know that was your Mode-Market Day before.

Lady *D.* Sir, the greateſt Diſtinction of People of Quality is, that they make every thing eaſy to 'em.

Sir *Sol.* Yes, yes, being in the Mode, I ſee, will let one into notable Privileges.

Enter Lady Sadlife.

Lady *Sad.* My dear Lady *Dainty!*

Lady *D.* Dear Madam, I am the happieſt Perſon alive in finding your Ladyſhip at home.

Sir

Sir *Sol.* So! now for a Torrent of Impertinence.

Lady *Sad.* Your Ladyſhip does me a great deal of honour.

Lady *D.* I am ſure I do myſelf a great deal of Pleaſure: I have made at leaſt twenty Viſits to-day, and not above five of them were at home: and meeting with a reaſonable Creature at laſt, is like the Pleaſure of Unlacing, after being ſqueez'd up in a ſtrait pair of Stays at a Birth-day.

Lady *Sad.* Some Viſits are indeed ſtrangely Fatiguing.

Lady *D.* O! I'm quite dead! not but my Coach is very eaſy——yet ſo much perpetual Motion——you know.

Sir *Sol.* Ah, Pox of your Diſorder——if I had the providing your Equipage, ods-zooks you ſhould rumble to your Viſits in a Wheel-barrow. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Sad.* Was you at my Lady Dutcheſs's.

Lady *D.* A little while.

Lady *Sad.* Had ſhe a great Circle?

Lady *D.* Extream——I was not able to bear the Breath of ſo much Company.

Lady *Sad.* Pray who had you?

Lady *D.* Every body——my Lady *Toilet*, Lady *Patchit*, Mrs. *Peepers*, Lady *Whitewaſh*, Mrs. *Layton*, Lady *Steinkirk*, both the Miſtreſs *Favourites*, Lady *Jumps*, and the Dutcheſs of *Falbala*.

Lady *Sad.* You did not dine there?

Lady *D.* Oh! I can't touch any body's Dinner but my own—and I have almoſt kill'd myſelf this Week for want of my uſual Glaſs of *Tokay* after my *Ortalans*, and *Muſcovy* Duck Eggs.

Sir *Sol.* 'Sbud if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you in a Fortnight to Neck-Beef, and a Pot of plain Bub. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* Then I have been ſo ſurfeited with the ſight of a hideous City Entertainment to-day at my Lady *Cormorant*'s, who knows no other happineſs, or way of making one welcome, than Eating, or Drinking; I was ready to ſwoon at the ſight of her table, being juſt come out of the freſh Air.

Lady *Sad.* Pray how was it fill'd, Madam?

Lady *D.*

Lady *D.* At the upper end ſat her Ladyſhip, and at each Elbow a Daughter, with Arms like Ploughmen, freckled like Turkey-Eggs, and Cheeks like Catherine Pears—they were enough to beat one down with the coarſe Pores of their Skin! Huh! huh!

Lady *Sad.* O! Frightful!—but pray go on.

Sir *Sol.* On my Conſcience, their daily Converſation is made up of nothing but impudent Fleering at honeſt People, that don't know as many ways of being Foppiſhly vicious as themſelves. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* At the lower end was an unlick'd thing, ſhe call'd Son—I ſuppoſe by her firſt Venter; that ſat all the while with his Mouth gaping wide, not having from Nature Wit enough to fetch his Breath through his Noſe.

Lady *Sad.* Ha! ha.

Lady *D.* The Table, or rather Larder, was fill'd with Hams, roaſted Pullets, and Turkey-Pyes, with a great *Cheſhire* Cheeſe in the middle, that rivall'd every one in bulk but her Ladyſhip; and a large Tankard of ſtrong Beer, Nutmeg and Sugar, enough to fuddle a grand Jury, or carry an Intereſt at an Election.

Lady *Sad.* A true *Engliſh* Home-bred Family.

Lady *D.* In every Circumſtance: for tho' ſhe ſaw I was juſt fainting at her vaſt Limbs of Butchers Meat—yet the civil Savage forc'd me to ſit down, and heap'd enough upon my Plate to victual a Fleet for an *Eaſt-India* Voyage.

Lady *Sad.* How cou'd you bear it? Ha! ha!

Sir *Sol.* 'Sbud! I han't Patience pray, Madam, is it among the Rules of your this End of the Town Breeding, to laugh at your Friends for making you heartily welcome?

Lady *D.* Sir *Solomon!* 'tis impoſſible to ſee the Titles of Quality join'd with ſuch Mob Diſpoſitions, without eaſing one's Spleen a little: And nothing diſtinguiſhes the Commons ſo much as their groſs Feeding: I never knew a true *Plebeian*, that had not an odious vaſt Stomach—huh! huh!

Sir *Sol.* Your Ladyſhip knows the Elegance of Life.

Lady *Sad.*

Lady *Sad.* Does your Ladyſhip never go to the Play?

Lady *D.* Never but when I beſpeak it myſelf, and then not to mind the Actors; for it's common to love Sights: My great Diverſion is in a repos'd Poſture to turn my Eyes upon the Galleries, and bleſs myſelf to hear the happy Savages laugh——or when an aukward Citizen crouds herſelf in among us—'tis an unſpeakable Pleaſure to contemplate her Airs and Dreſs—And they never 'ſcape me--for I am as apprehenſive of ſuch a Creature's coming near me, as ſome People are when a Cat is in the Room——but the Play is begun, I believe, and if your Ladyſhip has an Inclination, I'll wait upon you.

Lady *Sad.* I think, Madam, we can't do better; and here comes Mr. *Careleſs*, moſt opportunely to Squire us——

Sir *Sol. Careleſs!* I don't know him, but my Wife does, and that's as well!

Enter Careleſs.

Care. Ladies your Servant—ſeeing your Coach at the Door, Madam, made me not able to reſiſt this Opportunity to——to——you know Madam, there's no time to be loſt in Love. Sir *Solomon*, your Servant——

Sir *Sol.* O yours! yours Sir! A very impudent Fellow, and I'm in hopes will marry her. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* The Aſſurance of this Creature almoſt grows diverting; all one can do, can't make him the leaſt ſenſible of a Diſcouragement.

Lady *Sad.* Try what Compliance will do; perhaps, that may fright him.

Lady *D.* If it were not too dear a Remedy—one wou'd almoſt do any think to get rid of his Company.

Care. Which you never will, Madam, till you marry me, depend upon't: Do that, and I'll trouble you no more.

Sir *Sol.* This Fellow's abominable! He'll certainly have her. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* There's no depending upon your Word, or elſe I might: for the laſt time I ſaw you, you told me then you would trouble me no more.

Care.

Care. Ay, that's true, Madam; but to keep one's Word, you know, looks like a Tradeſman.

Sir *Sol.* Impudent Rogue! but he'll have her—[*Aſide.*

Care. And is as much below a Gentleman, as paying one's Debts.

Sir *Sol.* If he is not hang'd firſt.—— [*Aſide.*

Care. Beſides, Madam; I conſider'd that my Abſence might endanger your Conſtitution, which is ſo very tender, that nothing but Love can ſave it, and ſo I wou'd e'en adviſe you to throw away your Juleps, your Cordials, and Slops, and take me all at once.

Lady *D.* No, Sir, bitter Portions are not to be taken ſo ſuddenly.

Care. Oh! to chuſe, Madam; for if you ſtand making of Faces, and kecking againſt it, you'll but encreaſe your Averſion, and delay the Cure. Come, come, you muſt be adviſ'd. [*Preſſing her.*

Lady *D.* What mean you, Sir?

Care. To baniſh all your Ails, and be myſelf your Univerſal Medicine.

Sir *Sol.* Well ſaid! he'll have her.

Lady *D.* Impudent robuſt Man; I proteſt did not I know his Family, I ſhou'd think his Parents had not liv'd in Chairs and Coaches, but had us'd their Limbs all their Lives! Huh! huh! but I begin to be perſuaded Health is a great Bleſſing. [*Aſide.*

Care. My Limbs, Madam, were convey'd to me from before the Uſe of Chairs and Coaches, and it might leſſen the Dignity of my Anceſtors, not to Uſe them as they did.

Lady *D.* Was ever ſuch a rude Underſtanding? to value himſelf upon the Barbariſm of his Fore-fathers—— Indeed I have heard of Kings that were bred to the Plough, and I fancy you might deſcend from ſuch a Race; for you court as if you were behind one—— Huh! huh! huh! To treat a Woman of Quality like an Exchange-Wench, and expreſs your Paſſion with your Arms; unpoliſh'd Man!

Care. I was willing, Madam, to take from the vulgar the

the only desirable thing among 'em, and shew you—how they live so healthy—for they have no other Remedy.

Lady *D.* A very rough Medicine! huh! huh!

Care. To those that never took it, it may seem so—

Lady *D.* Abandon'd Ravisher! Oh! [*Struggling.*

Sir *Sol.* He has her, he has her. [*Aside.*

Lady *D.* Leave the Room, and see my Face no more.

Care. [*Bows and is going.*]

Lady *D.* And, hark ye, Sir, no Bribe, no Mediations to my Woman.

Care. [*Bows and sighs.*]

Lady *D.* Thou Profligate! to hug! to clasp! to embrace and throw your robust Arms about me like a Vulgar, and Indelicate! Oh! I faint with Apprehension of so gross an Address. [*She faints, and* Care. *catches her.*

Care. O my offended Fair.

Lady *D.* Inhuman! Ravisher! Oh!

[Care. *carries her off.*

Sir *Sol.* He has her! she's undone! He has her.

[*Exit after them.*

Lady *Sad.* This is one of the most extraordinary Love-Scenes I ever saw: I never cou'd find a Woman's Fantask wou'd run high enough to oppose her secret Inclination before: But I fancy by this Time her Ladyship's Delicacy wou'd be glad to compound for a little of the Vulgar. [*Exit.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Sylvia.

Clar. Well, Cousin, what do you think of your Gentleman now?

Syl. I fancy, Madam, that wou'd be as proper a Question to ask you: for really I don't see any great Reason to alter my Opinion of him yet——

Clar. Now I cou'd dash her at once, and shew it her under his own Hand that his Name's *Standfast*, and he'll be here in a Quarter of an Hour——but let her go on a little. [*Aside.*

Syl. Pray, Cousin, have you any particular Reason to be so chearful?

Clar.

Clar. You'll pardon me if I own a little of my Sex's Malice, my Dear; for a Woman that won't be convinc'd of the Infidelity of her Lover, when her Friend aſſures her of it from her own Knowledge, is to me the moſt unfortunate Figure in Nature! Ha! ha! ha!

Syl. I have two or three Lines in my Pocket that wou'd ſtrangely damp this Pertneſs; but I rather think it affected, and won't ſhew it 'till I'm ſure——[*Aſide.*] Methinks, Couſin, we need not either of us give ourſelves any of theſe violent Airs; for I fancy the Gentleman's next Appearance will extremely take down the Vanity of one of us.

Clar. Ha! ha! Ay! ay! that it will, I'm poſitive.

Syl. You muſt certainly be deceiv'd into ſome ſecret Reaſon for your being ſo very poſitive.

Clar. Deceiv'd, Madam! If I had no Reaſon but what's writ in my Face, I fancy, with Submiſſion to your Ladyſhip's Beauty, that alone might juſtify my Confidence.

Syl. Your Face——And have you really no better Security?

Clar. Better! ha! ha! Yes, yes: I have a better, Madam, I have your Face——Look but in the honeſt Glaſs, and tell me what I ſhou'd be afraid on? Ha! ha! ha!

Syl. No, Madam, I need not do that; I remember enough of my Face to know it is not in any one Charm like yours—Thanks to indulgent Nature.

[*Lifting up her Hands and Eyes.*

Clar. Really, Couſin, you have one Quality I envy you for: For to be extravagantly vain, is certainly the firſt State of Happineſs.

Syl. Really I think ſo too, and therefore won't undeceive your Vanity, becauſe 'twou'd be giving my Friend too barbarous a Mortification.

Clar. Well! we are ſtrangely good-natur'd: for let me die, Child, if I have not juſt the ſame Tenderneſs for you.

Syl.

Syl. Lard! how ſhall we do to requite one another?

Clar. I vow I don't think I ought to refuſe you any Service in my Power; therefore if you think it worth your while not to be out of Countenance when the Colonel comes, I would adviſe you to withdraw now; for if you dare take his own Word for it, he will be here in three Minutes, as this may convince you.

[*Gives a Letter.*

Syl. What's here? a Letter from Colonel *Standfaſt?* ——Really, Couſin, I have nothing to ſay to him—— Mr. *Freeman*'s the Perſon I'm concern'd for, and I expect to ſee him here in a Quarter of an Hour.

Clar. Then you don't believe them both the ſame Perſon?

Syl. Not by their Hands or Style, I can aſſure you, as this may convince you. [*Gives a Letter.*

Clar. Ha! The Hand is different indeed—————— I ſcarce know what to think, and yet I'm ſure my Eyes were not deceiv'd.

Syl. Come, Couſin, let's be a little cooler; 'tis not impoſſible but we may have both laugh'd at one another to no Purpoſe—for I am confident they are two Perſons.

Clar. I can't tell that, but I'm ſure here comes one of 'em.

Enter Atall *as Colonel Standfaſt.*

Syl. Ha!

At. Hey! Bombard, (there they are, faith!) bid the Chariot ſet up, and call again about One or Two in the Morning——You ſee, Madam, what 'tis to give an impudent Fellow the leaſt Encouragement: I'm reſolv'd now to make a Night on't with you.

Clar. I am afraid, Colonel, we ſhall have much ado to be good Company, for we are two Women to one Man, you ſee; and if we ſhou'd both have a Fancy to have you particular, I doubt you'd make but bungling Work on't.

At. I warrant you we will paſs our Time like Gods: Two Ladies and one Man; the prettieſt Set for Ombre in

in the Univerſe———Come! come! Cards! Cards! Cards! and Tea, that I inſiſt upon.

Clar. Well, Sir, if my Couſin will make one, I won't balk your Good-humour. [*Turning* Syl. *to face him.*

At. Is the Lady your Relation, Madam?———I beg the Honour to be known to her.

Clar. O, Sir! that I'm ſure ſhe can't refuſe you——Couſin, this is Colonel *Standfaſt.* [*Laughs Aſide.*] I hope now ſhe's convinc'd.

At. Your Pardon, Madam, if I am a little particular in my Deſire to be known to any of this Lady's Relations. [*Salutes.*

Syl. You'll certainly deſerve mine, Sir, by being always particular to that Lady——

At. Oh, Madam! Tall, lall. [*Turns away, and ſings.*

Syl. This Aſſurance is beyond Example. [*Aſide.*

Clar. How do you do, Couſin?

Syl. Beyond bearing——but not incurable. [*Aſide.*

Clar. [*Aſide.*] Now can't I find in my Heart to give him one angry Word for his Impudence to me this Morning; the Pleaſure of ſeeing my Rival mortified makes me ſtrangely good-natur'd.

At. [*Turning familiarly to* Clar.] Upon my Soul you are provokingly handſome to-day. Ay Gad! why is not it High Treaſon for any beautiful Woman to marry?

Clar. What, wou'd you have us lead Apes?

At. Not one of you by all that's lovely——Do you think we cou'd not find you better Employment? Death! what a Hand is here?——Gad! I ſhall grow fooliſh!

Clar. Stick to your Aſſurance, and you are in no Danger.

At. Why then, in Obedience to your Commands, pry'thee anſwer me ſincerely one Queſtion? How long do you really deſign to make me dangle thus?

Clar. Why really I can't juſt ſet you a Time; but when you are weary of your Service, come to me with a Six-pence and Modeſty, and I'll give you a Diſcharge.

At. Thou inſolent, provoking handſome Tyrant.

Clar.

Clar. Come! let me go——this is not a very civil Way of entertaining my Couſin, methinks.

At. I beg her Pardon indeed. [*Bowing to* Sylv.] But Lovers you know, Madam, may plead a ſort of Excuſe for being ſingular when the favourite Fair's in Company. ——But we were talking of Cards, Ladies.

Clar. Couſin, what ſay you?

Syl. I had rather you would excuſe me, I am a little unfit for Play at this time.

At. What a valuable Virtue is Aſſurance! Now am I as intrepid as a Lawyer at the Bar. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Bleſs me! you are not well?

Syl. I ſhall be preſently——Pray, Sir, give me Leave to aſk you a Queſtion.

At. So! Now it's a coming. [*Aſide.*] Freely, Madam.

Syl. Look on me well: Have you never ſeen my Face before?

At. Upon my Word, Madam, I can't recollect that I have.

Syl. I am ſatisfied.

At. But pray, Madam, why may you aſk?

Syl. I'm too much diſorder'd now to tell you——— But if I'm not deceiv'd, I'm miſerable. [*Weeps.*

At. This is ſtrange———How her Concern tranſports me?

Clar. Her Fears have touch'd me, and half perſuade me to revenge 'em———Come, Couſin, be eaſy; I ſee you are convinc'd he is the ſame, and now I'll prove myſelf a Friend.

Syl. I know not what to think——my Senſes are confounded: Their Features are indeed the ſame; and yet there's ſomething in their Air, their Dreſs and Manner, ſtrangely different: But be it as it will, all right to him in Preſence I diſclaim, and yield to you for ever.

At. O charming! Joyful Grief! [*Aſide.*

Clar. No, Couſin, believe it, both our Senſes cannot be deceiv'd, he's individually the ſame; and ſince he dares be baſe to you, he's miſerable indeed, if flatter'd with a diſtant Hope of me; I know his Perſon and his

Falſhood both too well; and you ſhall ſee will, as becomes your Friend, reſent it.

At. What means this Strangeneſs, Madam?

Clar. I'll tell you, Sir; and to uſe few Words, Know then, this Lady and myſelf have borne your faithleſs Inſolence and Artifice too long: But that you may not think to impoſe on me, at leaſt, I deſire you would leave the Houſe, and from this Moment never ſee me more.

At. Madam! What! what is all this? Riddle me Riddle me Re,

For the Devil take me,
For ever from thee,
If I can divine what this Riddle *can be!*

Syl. Not mov'd! I'm more amaz'd.

At. Pray, Madam, in the name of common Senſe, let me know in two Words what the real meaning of your laſt terrible Speech was; and if I don't make you a plain, honeſt, reaſonable anſwer to it, be pleas'd the next Minute to blot my Name out of your Table-book, never more to be inroll'd in the ſenſeleſs Catalogue of thoſe vain Coxcombs, that impudently hope to come into your Favour.

Clar. This Inſolence grows tedious: What End can you propoſe by this Aſſurance?——

At. Hey-dey!

Syl. Hold, Couſin———one Moment's Patience: I'll ſend this Minute again to Mr. *Freeman*, and if he does not immediately appear, the Diſpute will need no farther Argument.

At. Mr. *Freeman!* Who the Devil's he! What have I to do with him?

Syl. I'll ſoon inform you, Sir.

[*Going, meets* Wiſhwell *entering.*

Wiſh. Madam, here's a Footman mightily out of Breath, ſays he belongs to Mr. *Freeman*, and deſires very earneſtly to ſpeak with you.

Syl. Mr. *Freeman!* Pray bid him come in——— What can this mean?

At. You'll ſee preſently. [*Aſide*

Re-enter.

Re-enter Wiſhwell *with* Finder.

Clar. Ha!

Syl. Come hither, Friend; do you belong to Mr. *Freeman?*

Find. Yes, Madam, and my poor Maſter gives his humble Service to your Ladyſhip, and begs your Pardon for not waiting on you according to his Promiſe; which he would certainly have done, but for an unfortunate Accident.

Syl. What's the Matter?

Find. As he was coming out of his Lodgings to pay his Duty to you, Madam, a Parcel of Fellows ſet upon him, and ſaid they had a Warrant againſt him; and ſo, becauſe the Raſcals began to be ſaucy with him, and my Maſter knowing he did not owe a Shilling in the World, he drew to defend himſelf, and in the Scuffle the bloody Villains run one of their Swords quite through his Arm; but the beſt of the Jeſt was, Madam, that as ſoon as they got him into a Houſe, and ſent for a Surgeon, he prov'd to be the wrong Perſon; for their Warrant it ſeems was againſt a poor Scoundrel, that happens they ſay to be very like him, one Colonel *Standfaſt.*

At. Say you ſo, Mr. Dog——if your Maſter had been here I wou'd have given him as much.

[*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Find. O Lord! Pray, Madam, ſave me——I did not ſpeak a Word to the Gentleman——O the Devil! this muſt be the Devil in the Likeneſs of my Maſter.

Clar. I am ſtartled!

Syl. Is this Gentleman ſo very like him, ſay you?

Find. Like, Madam! ay, as one Box of the Ear is to another; only I think, Madam, my Maſter's Noſe is a little, little higher.

Syl. Now, Ladies, I preſume the Riddle's ſolv'd.

At. Hark you, where is your Maſter, Raſcal?

Find. Maſter, Raſcal! Sir, my Maſter's Name's *Freeman*, and I'm a Free-born *Engliſhman*; and I muſt tell

you, Sir, that I don't uſe to take ſuch arbitrary Socks of the Face from any Man that does not pay me Wages; and ſo my Maſter will tell you too when he comes, Sir.

Syl. Will he be here then?

Find. This Minute, Madam; he only ſtays to have his Wound dreſs'd.

At. I'm reſolv'd I'll ſtay that Minute out, if he does not come 'till Midnight.

Find. A Pox of his Mettle——when his Hand's in he makes no Difference between Jeſt and Earneſt, I find ——if he does not pay me well for this, 'Egad he ſhall tell the next for himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Find. Has your Ladyſhip any Commands to my Maſter, Madam?

Syl. Yes, pray give him my humble Service, ſay I'm ſorry for his Misfortune; and if he thinks 'twill do his Wound no Harm, I beg by all Means he may be brought hither immediately.

Find. 'Shah! his Wound, Madam, I know he does not value it of a Ruſh; for he'll have the Devil and all of Actions againſt the Rogues for falſe Impriſonment, and Smart-Money——Ladies, I kiſs your Hands——Sir I——nothing at all—— [*Exit.*

At. [*Aſide.*] The Dog has done it rarely; for a Lye upon the Stretch I don't know a better Raſcal in *Europe.*

Enter an Officer.

Off. Ay! now I'm ſure I'm right——Is not your Name Colonel *Standfaſt*, Sir?

At. Yes, Sir; what then?

Off. Then you are my Priſoner, Sir——

At. Your Priſoner! who the Devil are you? a Bailiff? I don't owe a Shilling.

Off. I don't care if you don't, Sir; I have a Warrant againſt you for High Treaſon, and I muſt have you away this Minute.

At.

A. Look you, Sir, depend upon't, this is but ſome impertinent malicious Proſecution: You may venture to ſtay a Quarter of an Hour I'm ſure; I have ſome Buſineſs here till then that concerns me nearer than my Life——

Clar. Have but ſo much Patience, and I'll ſatisfy you for your Civility.

Off. I cou'd not ſtay a Quarter of an Hour, Madam, if you'd give me five hundred Pound.

Syl. Can't you take Bail, Sir?

Off. Bail! no! no!

Clar. Whither muſt he be carried?

Off. To my Houſe, 'till he's examin'd before the Council.

Clar. Where is your Houſe?

Off. Juſt by the Secretary's Office; every body knows Mr. *Lockum* the Meſſenger——Come, Sir.

At. I can't ſtir yet, indeed, Sir.

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Off. Nay, look you, if you are for that Play—— Come in, Gentlemen, away with him,

[*Enter Muſqueteers, and force him off.*

Syl. This is the ſtrangeſt Accident; I am extremely ſorry for the Colonel's Misfortune, but I am as heartily glad he is not Mr. *Freeman.*

Clar. I'm afraid you'll find him ſo——I ſhall never change my Opinion of him 'till I ſee 'em Face to Face.

Syl. Well, Couſin, let 'em be two, or one, I'm reſolv'd to ſtick to Mr. *Freeman*; for to tell you the Truth, this laſt Spark has too much of the Confident Rake in him to pleaſe me, but there is a modeſt Sincerity in t'other's Converſation that's irreſiſtible.

Clar. For my Part I'm almoſt tir'd with his Impertinence either Way, and cou'd find in my Heart to trouble myſelf no more about him; and yet methinks it provokes me to have a Fellow outface my Senſes.

Syl. Nay, they are ſtrangely alike I own; but yet if you obſerve nicely, Mr. *Freeman*'s Features are more pale and penſive than the Colonel's.

Clar. When Mr. *Frerman* comes, I'll be cloſer in my Obſervation of him————in the mean time, let me conſider what I really propoſe by all this Buſtle I make about him: Suppoſe, (which I can never believe) they ſhould prove two ſeveral Men at laſt, I don't find that I'm Fool enough to think of marrying either of 'em; nor (whatever Airs I give myſelf) am I yet mad enough to do worſe with 'em————Well! ſince I don't deſign to come to a cloſe Engagement myſelf, then, why ſhou'd I not generouſly ſtand out of the way, and make room for one that wou'd? no, I can't do that neither————I wan't, methinks to convict him firſt of being one and the ſame Perſon, and then to have him convince my Couſin, that he likes me better than her————Ay, that wou'd do! and to confeſs my Infirmity, I ſtill find (tho' I don't care this for the Fellow) while ſhe has the Aſſurance to nouriſh the leaſt hope of getting him from me, I ſhall never be heartily eaſy, 'till ſhe's heartily mortified. [*Aſide.*

Syl. You ſeem very much concern'd for the Colonel's Misfortune, Couſin.

Clar. His Misfortunes ſeldom hold him long, as you may ſee; for here he comes.

Enter Atall, *as Mr.* Freeman.

Syl. Bleſs me!

At. I am ſorry, Madam, I cou'd not be more punctual to your obliging Commands: But the Accident that prevented my coming ſooner, will, I hope, now give me a Pretence to a better welcome than my laſt; For now, Madam, [*to* Clar.] your Miſtake's ſet right. I preſume, and I hope you won't expect Mr. *Freeman* to anſwer for all the Miſcarriages of Colonel *Standfaſt.*

Clar. Not in the leaſt, Sir: The Colonel's able to anſwer for himſelf, I find! ha! ha! ha!

At. Was not my Servant with you, Madam? [*To* Sylvia.

Syl.

Syl. Yes, yes, Sir, he has told us all. I'll ſeem to believe any thing rather than not engage him from her. [*Aſide.*] And I am ſorry you have paid ſo dear for a Proof of your Innocence: Had you come two Minutes ſooner, you would have been as much ſurpriz'd as we; for the Colonel, that ſtrange Image of you, was here.

At. O dear Madam, why would you part with him, when I had ſent you Word before, I wou'd be with you as ſoon as my Wound was dreſt.

Syl. 'Twas not in our power to keep him, Sir; for it ſeems the ſame Officer that miſtook you for him, purſu'd him hither, and hurried him away to Priſon.

At. I'd give the World methinks to ſee him! What ſay you, Madam, have you Curioſity enough to take Coach immediately, and carry me to him?

Syl. You'll excuſe me if I don't deſire to bring you together; eſpecially while the Smart of the Wound you receiv'd upon his Account is ſo freſh upon you; I wou'd not hazard you in a new Quarrel.

Clar. Lard! how happy the Creature is. [*Aſide.*

At. O fy! Madam, upon my Faith, I have not the leaſt Malice in the World to the Gentleman.

Clar. Nor the Gentleman to you, I dare ſwear, Sir! ha! ha! ha! For Aſſurance and Credulity—I thank my Stars I never ſaw a Couple better match'd in my Life before! ha! ha! Why won't you go to the Meſſenger's, Couſin, and prove me in the wrong? you'll ſee no Danger of a new Quarrel, take my Word for't; for I'm ſtrangely afraid, that the only way in Nature to bring this Gentleman and the Colonel Face to Face, is to hold him a Looking-Glaſs! ha! ha!

At. I hope, Madam, you won't take it ill, if the Fury of this Accuſation ſhou'd not raiſe me to a Deſire of convincing you of my Innocence; while this Lady's ſatisfy'd of it, you'll pardon me, if I am not under the leaſt degree of Concern about it.

Syl. And for me, Couſin, I ſhall make but few Words with you; you may endeavour as much as you pleaſe, to

amuſe and confound me with Fears, Doubts, and Jealouſies of Perſons, but neither all the Truth, or Artifice under Heaven, will be able to convince me, that this Gentleman is not this Gentleman—And therefore unleſs you can prove him to be nobody at all, I'd adviſe you to ſet your Heart at reſt; for what I deſign, you'll find, I ſhall come to a ſpeedy Reſolution in.

At. O generous Reſolution!

Clar. Well, Madam, ſince you are ſo tenacious of your Conqueſt, I hope you'll give me the ſame Liberty; and not expect the next time you fall a crying, at the Colonel's Gal'antry to me, that my Good-nature ſhou'd give you up my Pretenſions to him. And for you, Sir.——I ſhall only tell you, this laſt Plot was not ſo cloſely laid, but that a Woman of a very ſlender Capacity, you'll find, has Wit enough to diſcover it.

[*Exit* Clar.

At. So! ſhe's gone to the Meſſenger's, I ſuppoſe—but, poor Soul, her Intelligence there will be extreamly ſmall. [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, I hope at laſt your Scruples are over.

Syl. You can't blame me, Sir, if now we are alone, I own myſelf a little more ſurpriz'd at her Poſitiveneſs, than my Woman's Pride wou'd let me confeſs before her Face; and yet methinks there is a native Honeſty in your Look, that tells me I am not miſtaken, and may truſt you with my Heart.

At. O! for Pity ſtill preſerve that tender Thought, and ſave me from Deſpair.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. Ha! *Freeman* again! is it poſſible?

At. How now, *Clerimont*, what are you ſurpriz'd at?

Cler. Why to ſee thee almoſt in two Places at one time; 'tis but this Minute, I met the very Image of thee with the Mob about a Coach, in the Hands of a Meſſenger, whom I had the Curioſity to ſtop and call to; and had no other Proof of his not being thee, but that the Spark wou'd not know me!

Syl.

Syl. Strange! I almoſt think I'm really not deceiv'd.

Cler. 'Twas certainly *Clarinda* I ſaw go out in a Chair juſt now ——— it muſt be ſhe ——— the Circumſtances are too ſtrong for a Miſtake. [*Aſide.*

Syl. Well, Sir, to eaſe you of your Fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over. [*To* Atall.

Cler. What a Coxcomb have I made myſelf, to ſerve my Rival e'en with my own Miſtreſs? but 'tis at leaſt ſome Eaſe to know him: All I have to hope is, that he does not know the Aſs he has made of me——that might indeed be fatal to him. [*Aſide.*

Enter Sylvia's *Aunt.*

Aunt. O, my dear Niece, I'm glad I've found you: Your Father and I have been hunting you all the Town over.

Syl. My Father in Town?

Aunt. He waits below in the Coach for you: He muſt needs have you come away this Minute; and talks of having you married this very Night to the fine Gentleman he ſpoke to you of.

Syl. What do I hear?

At. If ever ſoft Compaſſion touch'd your Soul, give me a Word of Comfort in this laſt Diſtreſs, to ſave me from the Horrors that ſurround me.

Syl. You ſee we are obſerved ——— but yet depend upon my Faith, as on my Life ——— in the mean time, I'll uſe my utmoſt Power to avoid my Father's haſty Will: In two Hours you ſhall know my Fortune and my Family——Now don't follow me, as you'd preſerve my Friendſhip. Come——Madam.

[*Exit with* Aunt.

At. Death! How this News alarms me! I never felt the Pains of Love before.

Cler. Now then to eaſe, or to revenge my Fears—— This ſudden Change of your Countenance, Mr. *Atall*, looks as if you had a mind to banter your Friend into a Belief of your being really in love with the Lady that juſt now left you.

At. Faith, *Clerimont*, I have too much Concern upon me at this Time, to be capable of a Banter; or if I were, I don't ſee any uſe it would be of in this Affair: But to deal at once ſincerely with you, there's ſomething in this Creature's Beauty and ſoft Temper, that ſtirs my very Reaſon into a Tenderneſs, that all her glittering Sex before could never raiſe me to.

Cler. Ha! he ſeems really touch'd, and I begin now only to fear *Clarinda*'s Conduct——Well, Sir, if it be ſo, I'm glad to ſee a Convert of you; and now in return to the little Services I have done you, in helping you to carry on your Affair with both theſe Ladies at one time, give me leave to aſk a Favour of you———Be ſtill ſincere, and we may ſtill be Friends.

At. You ſurprize me—but uſe me as you find me.

Cler. Have you no Acquaintance with a certain Lady, whom you have lately heard me own I was unfortunately in love with?

At. Not that I know of, I'm ſure not as the Lady you are in love with: But pray, why do you aſk?

Cler. Come, I'll be ſincere with you too: Becauſe I have ſtrong Circumſtances, that convince me 'tis one of thoſe two you have been ſo buſy about.

At. Not ſhe you ſaw with me, I hope.

Cler. No, I mean the other———But to clear the Doubt at once, is her Name *Clarinda?*

At. I own it is: But had I the leaſt been warn'd of your Pretences——

Cler. Sir, I dare believe you, and tho' you may have prevail'd even againſt her Honour, your Ignorance of my Paſſion for her makes you ſtand at leaſt excus'd to me.

At. No, by all the ſolemn Proteſtations Tongue can utter, her Honour is untainted yet for me; nay, even unattempted: Nor had I ever an Opportunity, that cou'd encourage the moſt diſtant Thought againſt it.

Cler. You own ſhe has receiv'd your Gallantries at leaſt!

At.

At. Faith, not to be vain, ſhe has indeed taken ſome pains to pique her Couſin about me; and if her beautiful Couſin had not fallen in my way at the ſame time, I muſt own, 'tis very poſſible, I might have endeavour'd to puſh my Fortune with her: But ſince I now know your Heart, put my Friendſhip to a Trial.

Cler. Only this——If I ſhou'd be reduc'd to aſk it of you, promiſe to confeſs your Impoſture, and your Paſſion to her Couſin, before her Face.

At. There's my Hand,—I'll do't, to right my Friend and Miſtreſs. But, dear *Clerimont*, you'll pardon me, if I leave you here: For my poor *Incognita*'s Affairs at this time are in a very critical Condition.

Cler. No Ceremony——I releaſe you.——

At. Adieu.

Cler. Women! What crazy Veſſels do we truſt our Fortunes in?

Now will I reproach her, humble her into Shame;
Deſpiſe and leave her to her Vanities for ever.
Ha! ſhe's here.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. I am more confounded now than ever.——I ſcarce know what to think——The Meſſenger confeſſes the Colonel is ſtill his Priſoner, but that his Orders are to give no Soul Admittance to him——Ha! *Clerimont!* pray Heav'n he has not diſcover'd me!

Cler. You ſeem diſorder'd, Madam——ſome cruel Diſappointment has, I fear, befallen you.

Clar. 'Tis ſo! I ſee by his Aſſurance—O Guilt! what Cowards doſt thou make of us——But let him not inſult too far. [*Aſide.*

Cler. What! not a Word? Are you conſcious of any Wrong you have done me, Madam, that you ſtand thus confounded at the Sight of me?

Clar. You have a very familiar Way of expreſſing yourſelf, Sir?

Cler. 'Twas my Opinion of your Virtue, Madam, that

that kept me humble: But now that's loſt, methinks, you ſhou'd expect to be treated as you are———

Clar. What do you mean!

Cler. That two Lovers and Reputation are inconſiſtent.

Clar. What! has your Vanity then flatter'd you, to ſuppoſe I have receiv'd you for one?

Cler. Oh! Why truly, Madam, conſidering the Converſation that has paſs'd between us, I do ſtill inſiſt, that I might pretend to the Poſt: But in Love as in War, a Man of Honour can't ſee another put over his Head, without laying down his Commiſſion at leaſt: For 'twere as Infamous to ſerve you now, as 'twould have once been Glorious.

Clar. 'Tis falſe! you never thought ſo——The Man that really loves, wou'd not dare to ſee the Faults you tax me with; much leſs with ſuch malicious Inſolence to tell me of 'em.

Cler. Come! Come! you know I lov'd you to a Folly, or you had never dar'd to uſe me thus.

Clar. The Man that ſcorns to ſtand a Woman's idle Trial of his Temper, gives better Proofs of diſcerning Malice, than his Paſſion.

Cler. He that fears to upbraid a Woman for abandon'd Liberties, like yours, may by his Silence (whatever her Pretence is) encourage her to make a real uſe of 'em.

Clar. A Good-nature would at leaſt impute the Fault rather to want of Judgment, than of Virtue: But I am glad I am ſo early warn'd againſt your Temper; had I never try'd it, my truſting it too far, as once my Folly thought to do, might have made me miſerable for ever.

Cler. How ſubtilly that ſoft Thought melts down my Anger! I dare not look on her. [*Aſide.*

Enter Wiſhwell.

Wiſh. Madam, Sir *Solomon* deſires to ſpeak with you, he has juſt receiv'd a Letter out of *Yorkſhire* from the Gentleman's Father, he ſays, that is propos'd to marry you.

Clar.

Clar. Coming. [*Exit* Wiſh.

Cler. You muſt not, ſhall not———cannot ſtir on this Occaſion.

Clar. I'll go, by all the Injuries I have borne from you—I'll do at leaſt a Juſtice to my Fame, and wed the groſſeſt Fool alive, rather than not revenge me on the ſaucy Jealouſy that durſt attaint it.

Cler. Hear me but one Word.

Cler. Never, but for your greater Torment know—— You've loſt a Heart that wounds itſelf for you. [*Exit.*

Clar. O cruel Kindneſs! why ſo late confeſs'd? What wou'd not this Secret told in gentler Terms have wrought me to! But 'tis the Sex's Nature to be vainly cruel.

Theſe kind Thoughts own'd in ſpite, too plainly prove,
Revenge with them has ſweeter Charms than Love.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Clerimont *and* Careleſs.

Cler. AND ſo you took the Opportunity of her Fainting, to carry her off: Pray how long did her Fit laſt?

Care. Why, faith, I ſo humour'd her Affectation, that 'tis hardly over yet; for I told her, her Life was in danger, and ſwore if ſhe wou'd not let me ſend for a Parſon to marry her before ſhe dy'd, I'd that Minute ſend for a Shroud, and be buried alive with her in the ſame Coffin: But at the Apprehenſion of ſo terrible a Thought, ſhe pretended to be frightened into her right Senſes again; and forbid me her Sight for ever——So that in ſhort, my Impudence is almoſt exhauſted, her Affectation is as unſurmountable as another's real Virtue, and I muſt e'en catch her that way, or die without her at laſt.

Cler. How do you mean?

Care. Why, if I find I can't impoſe upon her by Humility, which I'll try; I'll e'en turn Rival to myſelf in a very fantaſtical Figure, that I'm ſure ſhe won't be able to reſiſt, *&c.* You muſt know ſhe has of late been flatter'd that the *Muſcovite* Prince *Alexander* is dying for her, tho' he never ſpoke to her in his Life.

Cler. I underſtand you: ſo you'd firſt venture to pique her againſt you, and then let her marry you in another Perſon, to be reveng'd of you.

Care. One of the two ways, I am pretty ſure to ſucceed.

Cler

Cler. Extravagant enough! Pr'ythee, is Sir *Solomon* in the next Room?

Care. What, you want his Aſſiſtance? *Clarinda*'s in her Airs again!

Cler. Faith, *Careleſs*, I am almoſt aſham'd to tell you, but I muſt needs ſpeak with him.

Care. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Supple, *and Captain* Strutt.

Sup. If you pleaſe to walk in, Sir, my Maſter will wait upon you preſently———Here he is——

Enter Sir Solomon.

Capt. Your Servant, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Oh! yours, Sir. Have you any Commands for me?

Capt. Sir, I hear you are a Man of Honour, and underſtand a Sword.

Sir *Sol.* Sir, I know a little of the Law, and I believe that's as well.

Capt. But Men of Honour are above Law, Sir, and I have been once with you before, Sir; and I come now to tell you once for all, that if I don't marry your Niece, you muſt meet me behind *Mountague Houſe*.

Sir *Sol.* Meet you! for what, Sir?

Capt. With your Sword in Hand, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* By Gingo, Captain, but I won't——I don't like your Company ſo well.

Capt. Then, Sir, I'll poſt you for a Coward.

Sir *Sol.* Then Sir, you'll poſt yourſelf for a mad Man——For I'm a Citizen of *London*, have fin'd for Alderman, and will fight with ne'er a beggarly Rake of you all.

Capt. Then I muſt tell you, Sir, you are a pitiful Putt, and have neither Honour nor Courage.

Sir *Sol.* And I muſt tell you, Sir, I have both; for I pay my Debts, and fear no Bailiff alive, Sir———

which

which I believe, is more than you can ſay, moſt terrible Captain.

Capt. Look you, Sir, I'll ſpoil her Fortune, I'll follow her to the Church, and the Play-houſe; I'll knock every Man down that looks at her, and cut every Coxcomb's Throat that pretends to her.

Sir *Sol.* Sir, if you talk at this Rate to me, I'll ſwear the Peace againſt you, aud bind you to a ſtrange Companion, your good Behaviour.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. What's the matter, Sir *Solomon?*

Sir *Sol.* Why, here's an impertinent beggarly Fellow, ſwears he'll have my Niece, or cut my Throat.

Cler. How, Sir?

Capt. Sir, I'm in love with his Niece, among the reſt of the great Fortunes of the Town: Sir, I have follow'd her at a Diſtance theſe twelve Months, and have ſpent an hundred Pounds after her in fair Perriwigs, red Stockings, and Sword-knots.

Cler. Did you ever ſpeak to her, Sir?

Capt. No, Sir, but I have done all that's neceſſary, or uſual with Soldiers. I have toaſted her, bow'd to her, walk'd with my Arms acroſs, and ogled her.

Cler. [*Looking nearly on him*] Hum! is not your Name *Strut?*

Capt. Ay, Sir, Captain *Strut*, and as good a Family—

Cler. As ever was kick'd, Sirrah! Was not you my Father's Footman at the Revolution? I'll cool your Love, Mr. Dog. [*Kicks him.*

Sir *Sol.* By Gingo, Captain, I did not know you wou'd take a Beating——There——now, ha'n't I Courage, Captain?

Capt. Sir, as I was your Father's Footman, I take theſe Blows; but as I am a Captain of the Militia—

Cler. You'll take 'em better, I know——

[*Kicks him again.*

Capt. Blood! Sir—don't think, Sir,—Damme, Sir, I ſhall expect Satisfaction. [*Exit.*

Sir

Sir *Sol.* O dear Mr. *Clerimont*, I'm perſuaded he'll fight yet.

Cler. Never apprehend it, Sir. I vow I did not know the Rogue, he was ſo alter'd.

Sir *Sol.* Really, Sir, my Niece and I are extreamly oblig'd to you for this: and to ſhew you I'm in earneſt, if you like the Conditions I told you of, ſhe's yours.

Cler. That indeed was my Buſineſs to you now, Sir, and if you pleaſe——

Sir *Sol.* Here's Company, come into the next Room.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Dainty, *Lady* Sadlife, *and* Careleſs.

Lady *D.* This rude boiſterous Man has given me a thouſand Diſorders; the Cholick, the Spleen, the Palpitation of the Heart, and Convulſions all over—Huh! huh!—I muſt ſend for the Doctor.

Lady *Sad.* Come, come, Madam, e'en pardon him, and let him be your Phyſician—do but obſerve his Penitence, ſo humble he dares not ſpeak to you.

Care. [*Folds his Arms and ſighs.*] Oh!

Lady *Sad.* How can you hear him Sigh ſo?

Lady *D.* Nay let him groan——for nothing but his Pangs can eaſe me.

Care. Kneels and preſents her his drawn Sword; opening his Breaſt.] Be then at once moſt barbarouſly juſt, and take your Vengeance here.

Lady *D.* No, I give thee Life to make thee miſerable; live, that my reſenting Eyes may kill thee every Hour.

Care. Nay then, there's no Relief but——this——

[*Offering at his Sword,* Lady Sadlife *holds him.*

Lady *Sad.* Ah! for Mercy's Sake—barbarous Creature, how can you ſee him thus?

Lady *D.* Why, I did not bid him kill himſelf: But do you really think he wou'd ha' don't?

Lady *Sad.* Certainly, if I had not prevented it.

Lady *D.* Strange Paſſion! But 'tis its Nature to be violent, when one makes it deſpair.

Lady *Sad,* Won't you ſpeak to him?

Lady *D.*

Lady *D.* No, but if your——is enough concern'd to be his Friend, you may tell him——not that it really is ſo———but you may ſay——you believe I pity him.

Lady *Sad.* Sure Love was never more ridiculous on both ſides.

Enter Wiſhwell.

Wiſh. Madam, here's a Page from Prince *Alexander*, deſires to give a Letter into your Ladyſhip's own Hands.

Lady *D.* Prince *Alexander!* what means my Heart? I come to him.

Lady *Sad.* By no Means, Madam, pray let him come in.

Care. Ha! Prince *Alexander!* nay, then I have found out the Secret of this Coldneſs, Madam.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, his Royal Highneſs Prince *Alexander* my Maſter, has commanded me on pain of Death, thus [*kneeling.*] to deliver this, the burning Secret of his Heart.

Lady *D.* O Grace of Grandeur! Happy! happy Climate! where ſuch Reſpect, and high Diſtinctions are familiar.

Reads.

" *Moſt Divine Lady,*

" *THE fiery Fate that's darted from the Cannon's* " *Mouth, is not ſo ſure or ſudden, as the ſubtle Light-* " *ning of your refulgent Eyes:* (Enchanting) *Like Death,* " *you level Princes with the Peaſant:* (Irreſiſtible) *I beg* " *the immediate Eaſe, and Honour of kiſſing your fair* " *Hands in Perſon, that I may ſilence at once all ſaucy Ri-* " *vals Hopes, and own the Paſſion of a Prince, whoſe Wounds* " *are only worthy the Relief of ſuch immortal Beauty.*

Tranſcendent Glory! this is indeed a Conqueſt, worthy my Sex's higheſt Pride!

Care. So! ſhe bites rarely.

Lady *Sad.* She'll ſwallow all, ne'er doubt it. [*Aſide.*

Lady

Lady *D.* Where is the Prince?

Page. Repos'd in private on a Mourning Pallat, 'till your Commands vouchſafe to raiſe him.

Lady *Sad.* By all Means, receive him here immediately, I have the Honour to be a little known to his Highneſs.

Lady *D.* The Favour, Madam, is too great to be reſiſted: Pray tell his Highneſs then, the Honour of the Viſit he deſigns me, make me thankful, and impatient! huh! huh! [*Exit* Page.

Care. Are my Sufferings, Madam, ſo ſoon forgot then! was I but flatter'd with the Hope of Pity?

Lady *D.* The Happy have whole Days, and thoſe they chooſe. [*reſenting.*] The Unhappy have but Hours, and thoſe they loſe. [*Exit repeating.*

Lady *Sad.* Don't you loſe a Minute then.

Care. I'll warrant you——ten thouſand Thanks, dear Madam, I'll be transform'd in a Second——

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Clarinda *in Man's Habit.*

Clar. So! I'm in for't now! how I ſhall come off, I can't tell: 'twas but a bare ſaving Game I made with *Clerimont*; his Reſentment had brought my Pride to its laſt Legs, Diſſembling: And if the poor Man had not lov'd me too well, I had made but a diſmal humble Figure——I have us'd him ill, that's certain, and he may ev'en thank himſelf for't——he would be ſincere, and I ſaw I was ſure of him——which was more than I cou'd ſay by my double-fac'd Colonel, whom conſequently I was in fear of loſing: Beſide, I cou'd not bear to let another dreſs up her Vanity in any Lover of mine, tho' I did not deſign to wear him myſelf—— Well, (begging my Sex's Pardon) we do make the ſillieſt Tyrants——we had better be reaſonable; for (to do 'em right) we don't run half the hazard in obeying the good Senſe of a Lover; at leaſt, I'm reduc'd now to make the Experiment——Here they come.

Enter

Enter Sir Solomon *and* Clerimont.

Sir *Sol.* What have we here! another Captain? if I were ſure he were a Coward now, I'd kick him before he ſpeaks——Is your Buſineſs with me, Sir?

Clar. If your Name be Sir *Solomon Sadlife.*

Sir *Sol.* Yes, Sir, it is, and I'll maintain it, as antient as any, and related to moſt of the Families in *England.*

Clar. My Buſineſs will convince you, Sir, that I think well of it.

Sir *Sol.* And what is your Buſineſs, Sir?

Clar. Why, Sir——you have a pretty Kinſwoman call'd *Clarinda.*

Cler. Ha!

Sir *Sol.* And what then, Sir——ſuch a Rogue as t'other. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Now, Sir, I have ſeen her, and am in love with her.

Cler. Say you ſo, Sir!—I may chance to cure you of it. [*Aſide.*

Clar. And to back my Pretenſions, Sir, I have a good Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year Eſtate, and am, as you ſee, a pretty Fellow into the Bargain.

Sir *Sol.* She that marries you, Sir, will have a choice Bargain indeed.

Clar. In ſhort, Sir, I'll give you a thouſand Guineas to make up the Match.

Sir *Sol.* Hum——[*Aſide*] But, Sir, my Niece is provided for.

Cler. That's well. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sol.* But if ſhe were not, Sir, I muſt tell you, ſhe is not to be caught with a Smock Face and a Feather, Sir———and ——and——let me ſee you an Hour hence. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Well ſaid Uncle. [*Aſide.*]——But, Sir, I'm in love with her, and poſitively will have her.

Sir *Sol.* Whether ſhe likes you or no, Sir?

Clar.

Clar Like me! ha! ha! I'd feign ſee a Woman, that diſlikes a pretty Fellow with Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, a white Wig, and black Eye-brows.

Cler. Hark you, young Gentleman, there muſt go more than all this, to the gaining of that Lady,

[*Takes* Clarinda *aſide.*

Sir *Sol.* [*Aſide.*] A Thouſand Guineas! that's five hundred more than I propos'd to get of Mr. *Clerimont* ——but my Honour is engag'd——Ay, but then here's a Thouſand Pounds to releaſe it——now ſhall I take the Money, it muſt be ſo——Coin will carry it.

Clar. Oh, Sir, if that be all, I'll ſoon remove your Doubts and Pretenſions —— Come, Sir, I'll try your Courage.

Cler. I am afraid you won't, young Gentleman.

Clar. As young as I am, Sir, you ſhall find I ſcorn to turn my Back to any Man.——

[*Exeunt* Clarinda *and* Clerimont.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! they are gone to fight——with all my heart—a fair Chance at leaſe for a better Bargain: For if the young Spark ſhou'd let the Air into my Friend *Clerimont*'s Midriff now, it may poſſibly cool his Love too, and then there's my Honour ſafe, and a Thouſand Guineas. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Dainty, *and Lady* Sadlife.

Lady *D.* Don't you think the Prince long? But great Perſons are diſtinguiſh'd by a peculiar Slowneſs in their Motion.

Lady *Sad.* Now am I ſurpris'd at your Curioſity: For I'm confident you won't like him when you ſee him.

Lady *D.* I have ſeen him *en paſſant* from my Window, and if the Diſtance did not deceive me, I thought there was ſomething ſo agreeably *bizarre* in his Appearance.

Lady *Sad.* Extremely *bizarre* indeed, for he has a fierce tawny Face, and odious Whiſkers.

Lady *D.* Which in ſome Countries are allow'd the moſt diſtinguiſhing Marks of Beauty.

Lady *D.*

Lady *Sad.* But your Ladyſhip, I know, allows no Beauty, without a certain Delicacy and Tenderneſs of Perſon.

Lady *D.* Um——that's partly true; but the Idea I have conceiv'd of the Prince's Figure, has in ſome meaſure——remov'd that ſickly Weakneſs of my Taſte.

Lady *Sad.* I am glad to find your Ladyſhip a little reconcil'd to the uſeful Beauties of a Lover—but here comes the Prince.

Enter Careleſs, *as Prince* Alexander.

Lady *D.* Your Highneſs, Sir, has done me Honour in this Viſit.

Care. Madam—— [*Salutes her.*

Lady *D.* A captivating Perſon!

Care. May the Days be taken from my Life, and added to yours!——moſt incomparable Beauty! whiter than the Snow, that lies the Year about unmelted on our *Ruſſian* Mountains.

Lady *D.* How manly his Expreſſions are——we are extremely oblig'd to the *Czar* for not taking your Highneſs home with him.

Care. He left me, Madam, to learn to be a Ship-Carpenter.

Lady *Sad.* A very politic Accompliſhment!

Lady *D.* And in a Prince entirely new.

Care All his Nobles, Madam, are Maſters of ſome uſeful Science, and moſt of our Arms are quarter'd with Mechanical Inſtruments, as Hatchets, Hammers, Pick-axes, and Hand-ſaws.

Lady *D.* I admire the manly Manners of your Court.

Lady *Sad.* Oh! ſo infinitely beyond the ſoft Idleneſs of ours.

Care. 'Tis the Faſhion, Ladies, for the Eaſtern Princes to profeſs ſome Trade or other—The laſt Grand Seignior was a Lockſmith——

Lady *D.* How new his Converſation is?

Care. Too rude I fear, Madam, for ſo tender a Compoſition as your Divine Ladyſhip's.

Lady

Lady *D.* Courtly to a Softneſs too!

Care. Were it poſſible, Madam, that ſo much Delicacy cou'd endure the martial Roughneſs of our Manners and our Country, I cannot boaſt; but if a Province at your Feet cou'd make you mine, that Province and its Maſter ſhou'd be yours.

Lady *D.* Ay! here's Grandeur with Addreſs; an odious native Lover now, wou'd have complain'd of the Taxes perhaps, and have haggled with one for a ſcanty Jointure out of his horrid Lead-mines, in ſome uninhabitable Mountains, about an hundred and fourſcore Miles from unheard of *London.*

Care. I am inform'd, Madam, there is a certain poor diſtracted *Engliſh* Fellow, that refus'd to quit his ſaucy Pretenſions to your All-conquering Beauty, tho' he had heard I had myſelf reſolv'd to adore you. *Careleſs*, I think, they call him.

Lady *D.* Your Highneſs wrongs your Merit, to give yourſelf the leaſt Concern for one ſo much below your Fear.

Care. When I firſt heard of him, I on the Inſtant order'd one of my Retinue to ſtrike off his Head with a Scimitar; but they told me the free Laws of *England* allow'd of no ſuch Power: So that, tho' I am a Prince of the Blood, Madam, I am oblig'd only to murder him privately.

Lady *D.* 'Tis indeed a Reproach to the Ill-breeding of our Conſtitution, not to admit your Power with your Perſon. But if the Pain of my entire Neglect can end him, pray be eaſy.

Care. Madam, I'm not revengeful; make him but miſerable——I'm ſatisfy'd.

Lady *D.* You may depend upon't.

Care. I'm in ſtrange Favour with her ——— [*Aſide.* Pleaſe you, Ladies, to make your fragrant Fingers familiar with this Box.

Lady *D.* Sweet, or plain, Sir?

Care. Right *Moſco*, Madam, made of the Sculls of conquer'd Enemies.

Lady *Sad.* Gunpowder, as I live?

Lady

Lady *D.* Every thing manly.

Lady *Sad,* Will your Highneſs pleaſe to amuſe yourſelf with a Diſh of Tea.

Care. Excuſe me, Ma'am, 'tis a Liquor I never heard of, and in my own Country I am fam'd for Regularity in my Diet; even after a Meal I never exceed a gentle Pint Glaſs of Burnt Brandy, or Geneva.

[*A Noiſe of Dogs barking without.*

Lady *D.* Ah! what Noiſe is that?

Care. Your Pardon, Madam; only a harmleſs Entertainment after my own Country Faſhion, that I deſign'd myſelf the Honour of preſenting your incomparable Ladyſhip.

Lady *Sad.* I hope he'll bring in the Bears upon her. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* Pray, Sir, what is it?

Care. Madam, a Set of *Ruſſian* Ladies Lap-Dogs, that dance to Admiration.

Lady *D.* By all means admit 'em——I'm taken with the Humour. We have had ſomething like 'em here in *England,* Sir; and all People of Faſhion grew ſtrangely fond of 'em.

Care. They cou'd not be *Engliſh* then——I have ſeen all your *Engliſh* Dancing——Madam, but I obſerv'd that's generally perform'd——by——ſad Dogs——pleaſe you ſit, Ladies.

A Dance to an odd Tune, imitating Mr. Pinkethman's *famous Dancing Dogs.*

Lady *D.* Infinitely new, and humourous——but this Room's exceeding hot——I'm fainting.

Care. Let this Arm ſupport you, Madam.

Lady *Sad.* The next is cooler; if your Highneſs pleaſes we'll withdraw.

Care. Madam, I am but the Needle to this Northern Star: I wait on you. [*Exeunt*

The SCENE *changes to the Field.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Clerimont.

Cler. Come, Sir, we are fair enough.

Clar. I only wiſh the Lady were by, Sir, that the Conqueror might carry her off the Spot: I warrant ſhe'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking Hero, we ſhall ſoon determine.

Clar. Not that I think her handſome, or care a Ruſh for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, Sir, to fight for a Woman you don't value!

Clar. Sir, I value the Reputation of a Gentleman, and I don't think any young Fellow ought to pretend to it till he has talk'd himſelf into a Lampoon, loſt his two or three thouſand Pounds at Play, kept his Miſs, and kill'd his Man.

Cler. Very gallant indeed, Sir; but if you pleaſe to handle your Sword, you'll ſoon go through your Courſe.

Clar. Come on, Sir———I believe I ſhall give your Miſtreſs a truer Account of your Heart than you have done. I have had her Heart long enough, and now will have your's.

Cler. Ha! does ſhe love you then?

[*Endeavouring to draw.*

Clar. I leave you to judge that, Sir. But I have lain with her a thouſand times; in ſhort, ſo long, till I'm ir'd of it.

Cler. Villain, thou lyeſt! Draw, or I'll uſe you as you deſerve, and ſtab you.

Clar. Take this with you firſt——*Clarinda* will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the Man that vindicates her Honour ——therefore be quick, or I'll keep my Word——I find your Sword is not for doing Things in Haſte.

Clar. It ſticks to the Scabbard ſo; I believe I did not wipe off the Blood of the laſt Man I fought with.

Cler. Come, Sir! this Trifling ſhan't ſerve your Turn; here give me yours, and take mine.

Clar. With all my Heart, Sir——Now have at you.

Cler. Death! You Villain, do you ſerve me ſo!

[Cler. *draws, and finds only a Hilt in his Hand.*

Clar. In Love and War, Sir, all Advantages are fair; ſo we conquer, no Matter whether by Force or Stratagem: Come quick, Sir! Your Life or Miſtreſs———

Cler. Neither———Death! You ſhall have both or none: Here drive your Sword; for only through this Heart you reach *Clarinda.*

Clar. Death! Sir, can you be mad enough to die for a Woman that hates you?

Cler. If that were true, 'twere greater Madneſs than to live.

Clar. Why to my Knowledge, Sir, ſhe has us'd you baſely, falſly, ill, and for no Reaſon.

Cler. No matter, no Uſage can be worſe than the Contempt of poorly, tamely, parting with her——— She may abuſe her Heart by happy Infidelities; but 'tis the Pride of mine to be even miſerably conſtant.

Clar. Generous Paſſion——You almoſt tempt me to reſign her to you.

Cler. You cannot, if you wou'd——I wou'd indeed have won her fairly from you with my Sword, but ſcorn to take her as your Gift. Be quick, and end your Inſolence———

Clar. Yes, thus———moſt generous *Clerimont*——— you now indeed have fairly vanquiſh'd me. [*Runs to him.*] My Woman's Follies and my Shame be buried ever here.

Cler. Ha! *Clarinda!* is't poſſible! my Wonder riſes with my Joy——How came you in this Habit?

Clar. Now you indeed recall my Bluſhes, but I had no other Veil to hide 'em, while I confeſs'd the Injuries I had done your Heart, in fooling with a Man I never meant on any Terms to engage with. Beſide, I knew from our late parting, your Fear of loſing me wou'd reduce you to comply with Sir *Solomon*'s Demands, for his Intereſt

Intereſt in your Favour: Therefore, as you ſaw, I was reſolv'd to ruin his Market by ſeeming to raiſe it; for he ſecretly took the Offer I made him.

Cler. 'Twas generouſly and timely offer'd, for it really prevented my ſigning Articles to him; but if you wou'd heartily convince me that I ſhall never more have need of his Intereſt, e'en let us ſteal to the next Prieſt, and honeſtly put it out of his power ever to part us.

Clar. Why, truly conſidering the Truſts I have made you, 'twou'd be ridiculous now, I think, to deny you any thing——and if you ſhou'd grow weary of me after ſuch Uſage, I can't blame you,

Cler. Baniſh that Fear; my Flame can never waſte,
For Love ſincere refines upon the Taſte. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Solomon, *with old Mr.* Willful: *Lady* Sadlife, *and* Sylvia *weeping.*

Sir *Sol.* Troth, my old Friend, this is a bad Buſineſs indeed; you have bound yourſelf in a thouſand Pound Bond, you ſay, to marry your Daughter to a fine Gentleman, and ſhe in the mean time, it ſeems, is fallen in Love with a Stranger.

Will. Look you, Sir *Solomon* it does not trouble me o' this: For I'll make her do as I pleaſe, or I'll ſtarve her.

Lady *Sad.* But, Sir, your Daughter tells me that the Gentleman ſhe loves is in every Degree in as good Circumſtances as the Perſon you deſign her for: and if he does not prove himſelf ſo before To-morrow Morning, ſhe will chearfully ſubmit to whatever you'll impoſe on her.

Will. All Sham! all Sham! only to gain Time——I expect my Friend and his Son here immediately, to demand Performance of Articles; and if her Ladyſhip's nice Stomach does not immediately comply with 'em, as I told you before, I'll ſtarve her.

Lady *Sad.* But conſider, Sir, what a perpetual Diſcord muſt a forc'd Marriage probably produce.

Will. Diſcord! Pſhaw! waw! One Man makes as good a Husband as another —— A Month's Marriage

will ſet all to rights, I warrant you——You know the old ſaying Sir *Solomon*, *Lying together makes Pigs love.* Diſcord, quotha! No! no! Young Women are like Fiddles, if they are well play'd upon, they muſt make good Muſic whether they will or no.

Lady *Sad.* [*To* Sylvia.] What ſhall we do for you? there's no altering him——Did not your Lover promiſe to come to your Aſſiſtance?

Syl. I expect him every Minute——but can't foreſee from him the leaſt Hope of my Redemption——This is he!

Enter Atall *undiſguis'd.*

At. My *Sylvia!* dry thoſe tender Eyes, for while there's Life there's Hope.

Lady *Sad.* Ha! is't he? but I muſt ſmother my Confuſion!

Will. How, now, Sir! Pray who gave you Commiſſion to be ſo familiar with my Daughter?

At. Your Pardon, Sir; but when you know me right, you'll neither think my Freedom or my Pretenſions familiar or diſhonourable.

Will. Why, Sir, what Pretenſions have you to her?

At. Sir, I ſav'd her Life at the Hazard of my own: That gave me a Pretence to know her; knowing her, made me love, and Gratitude made her receive it.

Will. Ay, Sir, and ſome very good Reaſons, beſt known to myſelf, make me refuſe it——Now what will you do?

At. I can't tell yet, Sir——But if you'll do me the Favour to let me know thoſe Reaſons——

Will. Sir, I don't think myſelf oblig'd to do either; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you, ſince you ſay you love my Daughter, and ſhe loves you, I'll put you in the neareſt Way to get her.

At. Don't flatter me! I beg you, Sir.

Will. Not I, upon my Soul, Sir; for look you——'tis only this——get my Conſent, and you ſhall have her.

At.

At. I beg your Pardon, Sir, for endeavouring to talk Reaſon to you. But to return your Rallery, give me leave to tell you, when any Man marries her but myſelf, he muſt extremely ask my Conſent.

Will. Before *George*, thou art a very pretty impudent Fellow, and I'm ſorry I can't puniſh her Diſobedience by throwing her away upon thee.

At. You'll have a great deal of Plague about this Buſineſs, Sir; for I ſhall be mighty difficult to give up my Pretenſions to her.

Will. Ha! 'tis a thouſand Pities I can't comply with thee: Thou wilt certainly be a thriving Fellow; for thou doſt really ſet the beſt Face upon a bad Cauſe that ever I ſaw ſince I was born.

At. Come, Sir——once more Rallery apart; ſuppoſe I prove myſelf of equal Birth and Fortune to deſerve her?

Will. Sir, if you were eldeſt Son to the *Cham* of *Tartary*, or had the Dominions of the *Great Mogul* entail'd upon you and your Heirs for ever; it wou'd ſignify no more than the Bite of my Thumb——The Girl's diſpos'd of, I have match'd her already upon a thouſand Pound Forfeit, and faith ſhe ſhall fairly run for't, though ſhe's yerk'd and flea'd from the Creſt to the Crupper.

At. Confuſion!

Syl. What will become of me?

Will. And if you don't think me in Earneſt now, here comes one that will convince you of my Sincerity.

At. My Father! Nay then my Ruin is inevitable.

Enter Sir Harry Atall.

Sir *Har.* [*To* At.] O ſweet Sir, have I found you at laſt! Your very humble Servant: What's the Reaſon pray, that you have had the Aſſurance to be almoſt a Fortnight in Town, and never come near me; eſpecially when I ſent you Word I had Buſineſs of ſuch Conſequence with you.

At. I underſtood your Buſineſs was to marry me, Sir, to a Woman I never ſaw; and to confeſs the Truth, I durſt not come near you, becauſe I was at the ſame time in love with one you never ſaw.

Sir *Har.* Was you ſo, Sir——why then, Sir, I'll find a ſpeedy Cure for your Paſſion——Brother *Wilful*——Hey, Fiddles there!

At. You may treat me, Sir, with what Severity you pleaſe; but my Engagements to that Lady are too powerful and fix'd, to let the utmoſt Miſery diſſolve 'em.

Sir *Har.* What does the Fool mean?

At. That I can ſooner die than part with her.

Will. Hey!——why, is this your Son, Sir *Harry?*

Sir *Har.* Hey-dey! why, did not you know that before?

At. O Earth! and all you Stars! is this the Lady you deſign'd me, Sir?

Syl. O Fortune! is it poſſible?

Sir *Har.* And is this the Lady, Sir, you have been making ſuch a Buſtle about?

At. Not Life, Health or Happineſs are half ſo dear to me.

Sir *Sol.* [*Joining* At. *and* Sylvia's *Hands.*——] loll! loll, leroll!

At. O tranſporting Joy! [*Embracing* Sylvia.]

Sir *Har.* and *Will.* } [*Joining in the Tune, and dancing about 'em.*] loll! loll!

Sir *Sol.* Hey! within there! [*Calls the Fiddles.*] by Jingo we'll make a Night on't.

Enter Clarinda *and* Clerimont.

Clar. Save you, ſave you, good People! I'm glad, Uncle, to hear you call ſo chearfully for the Fiddles, it looks as if you had a Huſband ready for me.

Sir *Sol.* Why, that I may have by to-morrow Night, Madam; but in the mean time, if you pleaſe, you may with your Friends Joy.

Clar.

Clar. Dear *Sylvia!*

Syl. Clarinda.

At. O *Clerimont*, ſuch a Deliverance!

Cler. Give you Joy, Joy, Sir.

Clar. I congratulate your Happineſs——and am pleas'd our little Jealouſies are over: Mr. *Clerimont* has told me all, and cur'd me of Curioſity for ever.

Syl. What, married?

Clar. You'll ſee preſently! But, Sir *Solomon*, what do you mean by to-morrow! why do you fancy I have any more Patience than the reſt of my Neighbour?

Sir *Sol.* Why truly, Madam, I don't ſuppoſe you have; but I believe to-morrow will be as ſoon as their Buſineſs can be done, by which time I expect a jolly Fox-hunter from *Yorkſhire*, and if you are reſolv'd not to have Patience till next Day, why the ſame Parſon may toſs you up all four in a Diſh together.

Clar. A filthy Fox-hunter?

Sir *Sol.* Odzooks! a mettled Fellow, that will ride you from Day-break to Sun-ſet! None of our flimſy *London* Raſcals, that muſt have a Chair to carry 'em to their Coach, and a Coach to carry 'em to a Trapes, and a Conſtable to carry both to the Round-houſe.

Clar. Ay, but this Fox-hunter, Sir *Solomon*, will come home dirty and tir'd as one of his Hounds, he'll be always aſleep before he's a-bed, and on Horſeback before he's awake; he muſt riſe early to follow his Sport, and I ſit up late at Cards for want of better Diverſion——Put this together my wiſe Uncle.

Sir *Sol.* Are you ſo high fed, Madam, that a Country Gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds a Year won't go down with you.

Clar. Not ſo, Sir, but you really kept me ſo ſharp, that I was e'en forc'd to provide for myſelf, and here ſtands the Fox-hunter for my Money.

[*Claps* Cler. *on the Shoulder.*

Sir *Sol.* How!

Cler. Even ſo, Sir *Solomon*——hark in your Ear, Sir! you really held your Conſent at ſo high a Price, that to give

give you a Proof of my good Huſbandry, I was reſolv'd to ſave Charges, and e'en marry her without it.

Sir *Sol.* Hell! and——

Clar. And hark you in t'other Ear, Sir——becauſe I wou'd not have you expoſe your reverend Age by a Miſtake——Know, Sir, I was the young Spark with the ſmooth Face and a Feather, that offer'd you a thouſand Guineas for your Conſent, which you wou'd have been glad to have taken,

Sir *Sol.* The Devil! if ever I traffick in Women's Fleſh again, may all the Bank-ſtocks fall when I have bought 'em, and riſe when I have ſold 'em.——— Hey dey! what have we here! more Cheats!

Cler. Not unlikely, Sir———for I fancy they are married.

Enter Lady Dainty *and* Careleſs.

Lady *Sad.* That they are, I can aſſure you—I give your Highneſs Joy, Madam.

Lady *D.* Lard! That People of any Rank ſhou'd uſe ſuch vulgar Salutations———Tho' methinks Highneſs has ſomething of Grandeur in the Sound.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Muſic's come.

Lady *Sad.* Let 'em play.

Lady *D.* Well! there's nothing ſhews ſo viſibly the remaining Footſteps of our Primitive Barbarity, as our odious Noiſe at Weddings! huh! huh!

Care. It ſerves, Madam, to recommend the Pleaſures that ſucceed, and makes us taſte the Joys of Silence with a higher Reliſh.

Lady *D.* But ſo much Dancing and Tumult, is ſo like the Mob Solemnities of a *May*-Day———huh! huh! and the poor Bride is us'd juſt like their Pole, for all the Town to dance round her.

Lady *Sol.* Ah! but there's yet a groſſer part of the Ceremony to come, Madam, and that is throwing the Stocking.

Lady

Lady *D.* That indeed is a thing, that inſults us ſo near, that I wonder the Men have not thought it their Intereſt to lay it down———But I was in hopes, good People, that confident Fellow *Careleſs* had been among you.

Care. What ſay you, Madam, (to divert the good Company) ſhall we ſend for him by way of Mortification?

Lady *D.* By all means; for your ſake, methinks, I ought to give him full Deſpair.

Care. Why then, to let you ſee, that 'tis a much eaſier thing to cure a fine Lady of her ſickly Taſte, than a Lover of his Impudence———There's *Careleſs* for you, without the leaſt Tincture of Deſpair about him.

[*Diſcovers himſelf.*

All. Ha! *Careleſs!*

Lady *D.* Abus'd! undone!

All. Ha! ha!

Cler. Nay, now, Madam, we wiſh you a ſuperior Joy; for you have married a Man, inſtead of a Monſter.

Care. Come! come, Madam, ſince you find you were in the Power of ſuch a Cheat———you may be glad it was no greater, you might have fallen into a Raſcal's Hands: But you know, I am a Gentleman, my Fortune no ſmall one, and if your Temper will give me leave, will deſerve you.

Lady *Sad.* Come! e'en make the beſt of your Fortune: for take my Word, if the Cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I wou'd never have had a Hand in't——you muſt pardon me if I can't help Laughing.

Lady *D.* Well! ſince it muſt be ſo, I pardon all; only one thing let me beg of you, Sir——that is your Promiſe to wear this Habit one Month for my Satisfaction.

Care. O, Madam! that's a Trifle! I'll lie in the Sun a whole Summer for an Olive Complexion, to oblige you.

Will. Odzooks, here's a great deal of good Company, ho! and 'tis a Shame the Fiddles ſhould be idle all this while.

Care.

Care. Oh! by no means! Come ſtrike up, Gentlemen.

They Dance.

Lady *D.* Well! Mr. *Careleſs*, I begin now to think better of my Fortune, and look back with Apprehenſion of the Eſcape I have had; you have already cur'd my Folly, and were but my Health recoverable, I ſhould think myſelf completely happy.

Care. For that, Madam, we'll venture to ſave you Doctor's Fees,

And truſt to Nature: Time will ſoon diſcover,
Your beſt Phyſician is a favour'd Lover. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs! I know not how the Play may paſs,
But in my humble Senſe—our Bard's an Aſs;
For, had he ever known the leaſt of Nature,
H' had found his Double Spark *a diſmal Creature:*
To pleaſe two Ladies, he two Forms puts on,
As if the Thing in Shadows cou'd be done:
The Women really Two, and He, poor Soul! but One.
Had he revers'd the Hint, h' had done the Feat,
Had made th' Impoſtor credibly compleat;
A ſingle Miſtreſs——might have ſtood the Cheat.
She might to ſeveral Lovers have been kind,
Nor ſtrain'd your Faith, to think both pleas'd and blind.
Plain Senſe had known, the Fair can Love receive,
With half the Pains your warmeſt Vows can give.
But, hold!——I'm thinking I miſtake the Matter;
On ſecond Thoughts:——The Hint's but honeſt Satire;
And only meant t'expoſe their modiſh Senſe,
Who think the Fire of Love's——but Impudence.
Our Spark was really modeſt;——when he found
Two Female Claims at once, he one diſown'd;
Wiſely preſuming, tho' in ne'er ſuch Haſte,
One wou'd be found enough for him at laſt.
So that to ſum the whole——I think the Play
Deſerves the uſual Favours on his Day;
If not he ſwears he'll write the next to Muſick,
In Doggrel *Rhymes wou'd make er Him, or You, ſick.*
His groveling Senſe, Italian *Air ſhall crown,*
And then, he's ſure, ev'n Nonſenſe will go down.
But, if you'd have the World ſuppoſe the Stage
Not quite forſaken in this airy Age,
Let your glad Votes our needleſs Fear confound,
And ſpeak in Claps as loud for Senſe, as Sound.

THE DRUMMER:

OR, THE HAUNTED-HOUSE.

A COMEDY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

——— *Falſis terroribus implet*
Ut magus ——— HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TOWSON in the Strand.

MDCCLIX.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks.*

IN this grave Age, when Comedies are ſew,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Though 'twere poor Stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the Scarceneſs recommend the Ware.
Long have your Ears been fill'd with Tragic Parts,
Blood and Blank-Verſe, have harden'd all your Hearts;
If e'er you ſmile, 'tis at ſome party Strokes,
Round-Heads *and* Wooden-Shoes *are ſtanding Jokes;*
The ſame Conceit gives Claps and Hiſſes Birth,
You're grown ſuch Politicians in your Mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unſafe)
To pleaſe you all, and make both Parties laugh.
Our Author, anxious for his Fame to-night,
And baſhful in his firſt Attempt to write,
Lies cautiouſly obſcure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient Actors in a Mask conceal'd.
Cenſure when no Man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good Malice merely thrown away.
The mighty Criticks will not blaſt, for ſhame,
A raw young thing who dares not tell his Name:
Good-natur'd Judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, leſt they ſhould hurt a Friend.
Each Wit may praiſe it for his own dear ſake,
And hint he writ it if the Thing ſhould take.
But, if you're rough and uſe him like a Dog,
Depend upon it——He'll remain Incog.
If you ſhould hiſs, he ſwears he'll hiſs as high,
And like a Culprit, join the Hue and Cry.
If cruel Men are ſtill averſe to ſpare
Theſe Scenes, they fly for refuge to the Fair.
Though with a Ghoſt our Comedy be heighten'd:
Ladies, upon my word, you ſhan't be frighten'd:

Oh, 'tis a Ghoſt that ſeems to be uncivil,
A well ſpread, luſty, jointure-hunting Devil:
An am'rous Ghoſt, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of Fleſh and Blood—as much as you,
Than ev'ry Evening come in Flocks, undaunted;
We never think this Houſe is too much haunted.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *George Truman*,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Tinſel,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Fantome, the Drummer,	Mr. *Mills.*
Vellum, Sir *George Truman's* Steward,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Butler,	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Coachman,	Mr. *Miller.*
Gardiner,	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Truman*,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Abigail,	Mrs. *Saunders.*

THE

THE DRUMMER: OR, THE HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardener.

BUTLER.

THERE came another Coach to Town laſt Night, that brought a Gentleman to enquire about this ſtrange Noiſe we hear in the Houſe. This Spirit will bring a power of Cuſtom to the *George*—If ſo be he continues his Pranks, I deſign to ſell a Pot of Ale, and ſet up the ſign of the Drum.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat—I've always liv'd in ſober Families. I'll not diſparage myſelf to be a Servant in a Houſe that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a Bit of Ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good Woman——if Mrs. *Abigail* did not ſpoil her——Come, here's her Health.

But. 'Tis a very hard thing to be a Butler in a Houſe, that is diſturb'd. He made ſuch a Racket in the Cellar laſt Night, that I'm afraid he'll ſour all the Beer in my Barrels.

Coach. Why then, *John*, we ought to take it off as faſt as we can. Here's to you——He rattled ſo loud under the Tiles laſt Night, that I verily thought the Houſe would have fallen over our Heads. I durſt not go up into the Cock-loft this Morning, if I had not got one of the Maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my Bed-Poſts ——I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the Houſe, when all the Gates are ſhut.

But. Why look ye, *Peter*, your Spirit will creep you into an Augre-Hole——he'll whiſk ye through a Key-hole, without ſo much as juſtling againſt one of the Wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain; and verily believes it is my Maſter that was kill'd in the laſt Campaign.

But. Out of all manner of Queſtion, *Robin*, 'tis Sir *George*, Mrs. *Abigail* is of opinion it can be none but his Honour: He always lov'd the Wars; and you know was mightily pleaſed from a Child with the Muſic of a Drum.

Gard. I wonder his Body was never found after the Battle.

But. Found! Why, ye Fool, is not his Body here about the Houſe? Doſt thou think he can beat his Drum without Hands and Arms?

Coach. 'Tis Maſter as ſure as I ſtand here alive; and I verily believe I ſaw him laſt Night in the Town-Cloſe.

Gard. Ay! how did he appear?

Coach. Like a white Horſe.

But. Pho, *Robin*, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the Shape of the Sound of a Drum. *Coach.*

Coach. This makes one almoſt afraid of one's own Shadow. As I was walking from the Stable t'other Night, without my Lanthorn, I fell acroſs a Beam that lay in my Way, and faith my Heart was in my Mouth—I thought I had ſtumbled over a Spirit.

But. Thou might'ſt as well have ſtumbled over a Straw. Why a Spirit is ſuch a little little Thing, that I have heard a Man, who was a great Scholar, ſay, that he'll dance ye a *Lancaſhire* Hornpipe upon the Point of a Needle ——As I ſat in the Pantry laſt Night counting my Spoons, the Candle methought burnt blue, and the ſpay'd Bitch look'd as if ſhe ſaw ſomething.

Coach. Ay, poor Cur, ſhe's almoſt frighten'd out of her Wits.

Gard. Ay, I warrant ye, ſhe hears him many a Time and often, when we don't.

But. My Lady muſt have him laid, that's certain, whatever it coſt her.

Gar. I fancy when one goes to Market, one might hear of ſomebody that can make a Spell.

Coach. Why may not the Parſon of our Pariſh lay him?

But. No, no, no; our Parſon cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another Man?

But. Why, ye Fool, he is not qualified——He has not taken the Oaths.

Gard. Why d'ye think, *John*, that the Spirit would take the Law of him?——Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]——I fancy Mrs. *Abigail* might ſcold him out of the Houſe.

Coach. Ay, ſhe has a Tongue that would drown his Drum, if any Thing could.

But. Pugh, this is all froth; you underſtand nothing of the matter——The next time it makes a Noiſe, I tell you what ought to be done, ——— I would have the Steward ſpeak Latin to it.

Coach. Ay, that would do, if the Steward had but Courage.

Gard. There you have it——He's a fearful Man. If I had as much Learning as he, and I met the Ghoſt, I'd tell him his own: But alack what can one of us poor Men do with a Spirit, that can neither write nor read?

But. Thou art always cracking and boaſting, *Peter*; thou doſt not know what Miſchief it might do thee, if ſuch a ſilly Dog as thee ſhould offer to ſpeak to it: For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make Parchment of thy Skin to cover his Drum with.

Gard. A Fiddleſtick! tell not me——I fear nothing: not I! I never did harm in my Life; I never committed Murder.

But. I verily believe thee: Keep thy Temper, *Peter*; after Supper we'll drink each of us a double Mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why that's well ſaid, *John:* An honeſt Man that is not quite ſober, has nothing to fear——Here's to ye——Why, how if he ſhould come this Minute, here would I ſtand. Ha! what Noiſe is that?

But. and *Coach.* Ha! where?

Gard. The Devil! the Devil! Oh no; 'tis Mrs. *Abigail.*

But. Ay, faith! 'tis ſhe; 'tis Mrs. *Abigail!* A good Miſtake! 'tis Mrs. *Abigail.*

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Here are your drunken Sots for you! Is this a time to be guzling, when Gentry are come to the Houſe! Why don't you lay your Cloth? How come you out of the Stables? Why are you not at work in your Garden?

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together; and me-thought they look'd as if they ſhould ſay they had rather have my Room than my Company.

But. And ſo forſooth being all three met together, we are doing our Endeavours to drink this ſame Drummer out of our Heads.

Gard.

Gard. For you muſt know, Mrs. *Abigail*, we are all of Opinion that one can't be a Match for him, unleſs one be as drunk as a Drum.

Coach. I am reſolv'd to give Madam Warning to hire herſelf another Coachman; for I came to ſerve my Maſter, d'ye ſee, while he was alive: But do ſuppoſe that he has no further Occaſion for a Coach, now he Walks.

But. Truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I muſt needs ſay, that this ſame Spirit is a very odd ſort of a Body, after all, to fright Madam and his old Servants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I muſt needs ſay, I ſerv'd my Maſter contentedly, while he was living; but I will ſerve no Man living (that is, no Man that is not living) without double Wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis ſuch Cowards as you that go about with idle Stories, to diſgrace the Houſe, and bring ſo many Strangers about it: You firſt frighten yourſelves, and then your Neighbours.

Gard. Frighten'd! I ſcorn your Words: Frighten'd quoth-a!

Ab. What, you Sot, are you grown pot-valiant?

Gard. Frighten'd with a Drum! that's a good one! It will do us no harm, I'll anſwer for it: It will bring no Blood-ſhed along with it, take my Word. It ſounds as like a Train-Band Drum as ever I heard in my Life.

But. Pr'ythee, *Peter*, don't be ſo preſumptuous.

Ab. Well, theſe drunken Rogues take it as I could wiſh. [*Aſide.*

Gard. I ſcorn to be frighten'd, now I am in for't; if old *Dub-a-dub* ſhould come into the Room, I would take him——

But. Pr'ythee, hold thy Tongue.

Gard. I would take him——

[*The Drum beats: The* Gardiner *endeavours to get off, and falls.*

But. and *Coach.* Speak to it, Mr. *Abigail.*

Gard. Spare my Life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good Butler; and let us go hide ourſelves in the Cellar. [*They all run off.*

Abigail

Abigail *ſola.*

Ab. So, now the Coaſt is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer——But firſt let me ſhut the Door, leſt we be ſurpris'd. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out: the Enemy's fled—I muſt ſpeak with you immediately——Don't ſtay to beat a Parley.

[*The Back Scene opens, and diſcovers* Fantome *with a Drum.*

Fan. Dear Mrs. *Nabby*, I have overheard all that has been ſaid, and find thou haſt manag'd this thing ſo well, that I could take thee in my Arms and kiſs thee——If my Drum did not ſtand in my way.

Ab. Well, o' my Conſcience, you are the merrieſt Ghoſt! and the very Picture of Sir *George Truman.*

Fan. There you flatter me, Mrs. *Abigail:* Sir *George* had that freſhneſs in his Looks, that we Men of the Town cannot come up to.

Ab. Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know——Beſides you muſt conſider, you loſt a great deal of Blood in the Battle.

Fan. Ay, that's right; Let me look never ſo pale, this Cut croſs my Forehead will keep me in Countenance.

Ab. 'Tis juſt ſuch a one as my Maſter receiv'd from a curſed *French* Trooper, as my Lady's Letter inform'd her.

Fan. It happens luckily that this Sute of Clothes of Sir *George*'s fits me ſo well——— I think I can't fail hitting the Air of a Man with whom I was ſo long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very Man——I vow I almoſt ſtart when I look upon you.

Fan. But what good will this do me, if I muſt remain inviſible?

Ab. Pray what good did your being viſible do you? The fair Mr. *Fantome* thought no Woman could withſtand him —But when you were ſeen by my Lady in your proper Perſon, after ſhe had taken a full Survey of you, and

and heard all the pretty Things you could ſay, ſhe very civilly diſmiſs'd you for the ſake of that empty noiſy Creature *Tinſel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this Fortnight.

Fan. Why really I love thy Lady ſo well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myſelf, I could not bear to ſee her given to another, eſpecially to ſuch a Wretch as *Tinſel*.

Ab. Well, tell me truly, Mr. *Fantome*, have not you a great Opinion of my Fidelity to my dear Lady, that I would not ſuffer her to be deluded in this manner for leſs than a thouſand Pound?

Fan. Thou art always reminding me of my Promiſe—Thou ſhalt have it, if thou can'ſt bring our Project to bear: Doſt not know that Stories of Ghoſts and Apparitions generally end in a Pot of Money.

Ab. Why truly now, Mr. *Fantome*, I ſhould think myſelf a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing leſs.

Fan. Dear *Abigail*, how I admire thy Virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worſt of my Enemies to ſay I love Miſchief for Miſchief's ſake.

Fan. But is the Lady perſuaded that I'm the Ghoſt of her deceaſed Huſband?

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe ſo; and tell her every Time your Drum rattles, that her Huſband is chiding her for entertaining this new Lover.

Fan. Pr'ythee make uſe of all thy Art: for I'm tir'd to Death with ſtrolling round this wide old Houſe, like a Rat behind the Wainſcot.

Ab. Did not I tell you 'twas the pureſt Place in the World for you to play your Tricks in? There's none of the Family that knows every Hole and Corner in it, beſides myſelf.

Fan. Ah, Mrs. *Abigail!* you have had your Intrigues--

Ab. For you muſt know when I was a romping young Girl, I was a mighty Lover of *Hide and Seek*.

Fan. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the Houſe as yourſelf.

Ab.

Ab. You are very much miſtaken, Mr *Fantome:* But no matter for that; here is to be your Station to-night. This Place is unknown to any one living beſides myſelf, ſince the Death of the Joiner, who, you muſt underſtand, being a Lover of mine, contriv'd the Wainſcot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I deſign'd it for a Wardrobe for my Lady's caſt Clothes. Oh! the Stomachers, Stays, Petticoats, Commodes, lac'd Shoes, and good Things that I have had in it!——— Pray take care you don't break the Cherry-Brandy Bottle that ſtands up in the Corner.

Fan. Well, Mrs. *Abigail*, I hire your Cloſet of you but for this one Night—A thouſand Pound, you know, is a very good Rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone: You have ſuch a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

Fan. I'm a thinking how *Tinſel* will ſtare, when he ſees me come out of the Wall; for I'm reſolv'd to make my Appearance to-night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the Door.

Fan. Pray take care ſhe does not keep me up ſo late as ſhe did laſt Night, or depend upon it I'll beat the Tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone, I'm undone——[*As he is going in.*] Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*, have you put the thouſand Pound Bond into my Brother's Hand?

Fan. Thou ſhalt have it; I tell thee thou ſhalt have it. [Fantome *goes in.*

Ab. No more Words———Vaniſh, vaniſh.

Enter Lady.

Ab. [*Opening the Door.*] Oh dear Madam, was it you that made ſuch a knocking? My Heart does ſo beat——— I vow you have frighted me to Death——I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

Lady. I have been ſhowing the Garden to Mr. *Tinſel:* He's moſt inſufferably witty upon us about this Story of the Drum.

Ab.

Ab. Indeed, Madam, he's a very looſe Man: I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor Maſter from reſting in his Grave.

Lady. Well, an *Infidel* is ſuch a Novelty in the Country, that I am reſolv'd to divert myſelf a Day or two at leaſt with the Oddneſs of his Converſation.

Ab. Ah, Madam! the Drum began to beat in the Houſe as ſoon as ever this Creature was admitted to viſit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his Addreſſes to you there was not a Mouſe ſtirring in the Family more than us'd to be———

Lady. This Baggage has ſome Deſign upon me, more than I can yet diſcover. [*Aſide*]——Mr. *Fantome* was always thy Favourite.

Ab. Ay, and ſhould have been yours too, by my conſent! Mr. *Fantome* was not ſuch a ſlight fantaſtick thing as this is——— Mr. *Fantome* was the beſt built Man one ſhould ſee in a Summer's Day! Mr. *Fantome* was a Man of Honour, and lov'd you. Poor Soul, how has he ſigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted Lady —— Well! I had as lief as a thouſand Pound you would marry Mr. *Fantome.*

Lady. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me ſo much. But Mr. *Tinſel* makes his Court to me with ſo much Neglect and Indifference, and with ſuch an agreeable Saucineſs —— Not that I ſay I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a! No, if you ſhould, you'll be awaken'd ſooner than married Couples generally are —You'll quickly have a Drum at your Window.

Lady. I'll hide my Contempt of *Tinſel* for once, if it be but to ſee what this Wench drives at. [*Aſide.*

Ab. Why, ſuppoſe your Husband, after this fair Warning he has given you, ſhould ſound you an Alarm at Midnight; then open your Curtains with a Face as pale as my Apron, and cry out with a hollow Voice, What doſt thou do in Bed with this ſpindle-ſhank'd Fellow?

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my Husband?

He

He never had any reaſon to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living; and ſhould prefer him to any Man, were he ſo ſtill. Mr. *Tinſel* is indeed very idle in his Talk; but, I fancy, *Abigail*, a diſcreet Woman might reform him.

Ab. That's a likely Matter indeed! Did you ever hear of a Woman who had power over a Man when ſhe was his Wife, that had none while ſhe was his Miſtreſs? Oh! there's nothing in the World improves a Man in his Complaiſance, like Marriage!

Lady. He is, indeed, at preſent, too familiar in his Converſation.

Ab. Familiar! Madam; in troth he's downright rude.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, ſhews he has no Diſſimulation in him——Then he is apt to jeſt a little too much upon grave Subjects.

Ab. Grave Subjects! he jeſts upon the Church.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, may be only to ſhew his Wit———Then it muſt be own'd, he's extremely talkative.

Ab. Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, is a ſign he has been us'd to good Company——Then indeed he is very poſitive.

Ab. Poſitive! why, he contradicts you in every thing you ſay.

Lady. But then, you know, *Abigail*, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

Ab. A bleſſed Education indeed! it has made him forget his Catechiſm!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Ab. You talk as if you lov'd him.

Lady. Hold your Tongue; here he comes.

Enter Tinſel.

Tin. My dear Widow!

Ab. My dear Widow! marry come up! [*Aſide.*

Lady. Let him alone, *Abigail*; ſo long as he does not call me My dear Wife, there's no harm done. *Tin.*

Tin. I have been moſt ridiculouſly diverted ſince I left you ——Your Servants have made a Convert of my Booby: His Head is ſo fill'd with this fooliſh Story of a Drummer, that I expect the Rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a Meſſage by Moon-light.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinſel*, what a Loſs of Billet-doux would that be to many a fine Lady!

Ab. Then you ſtill believe this to be a fooliſh Story? I thought my Lady had told you, that ſhe had heard it herſelf.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Why, you wou'd not perſuade us out of our Senſes?

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. There's Manners for you, Madam. [*Aſide.*

Lady. Admirably rally'd! that Laugh is unanſwerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I ſhould tell you I heard it no longer ago than laſt Night.

Tin. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I ſhould tell you my Maid was with me!

Tin. Vapours! Vapours! Pray, my dear Widow, will you anſwer me one Queſtion?——Had you ever this Noiſe of a Drum in your Head, all the while your Husband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, will you let me ask you another Queſtion? Do you think we can hear in the Country, as well as you do in Town?

Tin. Believe me, Madam, I could preſcribe you a Cure for theſe Imaginations.

Ab. Don't tell my Lady of Imaginations, Sir, I have heard it myſelf.

Tin. Hark thee, Child—art thou not an old Maid?

Ab. Sir, if I am, it is my own Fault.

Tin. Whims! Freaks! Megrims! indeed Mrs. *Abigail.*

Ab. Marry, Sir, by your Talk one wou'd believe you thought every thing that was good is a Megrim.

Lady. Why truly I don't very well underſtand what you meant

meant by your Doctrine to me in the Garden juſt now, that every thing we ſaw was made by Chance.

Ab. A very pretty Subject indeed for a Lover to divert his Miſtreſs with.

Lady. But I ſuppoſe that was only a Taſte of the Converſation you would entertain me with after Marriage.

Tin. Oh, I ſhall then have time to read you ſuch Lectures of Motions, Atoms, and Nature—that you ſhall learn to think as freely as the beſt of us, and be convinced in leſs than a Month, that all about us is Chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaiſant Perſon indeed; and ſo you would make your Court to me, by perſuading me that I was made by Chance!

Tin. Ha, ha! ha! well ſaid, my Dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky Hit, that's certain!

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, where did you learn this odd way of Talking?

Tin. Ah, Widow, 'tis your Country Innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Tho' you give no Credit to Stories of Apparitions, I hope you believe there are ſuch things as Spirits!

Tin. Simplicity!

Ab. I fancy you don't believe Women have Souls, d'ye Sir?

Tin. Fooliſh enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. *Tinſel*, I'm afraid malicious People will ſay I'm in love with an Atheiſt.

Tin. Oh, my Dear, that's an old-faſhion'd Word—I'm a Free-thinker, Child!

Ab. I'm ſure you are a Free-ſpeaker!

Lady. Really, Mr. *Tinſel*, conſidering that you are ſo fine a Gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this Learning? I wonder it has not ſpoil'd your Breeding.

Tin. To tell you the Truth, I have not time to look into theſe dry Matters myſelf, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned Men, whom I ſometimes overhear at a Coffee-houſe I frequent, that our Forefathers were a Pack of Aſſes, that the World has been in an Error for ſome Thouſands

Thouſands of Years, and that all the People upon Earth, excepting thoſe two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozled——

Ab. Madam, how can you hear ſuch a Profligate? he talks like the *London* Prodigal.

Lady. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no ſuch things as Spirits, a Woman has no occaſion for marrying. ——She need not be afraid to lie by herſelf.

Tin. Ah! my Dear! are Husbands good for nothing but to frighten away Spirits? Doſt thou think I could not inſtruct thee in ſeveral other Comforts of Matrimony.

Lady. Ah! but you are a Man of ſo much Knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my Ignorance—— You learned Men are ſo apt to deſpiſe one!

Tin. No, Child! I'd teach thee my Principles, thou ſhouldſt be as wiſe as I am—in a Week's time.

Lady. Do you think your Principles wou'd make a Woman the better wife?

Tin. Pr'ythee. Widow, don't be queer.

Lady. I love a gay Temper, but I would not have you rally things that are ſerious.

Tin. Well enough faith! where's the Jeſt of rallying any thing elſe?

Ab. Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantome* talk at this rate? [*Aſide.*

Tin. But where's this Ghoſt! this Son of a Whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

Ab. Pray, Madam, don't ſuffer him to give the Ghoſt ſuch ill Language, eſpecially when you have reaſon to believe it is my Maſter.

Tin. That's well enough faith, *Nab*; doſt think thy Maſter is ſo unreaſonable, as to continue his Claim to his Relict after his Bones are laid? Pray, Widow, remember the Words of your Contract, you have fulfill'd them to a Tittle ——Did not you marry Sir *George* to the Tune of *'till Death us do part?*

Lady. I muſt not hear Sir *George*'s Memory treated in ſo ſlight a manner—This Fellow muſt have been at ſome pains to make himſelf ſuch a finiſh'd Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Tin.

Tin. Give me but Poſſeſſion of your Perſon, and I'll whirl you up to Town for a Winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a Country Lady come to *London* with frightful Stories of the Hall-Houſe being haunted, of Fairies, Spirits, and Witches; that by the time ſhe had ſeen a Comedy, play'd at an Aſſembly, and ambled in a Ball or two, has been ſo little afraid of Bugbears, that ſhe has ventur'd home in a Chair at all Hours of the Night.

Ab. Hum——Sauce-box. [*Aſide.*

Tin. 'Tis the Solitude of the Country that creates theſe Whimſies; there was never ſuch a thing as a Ghoſt heard of at *London*, except in the Play-houſe—Oh we'd paſs all our time in *London*. 'Tis the Scene of Pleaſure and Diverſions, where there's ſomething to amuſe you every Hour of the Day. Life's not Life in the Country.

Lady. Well then, you have an Opportunity of ſhowing the Sincerity of that Love to me which you profeſs. You may give a Proof that you have an Affection to my Perſon, not my Jointure.

Tin. Your Jointure! How can you think me ſuch a Dog! But, Child, won't your Jointure be the ſame thing in *London*, as in the Country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! You muſt know it is ſettled on me by Marriage Articles, on condition that I live in this old Manſion-Houſe, and keep it up in Repair.

Tin. How!

Ab. That's well put, Madam.

Tin. Why faith I have been looking upon this Houſe, and think it is the prettieſt Habitation I ever ſaw in my Life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel Drum!

Tin. Something ſo venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. For my part, I like this *Gothick* Way of Building better than any of your new Orders——it would be a thouſand pities it ſhould fall to Ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. How pleaſantly we two could paſs our Time in this

this delicious Situation. Our Lives wou'd be a continued Dream of Happineſs. Come, faith, Widow, let's go upon the Leads, and take a View of the Country.'

Lady. Ay, but the Drum! the Drum!

Tin. My Dear, take my Word for't 'tis all Fancy: Beſides, ſhould he drum in thy very Bed-Chamber, I ſhou'd only hug thee the cloſer.

Claſp'd in the Folds of Love, I'd meet my Doom,
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder ſhook the Room.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens and discovers* Vellum *in his Office, and a Letter in his Hand.*

VELLUM.

THIS Letter astonisheth; may I believe my own Eyes——or rather my Spectacles——*To* Humphrey Vellum, *Esq*; *Steward to the Lady* Truman.

Vellum,

I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your Master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an Hour. The Report of my being slain in the Netherlands, *has, I find, produced some Disorders in my Family. I am now at the* George-Inn: *If an old Man with a gray Beard, in a black Cloke, enquires after you, give him Admittance. He passes for a Conjurer, but is really*

Your faithful Friend,
G. Truman.

P. S. *Let this be a Secret, and you shall find your Account in it.*

This amazeth me! and yet the Reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold—First, because this has often been the Case of other Military Adventurers.

Secondly, because the News of his Death was first publish'd in *Dier's Letter.*

Thirdly, because this Letter can be written by none but himself——I know his Hand and manner of Spelling.

Fourthly———

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, here's a strange old Gentleman that asks for you;

you; he ſays he's a Conjurer, but he looks very ſuſpicious; I wiſh he ben't a Jeſuit.

Vel. Admit him immediately.

But. I wiſh he ben't a Jeſuit; but he ſays he's nothing but a Conjurer.

Vel. He ſays right —— He is no more than a Conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit* Butler.

And Fourthly, As I was ſaying, Becauſe——

Enter Butler *with Sir* George.

But. Sir, here is the Conjurer——What a deviliſh long Beard he has! I warrant it has been growing theſe hundred Years [*Aſide. Exit.*

Sir G. Dear *Vellum*, you have receiv'd my Letter; But before we proceed, lock the Door.

Vel. It is his Voice. [*Shuts the Door.*

Sir G. In the next Place, help me off with this cumberſome Cloke.

Vel. It is his Shape.

Sir G. So, now lay my Beard upon the Table.

Vel. [*After having look'd on Sir* Geo. *thro' his Spectacles.*] It is his Face, every Lineament!

Sir G. Well now, I have put off the Conjurer and the old Man, I can talk to thee more at my Eaſe.

Vel. Believe me, my good Maſter, I am as much rejoic'd to ſee you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your Name was in all the News-Papers, in the Liſt of thoſe that were ſlain.

Sir G. We have not Time to be particular. I ſhall only tell thee in general, that I was taken Priſoner in the Battle, and was under cloſe Confinement for ſeveral Months. Upon my Releaſe, I was reſolv'd to ſurpriſe my Wife with the News of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a Perſon of ſo much Penetration, that I need not uſe any further Arguments to convince you that I am ſo.

Vel. I am——and moreover I queſtion not but your good Lady will likewiſe be convinc'd of it. Her Honour is a diſcerning Lady.

Sir G. I'm only afraid ſhe ſhould be convinc'd of it to her

her ſorrow Is not ſhe pleas'd with her imaginary Widowhood? Tell me truly, was ſhe afflicted at the Report of my Death?

Vel. Sorely.

Sir G. How long did her Grief laſt?

Vel. Longer than I have known any Widow's —— at leaſt three Days.

Sir G. Three Days, ſay'ſt thou? Three whole Days! I'm afraid thou flattereſt me!——O Woman! Woman!

Vel. Grief is twofold.

Sir G. This Blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he's honeſt. [*Aſide.*

Vel. There is a real Grief, and there is a methodical Grief: ſhe was drown'd in Tears till ſuch time as the Taylor had made her Widow's Weeds—Indeed they became her.

Sir G. Became her! and was that her Comfort? Truly a moſt ſeaſonable Conſolation!

Vel. But I muſt needs ſay ſhe paid a due regard to your Memory, and could not forbear weeping when ſhe ſaw Company.

Sir G. That was kind indeed! I find ſhe griev'd with a great deal of good Breeding, But how comes this Gang of Lovers about her?

Vel. Her Jointure is conſiderable.

Sir. G. How this Fool torments me? [*Aſide.*

Vel. Her Perſon is amiable——

Sir G. Death! [*Aſide.*

Vel. But her Character is unblemiſh'd. She has been as virtuous in your Abſence as a *Penelope*——

Sir G. And has had as many Suitors.

Vel. Several have made their Overtures.

Sir G. Several!

Vel. But ſhe has rejected all.

Sir G. There thou reviv'ſt me: But what means this *Tinſel?* Are his Viſits acceptable?

Vel. He is young.

Sir G. Does ſhe liſten to him?

Vel.

Vel. He is gay.

Sir G. Sure ſhe could never entertain a Thought of marrying ſuch a Coxcomb!

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir G. Are the Vows and Proteſtations that paſs'd between us come to this! I can't bear the Thought of it! Is *Tinſel* the Man deſign'd for my worthy Succeſſor?

Vel. You do not conſider that you have been dead theſe fourteen Months———

Sir. G. Was there ever ſuch a Dog? [*Aſide.*

Vel. And I have often heard her ſay, that ſhe muſt never expect to find a ſecond Sir *George Truman*—meaning your Ho—nour.

Sir G. I think ſhe lov'd me; but I muſt ſearch into this Story of the *Drummer* before I diſcover myſelf to her. I have put on this Habit of a Conjurer, in order to introduce myſelf. It muſt be your Buſineſs to recommend me as a moſt profound Perſon, that by my great Knowledge in the curious Arts can ſilence the *Drummer*, and diſpoſſeſs the Houſe.

Vel. I am going to lay my Accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Ho—nour to admit the Trial of your Art.

Sir G. I have ſcarce heard of any of theſe Stories that did not ariſe from a Love-Intrigue———Amours raiſe as many Ghoſts as Murders.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* endeavours to perſuade us, that 'tis your Ho—nour who troubles the Houſe.

Sir G. That convinces me 'tis a Cheat; for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well aſſur'd it is not me.

Vel. I am apt to think ſo truly. Ha--ha--ha!

Sir G. *Abigail* had always an Aſcendant over her Lady, and if there is a Trick in this Matter, depend upon it ſhe is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this Ghoſt be not one of *Abigail*'s Familiars.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* has of late been very myſterious.

Sir G. I fancy, *Vellum*, thou couldſt worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an Amour between you.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* hath her Allurements, and ſhe knows I have pick'd up a Competency in your Ho-nour's Service.

Sir G. If thou haſt, all I aſk of thee in return is, that thou wouldſt immediately renew thy Addreſſes to her. Coax her up. Thou haſt ſuch a ſilver Tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impoſſible for her to withſtand. Beſides, ſhe is ſo very a Woman, that ſhe'll like thee the better for giving her the Pleaſure of telling a Secret. In ſhort, wheedle her out of it, and I ſhall act by the Advice which thou giveſt me.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* was never deaf to me, when I talk'd upon that Subject. I will take an Opportunity of addreſſing myſelf to her in the moſt pathetick manner.

Sir G. In the mean time lock me up in your Office, and bring me Word what Succeſs you have—Well, ſure I am the firſt that ever was employ'd to lay himſelf.

Vel. You act indeed a threefold Part in this Houſe; you are a Ghoſt, a Conjurer, and my Ho--nour'd Maſter Sir *George Truman*; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir G. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my Heart. You know I love you Men of Wit and Humour. Be as merry as thou pleaſeſt, ſo thou doſt thy Buſineſs. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum*, your Commiſſion is twofold, firſt to gain Admiſſion for me to your Lady, and ſecondly, to get the Secret out of *Abigail*.

Vel. It ſufficeth.

The SCENE *ſhuts.*

Enter Lady ſola.

Lady. Women who have been happy in a firſt Marriage, are the moſt apt to venture upon a ſecond. But for my part, I had a Husband ſo every way ſuited to my Inclinations, that I muſt entirely forget him, before I can like another Man. I have now been a Widow but fourteen Months, and have had twice as many Lovers, all of 'em profeſt Admirers of my Perſon, but paſſionately in love with my Jointure. I think it is a Revenge I owe my Sex to make an Example of this worthleſs Tribe of Fellows, who grow impudent, dreſs themſelves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But of all my Captives,

Mr

Mr. *Tinſel* is the moſt extraordinary in his kind. I hope the Diverſion I give myſelf with him is unblameable, I'm ſure 'tis neceſſary to turn my Thoughts off from the Memory of that dear Man, who has been the greateſt Happineſs and Affliction of my Life. My Heart would be a Prey to Melancholy, if I did not find theſe innocent Methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigail*. I muſt teaze the Baggage, for I find ſhe has taken it into her Head that I'm entirely at her Diſpoſal.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinſel* has as good as taken Poſſeſſion of your Houſe. Marry, he ſays, he muſt have Sir *George*'s Apartment enlarg'd; for truly ſays he, I hate to be ſtraiten'd. Nay, he was ſo impudent as to ſhew me the Chamber where he intends to conſummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild Fellow.

Ab. Indeed he's a very ſad Man, Madam.

Lady. He's young *Abigail*, 'tis a thouſand pities he ſhould be loſt; I ſhould be mighty glad to reform him.

Ab. Reform him! marry, hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of Life?

Ab. Ay, enough to make your Heart ake.

Lady. I dare ſay thou think'ſt him a very agreeable Fellow.

Ab. He thinks himſelf ſo, I'll anſwer for him.

Lady. He's very good-natur'd!

Ab. He ought to be ſo, for he's very ſilly.

Lady. Doſt thou think he loves me?

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* did, I am ſure.

Lady. With what Raptures he talk'd!

Ab. Yes, but 'twas in Praiſe of your Jointure Houſe.

Lady. He has kept bad Company.

Ab. They muſt be very bad indeed, if they were worſe than himſelf.

Lady. I have a ſtrong fancy a good Woman might reform him.

Ab. It wou'd be a fine Experiment, if it ſhou'd not ſucceed.

Lady. Well, *Abigail*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further occaſion for you at preſent. [*Exit* Abigail.

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Madam, is your Ho--nour at Leiſure to look into the Account of the laſt Week? They riſe very high—— Houſe-keeping is chargeable in a Houſe that is haunted.

Lady. How comes that to paſs? I hope the Drum neither eats nor drinks! But read your Account, *Vellum.*

Vel. [*putting on and off his Spectacles in this Scene.*] A Hogſhead and a half of Ale——It is not for the Ghoſt's drinking — But your Ho-nour's Servants ſay they muſt have ſomething to keep up their Courage againſt this ſtrange Noiſe. They tell me they expect a double Quantity of Malt in their Small Beer ſo long as the Houſe continues in this Condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the Year round, I'll anſwer for 'em. But go on.

Vel. Item, Two Sheep, and a--Where is the Ox?--Oh, here I have him—and an Ox--Your Ho-nour muſt always have a piece of cold Beef in the Houſe for the Entertainment of ſo many Strangers, who come from all Parts to hear this Drum. *Item*, Bread, ten Peck Loaves--They cannot eat Beef without Bread--*Item*, three Barrels of Table-Beer—They muſt have Drink with their Meat.

Lady. Sure no Woman in *England* has a Steward that makes ſuch ingenious Comments on his Works. [*Aſide.*

Vel. Item, To Mr. *Tinſel*'s Servants five Bottles of Port Wine—It was by your Ho-nour's Order—*Item*, three Bottles of Sack for the uſe of Mrs. *Abigail.*

Lady. I ſuppoſe that was by your own Order.

Vel. We have been long Friends, we are your Ho-nour's ancient Servants, Sack is an innocent Cordial, and gives her Spirit to chide the Servants, when they are tardy in their Buſineſs; he, he, he! pardon me for being Jocular.

Lady Well, I ſee you'll come together at laſt.

Vel. Item. A dozen Pound of Wax-lights for the Uſe of the Servants.

Lady

Lady. For the uſe of the Servants! What are the Rogues afraid of ſleeping in the Dark! What an unfortunate Woman am I! This is ſuch a particular Diſtreſs, it puts me to my Wits End. *Vellum*, what wou'd you adviſe me to do?

Vel. Madam, your Ho--nour has two Points to conſider. *Imprimis*, To retrench theſe extravagant Expences, which ſo many Strangers bring upon you. —*Secondly*, To clear the Houſe of this inviſible Drummer.

Lady. This learned Diviſion leaves me juſt as wiſe as I was. But how muſt we bring theſe two Points to bear?

Vel. I beſeech your Ho--nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

Vel. I will be conciſe. There is a certain Perſon arrived this Morning, an aged Man of a venerable Aſpect, and of a long hoary Beard, that reacheth down to his Girdle. The common People call him a Wizard, a White-Witch, a Conjurer, a Cunning-Man, a Necromancer, a———

Lady. No matter for his Titles. But what of all this?

Vel. Give me the hearing, good my Lady! he pretends to great Skill in the occult Sciences, and is come hither upon the Rumour of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the Secret of laying Ghoſts, or of quieting Houſes that are haunted.

Lady. Pho, theſe are idle Stories to amuſe the Country People, this can do us no good.

Vel. It can do us no harm, my Lady.

Lady. I dare ſay thou doſt not believe there is any thing in it thyſelf.

Vel. I cannot ſay, I do; there is no Danger however in the Experiment. Let him try his Skill; if it ſhou'd ſucceed, we are rid of the Drum; if it ſhou'd not, we may tell the World that it has, and by that means at leaſt get out of this expenſive way of living; ſo that it muſt turn to your Advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the Man? I would fain ſee him. He muſt be a Curioſity.

Vel. I have already diſcours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my Office, half an Hour hence. He asks nothing for his Pains 'till he has done his Work;—no Cure, no Money.

Lady. That Circumſtance, I muſt confeſs, wou'd make one believe there is more in his Art than one would imagine. Pray, *Vellum*, go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vel. I am gone. He ſhall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardiner.

But. Rare News, my Lads, rare News!

Gard. What's the matter? haſt thou got any more Vales for us?

But. No, 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another Stranger come to the Houſe?

But. Ay, ſuch a Stranger as will make all our Lives eaſy.

Gard. What! Is he a Lord!

But. A Lord! No, nothing like it,—He's a Conjurer.

Coach. A Conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

But. No, no, you Fool, he's come a purpoſe to lay the Spirit.

Coach. Ay marry, that's good News indeed: But where is he?

But. He is lock'd up with the Steward in his Office, they are laying their Heads together very cloſe. I fancy they are caſting a Figure.

Gard. Pr'ythee, *John*, what ſort of a Creature is a Conjurer?

But. Why, he's made much as other Men are, if it was not for his long gray Beard.

Coach. Look ye, *Peter*, it ſtands with reaſon, that a Conjurer ſhould have a long gray Beard—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old Woman?

Gard. Why I remember a Conjurer once at a Fair, that to my thinking was a very ſmock-fac'd Man, and yet he ſpew'd out fifty Yards of green Ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thoud'ſt get him into the Pantry and give him a Cup of Ale, he'd ſhew us a few Tricks. Doſt think

think we cou'd not perſuade him to ſwallow one of thy Caſe-Knives for his Diverſion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. Peter! thou art ſuch a Wiſe-acre! Thou doſt not know the Difference between a Conjurer and a Jugler. This Man muſt be a very great Maſter of his Trade. His Beard is at leaſt half a Yard long, he's dreſſed in a ſtrange dark Cloke, as black as a Coal: your Conjurer always goes in Mourning.

Gard. Is he a Gentleman? had he a Sword by his ſide?

But. No, no, he's too grave a Man for that, a Conjurer is as grave as a Judge,——but he had a long white Wand in his Hand.

Coach. You may be ſure there's a good deal of Virtue in that Wand——I fancy 'tis made out of Witch Elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the Ghoſt appears, he'll whisk ye that Wand before his Eyes, and ſtrike you the Drumſtick out of his Hand.

But. No; the Wand, look ye, is to make a Circle, and if he once gets the Ghoſt in a circle, then he has him —let him get out again if he can. A Circle, you muſt know, is a Conjurer's Trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

But. Why, then he'll overpower him with his Learning.

Gard. If he can once compaſs him, and get him in Lobs-Pound, he'll make nothing of him, but ſpeak a few hard Words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good Behaviour, for a thouſand Years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll ſend him packing to his Grave again with a Flea in his Ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I wou'd adviſe Madam to ſpare no Coſt. If the Conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the Ghoſt, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea——and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay marry, that would ſpoil his Drum for him.

Gard. Why, *John*, there muſt be a power of Spirits in that ſame Red Sea ——I warrant ye they are as plenty as Fiſh.

Coach. Well, I wiſh after all that he may not be too hard for the Conjurer? I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of Work on't.

Gard. I wiſh the Spirit may not carry a Corner of the Houſe off with him.

But. As for that, *Peter*, you may be ſure that the Steward has made his Bargain with the Cunning-Man beforehand, that he ſhall ſtand to all Coſts, and Damages—But hark! yonder's Mrs. *Abigail*, we ſhall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay Lads! if we could get Mrs. *Abigail* well laid too—we ſhould lead merry Lives.

For to a Man like me that's Stout and Bold,
A Ghoſt is not ſo dreadful as a Scold.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers Sir* George *in* Vellum's *Office.*

Sir G. I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his Wiſdom will do nothing rashly. The Fellow has been ſo us'd to Form in Buſineſs, that it has infected his whole Converſation. But I muſt not find fault with that punctual and exact Behaviour which has been of ſo much Uſe to me; my Eſtate is the better for it.

Enter Vellum.

Well, *Vellum*, I'm impatient to hear your Succeſs.

Vel. Firſt. let me lock the Door.

Sir G. Will your Lady admit me?

Vel. If this Lock is not mended ſoon, it will be quite ſpoiled.

Sir G. Pr'ythee let the Lock alone at preſent, and anſwer me.

Vel. Delays in Buſineſs are dangerous —— I muſt ſend for the Smith next Week —— and in the mean time will take a Minute of it.

Sir G. But what ſays your Lady?

Vel. This Pen is naught, and wants mending —— My Lady, did you ſay?

Sir G. Does ſhe admit me?

Vel. I have gained Admiſſion for you as a Conjurer.

Sir G. That's enough! I'll gain Admiſſion for myſelf as a Huſband. Does ſhe believe there's any thing in my Art?

Vel. It is hard to know what a Woman believes.

Sir G. Did ſhe ask no Queſtions about me?

Vel. Sundry,——She deſires to talk with you herſelf, before you enter upon your Buſineſs?

Sir G. But when?

Vel. Immediately. This Inſtant.

Sir G. Pugh. What haſt thou been doing all this while? Why didſt not tell me ſo? Give me my Cloke——Have you yet met with *Abigail?*

Vel. I have not yet had an Opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged ſome languiſhing Glances.

Sir G. Let thee alone for that, *Vellum.* I have formerly ſeen thee ogle her through thy Spectacles. Well! This is a moſt venerable Cloke. After the Buſineſs of this Day is over, I'll make thee a Preſent of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vel. He, he, he! wou'd you make a Conjurer of your Steward?

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't be Jocular, I'm in haſte. Help me on with my Beard.

Vel. And what will your Ho-nour do with your caſt Beard?

Sir G. Why, faith, thy Gravity wants only ſuch a Beard to it; if thou wouldſt wear it with the Cloke, thou wouldſt make a moſt complete Heathen Philoſopher. But where's my Wand?

Vel. A fine taper Stick! It is well choſen. I will keep this till you are Sheriff of the County. It is not my Cuſtom to let any thing be loſt.

Sir G. Come, *Vellum,* lead the way. You muſt introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fitteſt Fellow in the World to be Maſter of the Ceremonies to a Conjurer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Abigail *croſſing the Stage.* Tinſel *following.*

Tin. Nabby, Nabby, whither ſo faſt, Child?

Ab. Keep your Hands to yourſelf. I'm going to call the Steward to my Lady.

Tin. What, Goodman *Twofold?* I met him walking with

with a ſtrange old Fellow yonder. I ſuppoſe he belongs to the Family too. He looks very antique. He muſt be ſome of the Furniture of this old Manſion-Houſe.

Ab. What does the Man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my Lady.

Tin. Pr'ythee, *Nabby*, tell me one thing; What's the reaſon thou art my Enemy?

Ab. Marry, becauſe I'm a Friend to my Lady.

Tin. Doſt thou ſee any thing about me thou doſt not like? Come hither, Huſſy, give me a Kiſs. Don't be ill-natur'd.

Ab. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kiſſes her.*]——This Rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care. [*Aſide.*

Tin. Thy Lips are as ſoft as Velvet, *Abigail.* I muſt get thee a Huſband.

Ab. Ay, now you don't ſpeak idly, I can talk to you.

Tin. I have one in my Eye for thee. Doſt thou love a young luſty Son of a Whore?

Ab. Lud, how you talk!

Tin. This is a thundering Dog.

Ab. What is he?

Tin. A private Gentleman.

Ab. Ay! where does he live!

Tin. In the Horſe-Guards——But he has one Fault I muſt tell thee of. If thou canſt bear with that, he's a Man for thy Purpoſe.

Ab. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, what may that be?

Tin. He's but five-and-twenty Years Old.

Ab. 'Tis no matter for his Age, if he has been well educated.

Tin. No Man better, Child; he'll tie a Wig, toſs a Die, make a Paſs, and ſwear with ſuch a Grace, as wou'd make thy Heart leap to hear him.

Ab. Half theſe Accompliſhments will do, provided he has an Eſtate——Pray what has he?

Tin. Not a Farthing.

Ab. Pox on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aſide.*

Tin.

Tin. But as for that I would make it up to him.

Ab. How?

Tin. Why look ye, Child, as ſoon as I have married thy Lady, I deſign to diſcard this old Prig of a Steward, and to put this honeſt Gentleman, I am ſpeaking of, into his Place.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] This Fellow's a Fool ——— I'll have no more to ſay to him.——Hark! my Lady's a coming?

Tin. Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my Promiſe.

Ab. Ay, and ſo will I too—to your Coſt. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Abigail.

Tin. My Dear is purely fitted up with a Maid——But I ſhall rid the Houſe of her.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinſel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an Entertainment, that won't be diſagreeable to a Man of Wit and Pleaſure of the Town--There may be ſomething diverting in a Converſation between a Conjurer, and this conceited Aſs. [*Aſide.*

Tin. She loves me to Diſtraction, I ſee that. [*Aſide.*]—Pr'ythee, Widow, explain thyſelf.

Lady. You muſt know here is a ſtrange ſort of a Man come to Town, who undertakes to free the Houſe from this Diſturbance. The Steward believes him a Conjurer.

Tin. Ay; thy Steward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd Figure of a Man.

Tin. Oh! I warrant you he has ſtudied the Black Art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an *Oxford* Scholar?——Widow, thy Houſe is the moſt extraordinarily inhabited of any Widow's this Day in Chriſtendom.——I think thy four chief Domeſticks are—a wither'd *Abigail*——a ſuperannuated Steward——a Ghoſt——and a Conjurer.

Lady. [*Mimicking* Tinſel.] And you wou'd have it inhabited by a Fifth, who is a more extraordinary Perſon than any of all theſe Four.

Tin.

Tin. 'Tis a ſure Sign a Woman loves you, when ſhe imitates your Manner. [*Aſide.* —— Thou'rt very ſmart, my Dear. But ſee! ſmoke the Doctor.

Enter Vellum, *and Sir* George *in his Conjurer's Habit.*

Vel. I will introduce this profound Perſon to your Ladyſhip, and then leave him with you——Sir, this is her Ho-nour.

Sir G. I know it well. [*Exit* Vellum.

[*Aſide, walking in a muſing Poſture.*] That dear Woman! The Sight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for Tenderneſs, did not I, at the ſame time, feel an Indignation riſe in me, to ſee that Wretch with her: And yet I cannot but ſmile to ſee her in the Company of her firſt and ſecond Huſband at the ſame time.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel*, do you ſpeak to him; you are us'd to the Company of Men of Learning.

Tin. Old Gentleman, thou doſt not look like an Inhabitant of this World; I ſuppoſe thou art lately come down from the Stars. Pray, what News is ſtirring in the *Zodiack?*

Sir G. News that ought to make the Heart of a Coward tremble. *Mars* is now entring into the firſt Houſe, and will ſhortly appear in all his Domal Dignities ——

Tin. Mars? Pr'ythee, Father Gray-beard, explain thyſelf.

Sir G. The Entrance of *Mars* into his Houſe, portends the Entrance of a Maſter into this Family —— and that ſoon.

Tin. D'ye hear that, Widow? The Stars have cut me out for thy Husband. This Houſe is to have a Maſter, and that ſoon——Hark thee, old *Gadbury?* Is not *Mars* very like a young Fellow call'd *Tom Tinſel?*

Sir G. Not ſo much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

Tin. A Word in your Ear, Doctor; theſe two Planets will be in Conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir G. [*Aſide, walking diſturb'd.*] Curſe on this impertinent Fop! I ſhall ſcarce forbear diſcovering myſelf ——Madam

——Madam, I am told that your Houſe is viſited with ſtrange Noiſes.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them. I muſt confeſs I had a Curioſity to ſee the Perſon I had heard ſo much of; and, indeed, your Aſpect ſhews that you have had much Experience in the World. You muſt be a very aged Man.

Sir G. My Aſpect deceives you; What do you think is my real Age?

Tin. I ſhould gueſs thee within three Years of *Methuſalah*. Pr'ythee tell me, Waſt not thou born before the Flood?

Lady. Truly I ſhould gueſs you to be in your ſecond or third Century. I warrant you, you have Great Grand-Children with Beards a Foot long.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! If there be Truth in Man, I was but five and thirty laſt *Auguſt*. O! the Study of the Occult Sciences makes a Man's Beard grow falter than you wou'd imagine.

Lady. What an Eſcape you have had, Mr. *Tinſel*, that you were not bred a Scholar!

Tin. And ſo I fancy, Doctor, thou think'ſt me an illiterate Fellow, becauſe I have a ſmooth Chin?

Sir G. Hark ye, Sir, a Word in your Ear. You are a Coxcomb, by all the Rules of Phyſiognomy: But let that be a Secret between you and me. [*Aſide to* Tinſel.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, what is it the Doctor whiſpers?

Tin. Only a Compliment, Child, upon two or three of my Features. It does not become me to repeat it.

Lady. Pray, Doctor, examine this Gentleman's Face, and tell me his Fortune.

Sir G. If I may believe the Lines of his Face, he likes it better than I do, or——than you do, fair Lady.

Tin. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a Cheat.

Lady. For my part I believe he's a Witch—go on, Doctor.

Sir G. He will be croſs'd in Love; and that ſoon.

Tin.

Tin. Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the Truth. Doſt not thou live in *Moor-fields.*

Sir G. Take my Word for it, thou ſhalt never live in my Lady *Truman*'s Manſion-Houſe.

Tin. Pray, old Gentleman, haſt thou never been pluck'd by the Beard when thou wert ſaucy?

Lady. Nay, Mr. *Tinſel*, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a Man that dares not have his Fortune told?

Sir G. Let him be angry——I matter not——He is but ſhort-liv'd. He will ſoon die of——

Tin. Come, come, ſpeak out, old *Hocus*, he, he, he! This Fellow makes me burſt with Laughing.

[*Forces a Laugh.*

Sir G. He will ſoon die of a Fright——or of the—— let me ſee your Noſe——Ay——'tis ſo!

Tin. You Son of a Whore! I'll run ye thro' the Body. I never yet made the Sun ſhine thro' a Conjurer——

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinſel!* you will not kill an old Man?

Tin. An old Man! The Dog ſays he's but Five and Thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinſel*, I did not think you could have been ſo paſſionate, I hate a paſſionate Man. Put up your Sword, or I muſt never ſee you again.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jeſt, my Dear. I had a mind to have made an Experiment upon the Doctor's Body. I would but have drill'd a little Eyelet hole in it, and have ſeen whether he had Art enough to cloſe it up again.

Sir G. Courage is but ill ſhown before a Lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou ſhalt find this Arm can wield other Weapons beſides this Wand.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a Proof of your Art, not of your Courage. Or if you will ſhow your Courage, let it be at Nine o'Clock——for that is the time the Noiſe is generally heard.

Tin. And look ye, old Gentleman, if thou doſt not do thy Buſineſs well, I can tell thee by the little Skill I have, that

that thou wilt be toſs'd in a Blanket before Ten. We'll do our Endeavour to ſend thee back to the Stars again.

Sir G. I'll go and prepare myſelf for the Ceremonies--And, Lady, as you expect they ſhou'd ſucceed to your Wiſhes, treat that Fellow with the Contempt he deſerves.

[*Exit Sir* George.

Tin. The ſaucieſt Dog I ever talked with in my whole Life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting Fellow; one may ſee he's no Fool.

Tin. No Fool! Ay, but thou doſt not take him for a Conjurer.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am reſolv'd to employ him however. When a Sickneſs is deſperate, we often try Remedies that we have no great Faith in.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam, the Tea is ready in the Parlour as you ordered.

Lady. Come, Mr. *Tinſel*, we may there talk of the Subject more at leiſure. [*Exeunt* Lady *and* Tinſel.

Abigail ſola.

Sure never any Lady had ſuch Servants as mine has! Well, if I get this Thouſand Pound, I hope to have ſome of my own. Let me ſee, I'll have a pretty tight Girl—juſt ſuch as I was ten Years ago (I'm afraid I may ſay twenty) ſhe ſhall dreſs me and flatter me——for I will be flatter'd that's pos! My Lady's caſt Suits will ſerve her after I have given them the wearing. Beſides, when I am worth a Thouſand Pound, I ſhall certainly carry off the Steward—Madam *Vellum*——how prettily that will ſound! here, bring out Madam *Vellum*'s Chaiſe——Nay I do not know but it may be a Chariot—— It will break the Attorney's Wife's Heart——— for I ſhall take place of every Body in the Pariſh but my Lady. If I have a Son, he ſhall be call'd *Fantome*. But ſee Mr. *Vellum*, as I cou'd wiſh. I know his Humour, and will do my utmoſt to gain his Heart.

Enter

Enter Vellum *with a Pint of Sack.*

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, don't I break in upon you unſeaſonably!

Ab. Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your Viſits are always ſeaſonable!

Vel. I have brought with me a Taſte of freſh Canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray ſet it down —— I have a Dram-Glaſs juſt by—— [*Brings in a Rummer.* I'll pledge you; my Lady's good Health.

Vel. And your own with it——ſweet Mrs. *Abigail.*

Ab. Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little Parcel of this Sack, and put it under the Article of Tea—I would not have my Name appear to it.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, your Name ſeldom appears in my Bills——and yet——if you will allow me a merry Expreſſion —— You have been always in my Books, Mrs. *Abigail.* Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are ſuch a dry jeſting Man!

Vel. Why, truly Mrs. *Abigail*, I have been looking over my Papers——and I find you have been a long time my Debtor.

Ab. Your Debtor! For what, Mr. *Vellum!*

Vel. For my Heart, Mrs. *Abigail*—And our Accounts will not be balanc'd between us till I have yours in Exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! You are the moſt gallant Dun, Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. But I am not us'd to be paid by Words only, Mrs. *Abigail*; when will you be out of my Debt?

Ab. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one bluſh —— My humble Service to you.

Vel. I muſt anſwer you, Mrs. *Abigail*, in the Country Phraſe.——*Your Love is ſufficient.* Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I muſt own I love a merry Man!

Vel.

Vel. Let me ſee, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigail*, ſince I firſt broke my Mind to you——It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*——We have converſed together theſe fifteen Years——and yet Mrs. *Abigail*, I muſt drink to our better Acquaintance. He, he, he——Mrs. *Abigail*, you know I am naturally jocoſe.

Ab. Ah, you Men love to make Sport with us ſilly Creatures.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, I have a Trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a Preſent of. It is indeed but a little Toy.

Ab. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vel. It is but a little Toy——ſcarce worth your Acceptance.

Ab. Pray don't keep me in Suſpence; what is it, Mr. *Vellum?*

Vel. A Silver Thimble.

Ab. I always ſaid Mr. *Vellum* was a generous Lover.

Vel. But I muſt put it on myſelf, Mrs. *Abigail*—— You have the prettieſt Tip of a Finger—I muſt take the Freedom to ſalute it.

Ab. Oh fy! you make me aſham'd, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do ſo? I proteſt I am in ſuch a Confuſion——

[*A feign'd ſtruggle.*

Vel. This Finger is not the Finger of Idleneſs; it bears the honourable Scars of the Needle——But why are you ſo cruel as not to pare your Nails?

Ab. Oh, I vow you preſs it ſo hard! pray give me my Finger again.

Vel. This middle Finger, Mrs. *Abigail*, has a pretty Neighbour —— A Wedding Ring would become it mightily——He, he, he.

Ab. You're ſo full of your Jokes. Ay, but where muſt I find one for't.

Vel. I deſign this Thimble only as the Forerunner of it, they will ſet of each other, and are——indeed a twofold Emblem. The firſt will put you in mind of being a good Houſewife, and the other of being a good Wife. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab.

Ab. Yes, yes, I ſee you laugh at me.

Vel. Indeed I am ſerious.

Ab. I thought you had quite forſaken me——I am ſure you cannot forget the many repeated Vows and Promiſes you formerly made me.

Vel. I ſhould as ſoon forget the Multiplication Table.

Ab. I have always taken your Part before my Lady.

Vel. You have ſo, and I have *Item'd* it in my Memory.

Ab. For I have always look'd upon your Intereſt as my own.

Vel. It is nothing but your Cruelty can hinder them from being ſo.

Ab. I muſt ſtrike while the Iron's hot. [*Aſide.*]——— Well, Mr. *Vellum*, there is no refuſing you, you have ſuch a bewitching Tongue!

Vel. How? Speak that again!

Ab. Why then in plain *Engliſh* I love you.

Vel. I am overjoy'd!

Ab. I muſt own my Paſſion for you.

Vel. I'm tranſported! [*Catching her in his Arms.*

Ab. Dear charming Man!

Vel. Thou Sum Total of all my Happineſs! I ſhall grow Extravagant! I can't forbear! — to drink thy virtuous Inclinations in a Bumper of Sack. Your Lady muſt make haſte, my Duck, or we ſhall provide a young Steward to the Eſtate, before ſhe has an Heir to it—— pr'ythee, my Dear, does ſhe intend to marry Mr. *Vinſel.*

Ab. Marry him! my Love. No, no! we muſt take care of that! there wou'd be no ſtaying in the Houſe for us if ſhe did. That young Rake-hell wou'd ſend all the old Servants a Grazing. You and I ſhou'd be diſcarded before the Honey-Moon was at an end.

Vel. Pr'ythee, ſweet One does not this Drum put the Thoughts of Marriage out of her Head?

Ab. This Drum, my Dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no leſs than a Thouſand Pound in our way.

Vel. Ay, ſay'ſt thou ſo, my Turtle?

Ab.

Ab. Since we are now as good as Man and Wife—— I mean, almoſt as good as Man and Wife —— I ought to conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly, my Dove, not from thy Yoke-fellow, thy Help-Mate, thy own Fleſh and Blood!

Ab. Huſh! I hear Mr. *Tinſel*'s Laugh; my Lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole Contrivance.

Vel. Give me your Hand, Chicken.

Ab. Here take it, you have my Heart already.

Vel. We ſhall have much Iſſue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vellum *and* Butler.

Vel. JOHN, I have certain Orders to give you——and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that——I ſuppoſe he means being ſober. [*Aſide.*

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a Method in your Buſineſs; I would have your Knives and Forks, your Spoons and Napkins, your Plate and Glaſſes laid in a Method.

But. Ah, Maſter *Vellum*, you are ſuch a ſweet-ſpoken Man, it does one's Heart good to receive your Orders.

Vel. Method, *John*, makes Buſineſs eaſy, it baniſhes all Perplexity and Confuſion out of Families.

But. How he talks! I cou'd hear him all Day.

Vel. And now, *John*, let me know whether your Table-linen, your Side-Board, your Cellar, and every thing elſe within your Province, are properly and methodically diſpos'd for an Entertainment this Evening.

But. Maſter *Vellum*, they ſhall be ready at a quarter of an Hour's Warning. But pray, Sir, is this Entertainment to be made for the Conjurer?

Vel. It is, *John*, for the Conjurer, and yet it is not for the Conjurer.

But. Why, look you, Maſter *Vellum*, if it be for the Conjurer, the Cook-maid ſhould have Orders to get him ſome Diſhes to his Palate. Perhaps he may like a little Brimſtone in his Sauce.

Vel.

Vel. This Conjurer, *John*, is a complicated Creature, an amphibious Animal, a Perſon of a twofold Nature—But he eats and drinks like other Men.

But. Marry, Maſter *Vellum*, he ſhou'd eat and drink as much as two other Men, by the Account you give of him.

Vel. Thy Conceit is not amiſs, he is indeed a double Man, ha, ha, ha.

But. Ha! I underſtand you, He's one of your Hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

Vel. He is married, and he is not married——He hath a Beard, and he hath no Beard. He is old, and he is young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Maſter *Vellum*, you could make a Riddle. The ſame Man old and young! How do you make that out, Maſter *Vellum?*

Vel. Thou haſt heard of a Snake caſting his Skin, and recovering his Youth. Such is this ſage Perſon.

But. Nay, 'tis no wonder a Conjurer ſhou'd be like a Serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown aſide the old Conjurer's Slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young Gentleman as ever was ſeen in this Houſe.

But. Does he intend to ſup in his Slough?

Vel. That Time will ſhow.

But. Well, I have not a Head for theſe things. Indeed Mr. *Vellum*, I have not underſtood one Word you have ſaid this half Hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou ſhouldſt —— But to our Buſineſs——Let there be a Table ſpread in the Great Hall. Let your Pots and Glaſſes be waſh'd, and in a readineſs. Bid the Cook provide a plentiful Supper, and ſee that all the Servants be in their beſt Liveries.

But. Ay! now I underſtand every Word you ſay. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other Way.

Vel. I ſhall explain to thee what I have ſaid by and by—Bid *Suſan* lay two Pillows upon your Lady's Bed.

But. Two Pillows! Madam won't ſleep upon 'em both! She is not a double Woman too?

Vel.

Vel. She will ſleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigail*, I think I hear her chiding the Cook-maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my Turn next: She I am ſure, ſpeaks plain *Engliſh*, one may eaſily underſtand every Word She ſays. [*Exit* Butler.

Vellum *ſolus.*

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unleſs they have an Opinion of the Perſon's Underſtanding who has the Direction of them.——But ſee Mrs. *Abigail!* ſhe has a bewitching Countenance, I wiſh I may not be tempted to marry her in good Earneſt.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Ha! Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. What brings my Sweet-one hither?

Ab. I am coming to ſpeak to my Friend behind the Wainſcot. It is fit, Child, he ſhould have an Account of this Conjurer, that he may not be ſurpriz'd.

Vel. That wou'd be as much as thy Thouſand Pound is worth.

Ab. I'll ſpeak low——Walls have Ears.

[*Pointing at the Wainſcot.*

Vel. But hark you, Duckling! be ſure you don't tell him that I am let into the Secret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I ſhould ever tell what paſſes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my Child, that muſt not be! he, he, he! that muſt not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be waggiſh.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the Reſult of your Conference.

Ab. How can you leave one ſo ſoon? I ſhall think it an Age 'till I ſee you again,

Vel. Adieu, my pretty One.

Ab. Adieu, ſweet Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. My pretty One——— [*As he is going off.*

Ab. Dear Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. My pretty One! [*Exit* Vellum.

Abigail

Abigail *ſola.*

Ab. I have him—If I can but get this Thouſand Pound.

Fant. *gives three Raps upon his Drum behind the Wainſcot.*

Ab. Ha. Three Raps upon the Drum! the Signal Mr. *Fantome* and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to ſpeak with me. [Fantome *raps again.*

Ab. Very well, I hear you; come, Fox, come out of your Hole.

SCENE *opens, and* Fantome *comes out.*

Ab. You may leave your Drum in the Wardrobe, 'till you have Occaſion for it.

Fan. Well, Mrs. *Abigail,* I want to hear what's doing in the World.

Ab. You are a very inquiſitive Spirit. But I muſt tell you, if you do not take care of yourſelf, you will be laid this Evening.

Fan. I have overheard ſomething of that matter. But let me alone for the Doctor——I'll engage to give a good Account of Him. I am more in pain about *Tinſel.* When a Lady's in the Caſe, I'm more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurers.

Ab. To tell you truly, he preſſes his Attacks with ſo much Impudence, that he has made more Progreſs with my Lady in two Days, than you did in two Months.

Fan. I ſhall attack her in another manner, if thou canſt but procure me another Interview. There's nothing makes a Lover ſo keen, as being kept up in the Dark.

Ab. Pray no more of your diſtant Bows, your reſpectful Compliments——Really, Mr. *Fantome,* you're only fit to make love acroſs a Tea-Table.

Fan. My dear Girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good Advice.

Ab. Ay, now I have ſome hopes of you; but why don't you do ſo to my Lady?

Fan. Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with Reſpect.

Ab.

Ab. Believe me, Mr. *Fantom*, there is not ſo great a Difference between Woman and Woman, as you imagine. You ſee *Tinſel* has nothing but his Saucineſs to recommend him.

Fan. Tinſel is too great a Coxcomb to be capable of Love——And let me tell thee, *Abigail*, a Man, who is ſincere in his Paſſion, makes but a very aukward Profeſſion of it———But I'll mend my Manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a Widow——Come, I muſt tutor you a little; ſuppoſe me to be my Lady, and let me ſee how you'll behave yourſelf.

Fan. I'm afraid, Child, we han't time for ſuch a Piece of Mummery.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your Part well.

Fan. Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab*——I mean, my Lady *Truman.*

Ab. Ay! but you han't ſaluted me.

Fan. That's right; Faith I forgot that Circumſtance. [*Kiſſes her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambroſia!*

Ab. That's very well——

Fan. How long muſt I be condemn'd to languiſh! when ſhall my Sufferings have an end! My Life, my Happineſs, my all is wound up in you———

Ab. Well! why don't you ſqueeze my Hand.

Fan. What, thus?

Ab. Thus? Ay——Now throw your Arm about my Middle: Hug me cloſer.———You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a Volley of Rapture and Nonſence till you are out of Breath.

Fan. Tranſport and Ecſtaſy! where am I!—my Life, my Bliſs!——I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die.]

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fan. Flames and Darts———Bear me to the gloomy Shade, Rocks, and Grottoes——— Flowers, *Zephyrs*, and purling Streams.

Ab. Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a Tongue wou'd undo a Veſtal! You were born for the Ruin of our Sex.

Fan. This will do then, *Abigail?*

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a Lover, Tho' I only repreſent my Lady, I take a Pleaſure in hearing you. Well, o'my Conſcience when a Man of Senſe has a little Daſh of the Coxcomb in him, no Woman can reſiſt him. Go on at this rate, and the thouſand Pound is as good as in my Pocket.

Fan. I ſhall think it an Age till I have an Opportunity of putting this Leſſon in Practice.

Ab. You may do it ſoon, if you make good uſe of your Time; Mr. *Tinſel* will be here with my Lady at Eight, and at Nine the Conjurer is to take you in hand.

Fan. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! forewarn'd, forearm'd. Get into your Box, and I'll endeavour to diſpoſe every thing in your Favour. [Fantome *goes in. Exit* Abigail.

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is withdrawn. —— I was in hopes to have heard what paſs'd between her and her inviſible Correſpondent.

Enter Tinſel.

Tin. Vellum! Vellum!

Vel. [*Aſide.*] *Vellum!* We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd ſo by any but their Ho--nours ——What would you, Mr. *Tinſel?*

Tin. Let me beg a Favour of thee, old Gentleman.

Vel. What is that, good Sir?

Tin. Pr'ythee run and fetch me the Rent-Roll of thy Lady's Eſtate.

Vel. The Rent-Roll?

Tin. The Rent-Roll? Ay, the Rent-Roll! Doſt not underſtand what that means?

Vel. Why, have you thoughts of purchaſing it!

Tin. Thou haſt hit it, old Boy; that is my very Intention.

Vel. The Purchaſe will be conſiderable.

Tin. And for that Reaſon I have bid thy Lady very high —— She is to have no leſs for it than this entire Perſon of mine.

Vel. Is your whole Eſtate Perſonal, Mr. *Tinſel*—he, he, he!

Tin. Why, you queer old Dog, you don't pretend to jeſt, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my Steward, you muſt learn to walk with your Toes out.

Vel. [*Aſide.*] An inſolent Companion!

Tin. Thou'rt confounded rich, I ſee, by that Dangling of thy Arms.

Vel. [*Aſide.*] An ungracious Bird!

Tin. Thou ſhalt lend me a couple of Thouſand Pounds.

Vel. [*Aſide.*] A very Profligate!

Tin. Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you—— I'll borrow ſome Money of you.

Vel. I can not but ſmile to conſider the Diſappointment this young Fellow will meet with; I will make myſelf merry with him. [*Aſide.*] And ſo, Mr. *Tinſel*, you promiſe you will be a very kind Maſter to me.

[*Stifling a Laugh.*

Tin. What will you give for a Life in the Houſe you live in?

Vel. What do you think of Five Hundred Pounds?—— Ha, ha, ha!

Tin. That's too little.

Vel. And yet it is more than I ſhall give you——And I will offer you two Reaſons for it.

Tin. Pr'ythee what are they?

Vel. Firſt, becauſe the Tenement is not in your Diſpoſal, and, Secondly, becauſe it never will be in your Diſpoſal, and ſo fare you well, good Mr. *Tinſel*. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular.

[*Exit* Vellum.

Tin. This Rogue is as ſaucy as the Conjurer: I'll be hang'd if they are not akin.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel!* what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great Admirers of Solitude.

Tin. No, faith, I have been talking with thy Steward; a very groteſque Figure of a Fellow, the very Picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bear his Converſation?

Lady. I keep him for my Steward, and not my Companion. He's a ſober Man.

Tin. Yes, yes, he looks like a Put, a queer old Dog, as ever I ſaw in my Life: We muſt turn him off, Widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I ſee that.

Lady. Indeed you're miſtaken; he has always had the Reputation of being a very honeſt Man.

Tin. What! I ſuppoſe he goes to Church.

Lady. Goes to Church! ſo do you too, I hope.

Tin. I would for once, Widow, to make ſure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinſel*, a Husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the Promiſes he made there.

Tin. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, Widow, thou wouldſt not for the World marry a Sabbath-breaker!

Lady. Truly they generally come to a bad End. I remember the Conjurer told you, you were ſhort liv'd.

Tin. The Conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Indeed you're very witty!

Tin. Indeed you're very handſom. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Lady I wiſh the Fool does not love me. [*Aſide.*

Tin. Thou art the Idol I adore: Here muſt I pay my Devotion —— Pr'ythee, Widow, haſt thou any Timber upon thy Eſtate.

Lady. The moſt impudent Fellow I ever met with. [*Aſide.*

Tin. I take notice thou haſt a great deal of old Plate here in the Houſe, Widow.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel*, you are a very obſerving Man.

Tin. Thy large Silver Ciſtern would make a very good Coach; and half a Dozen Salvers that I ſaw on the Side-board, might be turned into ſix as pretty Horſes as any that appear in the Ring.

Lady. You have a very good Fancy, Mr. *Tinſel*. —— What pretty Transformations you could make in my Houſe——But I'll ſee where 'twill end. [*Aſide.*

Tin. Then I obſerve, Child, you have two or three Services of gilt Plate; we'd eat always in China, my Dear.

Lady.

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent Manager—How quickly you have taken an Inventory of my Goods!

Tin. Now, hark ye, Widow, to ſhew you the Love that I have for you———

Lady. Very well; let me hear.

Tin. You have an old-faſhion'd Gold Caudle Cup, with a Figure of a Saint upon the Lid on't.

Lady. I have; What then?

Tin. Why look ye, I'd ſell the Caudle-Cup with the old Saint for as much Money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a Diamond Buckle, and make you a Preſent of it.

Lady. Oh you are generous to an Extravaganee. But, pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, don't diſpoſe of my Goods before you are ſure of my Perſon. I find you have taken a great Affection to my Moveables.

Tin. My Dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I ſee you do, Sir; you need not make any Proteſtations upon that Subject.

Tin. Pho, pho, my Dear, we are growing ſerious; and let me tell you that's the very next ſtep to being dull. Come, that pretty Face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, Sir, whatever you think, Marriage is a ſerious Subject.

Tin. For that very Reaſon, my Dear, let us run over it as faſt as we can.

Lady. I ſhould be very much in haſte for a Huſband, if I married within fourteen Months after Sir *George*'s Deceaſe.

Tin. Pray, my Dear, let me aſk you a Queſtion; Doſt not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at preſent to all Intents and Purpoſes, as he will be a Twelvemonth hence?

Lady. Yes; but Decency! Mr. *Tinſel.* ———

Tin. Or doſt thou think thou'lt be more a Widow then, than thou art now?

Lady. The World would ſay I never lov'd my firſt Huſband.

Tin. Ah, my Dear, they would ſay you lov'd your Second; and they would own I deſerv'd it, for I ſhall love thee moſt inordinately.

Lady. But what would People think?

Tin. Think! why they would think thee the Mirror of Widowhood——That a Woman ſhould live fourteen whole Months after the Deceaſe of her Spouſe, without having engag'd herſelf. Why, about Town, we know many a Woman of Quality's Second Husband, ſeveral Years before the Death of the Firſt.

Lady. Ay, I know you Wits have your common-place Jeſts upon us poor Widows.

Tin. I'll tell you a Story, Widow; I know a certain Lady, who, conſidering the Crazineſs of her Husband, had, in Caſe of Mortality, engag'd herſelf to two young Fellows of my Acquaintance. They grew ſuch deſperate Rivals for her, while her Husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the other in a Duel. But the good Lady was no ſooner a Widow, but what did my Dowager do? Why, faith, being a Woman of Honour, ſhe married a Third, to whom, it ſeems, ſhe had given her firſt Promiſe.

Lady. And this is a true Story upon your own Knowledge?

Tin. Every Tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe *Tom Tinſel.*

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel,* do you call this talking like a Wit or like a Rake?

Tin. Innocent enough. He, he, he! Why, where's the Difference, my Dear;

Lady. Yes, Mr. *Tinſel,* the only Man I ever lov'd in my Life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

Tin. Nay, now you grow vapouriſh; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'ſt the Drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here laſt Night about this time, you would not have been ſo merry.

Tin. About this time, ſay'ſt thou! Come, faith, for Humour's ſake, we'll ſit down and liſten.

Lady.

Lady. I will, if you'll promiſe to be ſerious.

Tin. Serious! never fear me, Child, Ha, ha, ha! Doſt not hear him?

Lady. You break your Word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, do you laugh to ſhew your Wit or your Teeth?

Tin. Why both, my Dear———I'm glad, however, that ſhe has taken notice of my Teeth. [*Aſide.*] But you look ſerious, Child; I fancy thou hear'ſt the Drum, doſt not?

Lady. Don't talk ſo raſhly.

Tin. Why, my Dear, you could not look more frighted if you had *Lucifer*'s Drum-major in your Houſe.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel*, I muſt deſire to ſee you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle Way of Talking.

Tin. Child, I thought I had told you what is my Opinion of Spirits, as we were drinking a Diſh of Tea but juſt now——There is no ſuch thing, I give thee my Word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinſel*, your Authority muſt be of great Weight to thoſe that know you.

Tin. For my part, Child, I have made myſelf eaſy in thoſe Points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this Fellow's Vanity, but his Ignorance. [*Aſide.*

Tin. I'll tell thee what now, Widow———I would engage by the help of a white Sheet, and a Penyworth of Link in a dark Night, to frighten you a whole Country Village out of their Senſes, and the Vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what Noiſe is that! Heaven defend us! This is more than Fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tin. 'Tis very dreadful! What a Dog have I been to ſpeak againſt my Conſcience, only to ſhew my Parts!

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wiſh you have not anger'd it by your fooliſh Diſcourſe.

Tin. Indeed, Madam, I did not ſpeak from my Heart: I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmleſs Rallery.

Lady. Harmleſs, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it wou'd break thro' the Wall!

Tin. What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet?

[*Scene opens, and diſcovers* Fantome.

Mercy on us! it appears.

Lady. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himſelf! 'tis Sir *George!* 'tis my Husband! [*She faints.*

Tin. Now would I give Ten Thouſand Pounds that I were in Town. [Fantome *advances to him Drumming,* I beg Ten Thouſand Pardons: I'll never talk at this rate any more. [Fantome *ſtill advances Drumming.*] By my Soul, Sir *George,* I was not in earneſt. [*Falls on his Knees.*] Have Compaſſion on my Youth, and conſider I am but a Coxcomb——[Fantome *points to the Door*] But ſee he waves me off——Ay, with all my Heart——What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet? [*He ſteals off the Stage, mending his Pace as the Drum beats.*

Fan. The Scoundrel is gone, and has left his Miſtreſs behind him; I'm miſtaken if he makes Love in this Houſe any more. I have now only the Conjurer to deal with. I don't queſtion but I ſhall make his Reverence ſcamper as faſt as the Lover: and then the Day's my own. But the Servants are coming, I muſt get into my Cupboard. [*He goes in.*

Enter Abigail *and Servants.*

Ab. Oh my poor Lady! This wicked Drum has frighted Mr. *Tinſel* out of his Wits, and my Lady into a Swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the freſh Air, and ſhe'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my Lady; but 'tis all for her good: And I know her ſo well, that ſhe would not be angry with me, if ſhe knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her Friends ſhould blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my Hand upon my Purſe, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a Thouſand Pounds, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir George *in his Conjurer's Habit, the* Butler *marching before him with two large Candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and another a Chair.*

But. AN'T pleaſe your Worſhip, Mr. *Conjurer*, the Steward has given us all Orders to do whatſoever you ſhall bid us, and to pay you the ſame Reſpect, as if you were our Maſter.

Sir *G.* Thou ſay'ſt well.

Gard. An't pleaſe your Conjurerſhip's Worſhip, ſhall I ſet the Table down here?

Sir *G.* Here, *Peter.*

Gard. Peter!——He knows my Name by his Learning. [*Aſide.*

Coach. I have brought you, Reverend Sir, the largeſt Elbow-Chair in the Houſe; 'tis that the Steward ſits in when he holds a Court.

Sir *G.* Place it there.

But. Sir, will you pleaſe to want any thing elſe?

Sir *G.* Paper, and a Pen and Ink

But. Sir, I believe we have Paper that is fit for your Purpoſe! my Lady's mourning Paper, that is black'd at the Edges——Would you chooſe to write with a Crow-Quill?

Sir *G.* There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the Paper and Standiſh out of the little Parlour.

Coach. [*To Gard.*] *Peter*, pr'ythee do thou go along.

with me —— I'm afraid —— You know I went with you laſt Night into the Garden, when the Cook-maid wanted a handful of Parſley.

But. Why, you don't think I'll ſtay with the Conjurer by myſelf!

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the Pen and Ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir *G. ſolus.* There's nothing I ſee makes ſuch ſtrong Alliances as Fear. Theſe Fellows are all enter'd into a Confederacy againſt the Ghoſt. There muſt be abundance of Buſineſs done in the Family at this rate. But here comes the Tripple-Alliance. Who could have thought theſe three Rogues cou'd have found each of 'em an Employment in fetching a Pen and Ink!

Enter Gardiner *with a Sheet of Paper,* Coachman *with a Standiſh, and* Butler *with a Pen.*

Gard. Sir, there is your Paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your Standiſh.

But. Sir, there is your Crow-Quill Pen——I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aſide.*

Gard. [*Aſide.*] He forgets that he's to make a Circle—Doctor, ſhall I help you to a Bit of Chalk?

Sir *G.* It is no matter.

But. Look ye, Sir, I ſhow'd you the Spot where he's heard oftenеſt, if your Worſhip can but ferret him out of that old Wall in the next Room——

Sir *G.* We ſhall try.

Gard. That's right, *John.* His Worſhip muſt let fly all his Learning at that old Wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to adviſe you, I wou'd have a Bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I ſet a Cup of Stingo at your Elbow?

Sir *G.* I thank thee——we ſhall do without it.

Gard. John, he ſeems a very good-natur'd Man for a Conjurer.

But. I'll take this Opportunity of enquiring after a bit of Plate I have loſt. I fancy, whilſt he is in my Lady's Pay, one may hedge in a Queſtion or two into the Bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a Word in your Ear?

Sir *G.* What wouldſt thou? *But.*

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I loſt one of my Silver Spoons laſt Week.

Sir G. Mark'd with a Swan's Neck———

But. My Lady's Creſt! He knows every thing. [*Aſide.* How wou'd your Worſhip adviſe me to recover it again?

Sir G. Hum!

But. What muſt I do to come at it?

Sir G. Drink nothing but Small Beer for a Fortnight—

But. Small-Beer! Rot-gut!

Sir G. If thou drink'ſt a ſingle drop of Ale before fifteen Days are expir'd——It is as much——as thy Spoon——is worth.

But. I ſhall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aſide*

Coach. D'ye mind how they whiſper?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not aſking him ſomething about *Nell.*———

Coach. I'll take this Opportunity of putting a Queſtion to him about poor *Dobbing:* I fancy he could give me better Counſel than the Farrier.

But. [*To Gard.*] A prodigious Man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy Pick-ax.

Gard. I have nothing to give him: Does not he expect to have his Hand croſs'd with Silver?

Coach. [*To* Sir G.] Sir, may a Man venture to ask you a Queſtion?

Sir G. Aſk it.

Coach. I have a poor Horſe in the Stable that's bewitch'd———

Sir G. A bay Gelding.

Coach. How cou'd he know that? [*Aſide.*

Sir G. Bought at *Banbury.*

Coach. Whew—ſo it was o'my Conſcience. [*Whiſtles.*

Sir G. Six Years old laſt *Lammas.*

Coach. To a Day. [*Aſide.*] Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor Beaſt is bewitch'd by Goody *Crouch* or Goody *Fly.*

Sir G. Neither.

Coach. Then it muſt be Goody *Gurton*; for ſhe is the next oldeſt Woman in the Pariſh.

Gard.

Gard. Haſt thou done, *Robin?*

Coach. [*To Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. [*To Sir* G.] Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of Hearing——

Sir G. Speak.

Gard. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in Love at the ſame time with a certain Perſon.

Sir G. A Woman.

Gard. How cou'd he know that? [*Aſide.*

Sir G. Go on.

Gard. This Woman has lately had two Children at a Birth.

Sir G. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aſide.*

Sir G. Proceed.

Gard. Now, becauſe I us'd to meet her ſometimes in the Garden, ſhe has laid them both——

Sir G. To thee.

Gard. What a Power of Learning he muſt have! he knows every thing. [*Aſide.*

Sir G. Haſt thou done?

Gard. I wou'd deſire to know whether I am really Father to them both.

Sir G. Stand before me, let me ſurvey thee round.

[*Lays his Wand upon his Head and makes him turn about.*]

Coach. Look yonder, *John*, the ſilly Dog is turning about under the Conjurer's Wand. If he has been ſaucy to him, we ſhall ſee him puff'd off in a Whirlwind immediately.

Sir G. Twins, doſt thou ſay? [*Still turning him.*

Gard. Ay, are they both mine, d'ye think?

Sir G. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ay, but Mrs. *Abigail* will have me take care of them both——ſhe's always for the Butler——if my poor Maſter Sir *George* had been alive, he wou'd have made him go Halves with me.

Sir G. What, was Sir *George* a kind Maſter?

Gard. Was he! Ay, my Fellow-Servants will bear me Witneſs.

Sir G.

Sir G. Did ye love Sir *George?*

But. Every Body lov'd him——

Coach. There was not a dry Eye in the Pariſh at the News of his Death——

Gard. He was the beſt Neighbour———

But. The kindeſt Husband——

Coach. The trueſt Friend to the Poor——

But. My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the Death of her——

Sir G. I proteſt theſe Fellows melt me! I think the Time long till I am their Maſter again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aſide.*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Have you provided the Doctor every thing he has Occaſion for? if ſo,——you may depart.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir G. I can as yet ſee no hurt in my Wife's Behaviour: but ſtill have ſome certain Pangs and Doubts, that are natural to the Heart of a fond Man. I muſt take the Advantage of my Diſguiſe to be thoroughly ſatisfied. It would neither be for her Happineſs, nor mine, to make myſelf known to her till I am ſo. [*Aſide.*] Dear *Vellum!* I am impatient to hear ſome News of my Wife; how does ſhe after her Fright?

Vel. It is a Saying ſomewhere in my Lord *Coke*, that a Widow——

Sir G. I aſk of my Wife, and thou talk'ſt to me of my Lord *Coke*——pr'ythee tell me how ſhe does, for I am in pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recover'd. Mrs. *Abigail* has put her in good Heart; and I have given her great Hopes from your Skill.

Sir G. That I think cannot fail, ſince thou haſt got this Secret out of *Abigail!* But I could not have thought my Friend *Fantome* would have ſerv'd me thus———

Vel. You will fancy you are a living Man——

Sir G. That he ſhould endeavour to enſnare my Wife—

Vel. You have no Right in her after your Demiſe. Death extinguiſhes all Property,—*Quoad hanc*---It is a Maxim in the Law. *Sir*

Sir G. A Pox on your Learning! Well, but what is become of *Tinſel.*

Vel. He ruſh'd out of the Houſe, call'd for his Horſe, clap'd Spurs to his Sides, and was out of Sight in leſs time than I—can——tell—Ten.

Sir G. This is whimſical enough! my Wife will have a quick Succeſſion of Lovers, in one Day —*Fantome* has driven out *Tinſel*, and I ſhall drive out *Fantome.*

Vel. Ev'n as one Wedge driveth out another——he, he, he! you muſt pardon me for being Jocular.

Sir G. Was there ever ſuch a provoking Blockhead? but he means me well—Well, I muſt have ſatisfaction of this Traitor *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one than by turning him out of my Houſe, in a manner that ſhall throw Shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives——You muſt remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of Buſineſs upon your hands, and I have but juſt Time to tell it you over; all I require of you is Diſpatch, therefore hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requiſite in Buſineſs than Diſpatch——

Sir G. Then hear me.

Vel. It is indeed the Life of Buſineſs——

Sir G. Hear me then, I ſay.

Vel. And as one has rightly obſerv'd, the Benefit that attends it is fourfold. Firſt——

Sir G. There is no bearing this! Thou art going to deſcribe Diſpatch, when thou ſhouldſt be practiſing it.

Vel. But your Ho—nour will not give me the Hearing——

Sir G. Thou wilt not give me the Hearing. [*Angrily.*

Vel. I am ſtill.

Sir G. In the firſt Place, you are to lay my Wig, Hat, and Sword ready for me in the Cloſet, and one of my Scarlet Coats. You know how *Abigail* has deſcrib'd the Ghoſt to you.

Vel. It ſhall be done.

Sir G. Then you muſt remember, whilſt I am laying this Ghoſt, you are to prepare my Wife for the Reception of

of her real Huſband; tell her the whole Story, and do it with all the Art you are maſter of, that the Surpriſe may not be too great for her.

Vel. It ſhall be done—But ſince her Ho-nour has ſeen this Apparition ſhe deſires to ſee you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir G. I ſhall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent Rogue *Tinſel*, I hope thou haſt not told *Abigail* any thing of the Secret.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is a Woman; there are many Reaſons why ſhe ſhould not be acquainted with it: I ſhall only mention Six——

Sir G. Huſh, here ſhe comes! O my Heart!

Enter Lady *and* Abigail.

Sir G. [*Aſide, while* Vellum *talks in dumb Show to Lady.*] O that lov'd Woman! How I long to take her in my Arms! If I find I am ſtill dear to her Memory, it will be a return to Life indeed! But I muſt take care of indulging this Tenderneſs, and put on a Behaviour more ſuitable to my preſent Character.

[*Walks at a Diſtance in a penſive Poſture, waving his Wand.*

Lady. [*to* Vellum.] This is ſurpriſing indeed! So all the Servants tell me; they ſay he knows every thing that has happened in the Family.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] A Parcel of credulous Fools! they firſt tell him their Secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* Vellum, *exchanging fond Looks with* Abigail.

Lady. Learned Sir, may I have ſome Converſation with you, before you begin your Ceremonies?

Sir G. Speak! but hold—firſt let me feel your Pulſe?

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir G. I have already learn'd a Secret from it, that will aſtoniſh you.

Lady. Pray what is it?

Sir G. You will have a Husband within this half Hour.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] I am glad to hear that——He muſt mean Mr.

Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a good deal of Truth in his Art.

Lady. Alas! I fear you mean I ſhall ſee Sir *George*'s Apparition a ſecond time.

Sir G. Have Courage, you ſhall ſee the Apparition no more. The Husband I mention ſhall be as much alive as I am.

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lady. Impoſſible! I lov'd my firſt too well.

Sir G. You cou'd not love the firſt better than you will love the ſecond.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] I'll be hang'd if my dear Steward has not inſtructed him; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be ſure; the thouſand Pound is our own.

Lady, Alas! you did not know Sir *George*.

Sir G. As well as I do myſelf—I ſaw him with you in the red Damaſk Room, when he firſt made Love to you; your Mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a Viſit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her Return from *London*.

Lady. This is aſtoniſhing.

Sir G. You were a great Admirer of a ſingle Life for the firſt half Hour; your Refuſals then grew ſtill fainter and fainter. With what Ecſtacy did Sir *George* kiſs your Hand, when you told him you ſhould always follow the Advice of your *Mamma*.

Lady. Every Circumſtance to a tittle!

Sir G. Then, Lady, the Wedding Night! I ſaw you in your white Sattin Night-gown: You would not come out of your Dreſſing-room, till Sir *George* took you out by force. He drew you gently by the Hand—You ſtruggled—but he was too ſtrong for you——You bluſh'd; he——

Lady. Oh! ſtop there! go no further!——He knows every thing. [*Aſide.*

Ab. Truly, Mr. *Conjurer*, I believe you have been a Wag in your Youth.

Sir G. Mrs. *Abigail*, you know what your good Word coſt Sir *George*, a Purſe of Broad Pieces, Mrs. *Abigail*—

Ab.

Ab. The Devil's in him. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, ſince you have told ſo far, you ſhould tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir G. 'Tis true, Child, he was forc'd to thruſt them into your Boſom.

Ab. This Rogue will mention the Thouſand Pound, if I don't take care. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, though you are a Conjurer, methinks you need not be a Blab———

Lady. Sir, ſince I have now no Reaſon to doubt of your Art, I muſt beſeech you to treat this Apparition gently—— It has the Reſemblance of my deceas'd Huſband; if there be any undiſcover'd Secret, any thing that troubles his Reſt, learn it of him.

Sir G. I muſt to that end be ſincerely inform'd by you, whether your Heart be engag'd to another. Have not you receiv'd the Addreſſes of many Lovers ſince his Death?

Lady. I have been oblig'd to receive more Viſits than have been agreeable.

Sir G. Was not *Tinſel* welcome?——I'm afraid to hear an anſwer to my own Queſtion. [*Aſide.*

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir G. Racks? [*Aſide.*

Lady. Of a good Family.

Sir G. Tortures! [*Aſide.*

Lady. Heir to a conſiderable Eſtate!

Sir G. Death! [*Aſide.*] And you ſtill love him?——— I'm diſtracted! [*Aſide.*

Lady. No, I deſpiſe him. I found he had a Deſign upon my Fortune; was baſe, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that cou'd be expected from a Man of the vileſt Principles.

Sir G. I'm recover'd. [*Aſide.*

Ab. Oh, Madam, had you ſeen how like a Scoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyſhip in a Swoon! Where have you left my Lady? ſays I. In an Elbow-chair, Child, ſays he. And where are you going? ſays I. To Town Child, ſays he: For to tell thee truly, Child, ſays he, I don't care for living under the ſame Roof with the Devil,

Sir G.

Sir G. Well, Lady, I ſee nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir *George*'s Spirit from being at reſt.

Lady. If he knows any thing of what paſſes in my Heart, he cannot but be ſatisfied of that Fondneſs which I bear to his Memory. My Sorrow for him is always freſh when I think of him. He was the kindeſt, trueſt, tendereſt—Tears will not let me go on——

Sir G. This quite overpowers me—I ſhall diſcover myſelf before my Time. [*Aſide.*]—Madam, you may now retire, and leave me to myſelf.

Lady. Succeſs attend you!

Ab. I wiſh Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don——I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Abigail.

Sir George *ſolus.*

Sir G. My Heart is now at Eaſe; ſhe is the ſame dear Woman I left her——Now for my Revenge upon *Fantome*.——I ſhall cut the Ceremonies ſhort——A few Words will do his Buſineſs——Now let me ſeat myſelf in form——A good eaſy Chair for a Conjurer this!——Now for a few mathematical Scratches——a good lucky Scrawl, that——Faith I think it looks very Aſtrological—Theſe two or three magical Pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjurer's Scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you there! [*Enter* Drummer.] Now muſt I pore upon my Paper.

Enter Fantome, *beating his Drum.*

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't make a Noiſe, I'm buſy.

[Fantome *beats.*

Sir G. A pretty March? pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*

Sir G. [*Riſing,*] Ha! you're very perfect in the Step of a Ghoſt. You ſtalk it majeſtically. [Fantome *advances.*

Sir G. How the Rogue ſtares, he acts it to Admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practiſing this half Hour in Mrs. *Abigail*'s Wardrobe.

[Fantome *ſtarts, gives a Rap upon his Drum.*

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't play the Fool. [Fantome *beats.*

Sir G. Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. *Fantome.*

Fan.

Fan. [*Aſide.*] Death! I'm diſcover'd. This Jade *Abigail* has betray'd me.

Sir G. Mr. *Fantome*, upon the Word of an Aſtrologer, your Thouſand Pound Bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman*.

Fan. 'Tis plain, ſhe has told him all. [*Aſide.*

Sir G. Let me adviſe you to make off as faſt as you can, or I plainly perceive by my Art, Mr. *Ghoſt* will have his Bones broke.

Fan. [*To Sir* G.] Look ye, old Gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this Secret from Mrs. *Abigail*.

Sir G. I have learnt it from my Art.

Fan. Thy Art! pr'ythee no more of that, Look ye, I know you are a Cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my Counſel, I'll give thee ten broad Pieces.——

Sir G. I am not mercenary! Young Man, I ſcorn thy Gold.

Fan. I'll make them up Twenty.——

Sir G. Avant! and that quickly, or I'll raiſe ſuch an Apparition as ſhall——

Fan. An Apparition, old Gentleman! you miſtake your Man, I'm not to be frightened with Bugbears!——

Sir G. Let me retire but for a few Moments, and I will give thee ſuch a Proof of my Art——

Fan. Why, if thou haſt any *Hocus-pocus* Tricks to play, why can'ſt thou not do them here?

Sir G. The raiſing of a Spirit, requires certain ſecret Myſteries to be performed, and Words to be mutter'd in private——

Fan. Well, if I ſee through your Trick, will you promiſe to be my Friend?

Sir G. I will——attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

Fantome *ſolus.*

Fan. A very ſolemn old Aſs! But I ſmoke him,—— he has a mind to raiſe his Price upon me. I cou'd not think this Slut wou'd have us'd me thus.——I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my Drum. I wiſh I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinſel* for good and all; I ſhan't have the Mortification to ſee my Miſtreſs carry'd off by ſuch a Rival. Well, what-

whatever happens, I muſt ſtop this old Fellow's Mouth, I muſt not be ſparing in Huſh-Money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir George *in his own Habit.*

Fan. Ha! what's that! Sir *George Truman!* This can be no Counterfeit. His Dreſs! his Shape! his Face! the very Wound of which he dy'd! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir *George*— The Enemy has left me Maſter of the Field: Here are the Marks of my Victory. This Drum will I hang up in my great Hall as the Trophy of the Day.

Enter Abigail.

Sir George *ſtands with his Hand before his Face in a muſing Poſture.*

Ab. Yonder he is. O'my Conſcience he has driven off the Conjurer. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome!* I give you Joy, I give you Joy. What do you think of your Thouſand Pounds now, why does not the Man ſpeak? [*Pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Sir G. Ha! [*Taking his Hand from his Face.*

Ab. Oh! 'tis my Maſter! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

Sir G. Good Mrs. *Abigail*, not ſo faſt.

Ab. Are you alive, Sir! He has given my Shoulder ſuch a curſed Tweak! they muſt be real Fingers. I feel 'em I'm ſure.

Sir G. What doſt thou think?

Ab. Think, Sir? think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how——

Sir G. No Queſtions, good *Abigail*; thy Curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

Ab. Oh, I'm ſo frighted!——and ſo glad——

Sir G. Where's your Lady! I aſk you——

Ab. Marry I don't know where I am myſelf--I can't forbear weeping for Joy——

Sir G. Your Lady! I ſay your Lady! I muſt bring you to yourſelf with one Pinch more——

Ab. Oh! She has been talking a good while with the Steward.

Sir G.

Sir G. Then he has open'd the whole Story to her. I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here ſhe comes.

Enter Lady *follow'd by* Vellum.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his Arms? my Life? my Soul! my Husband!

Sir G. Oh! let me catch thee to my Heart, deareſt of Women.

Lady. Are you then ſtill alive, and are you here! I can ſcarce believe my Senſes! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir G. My Heart is too full to anſwer thee.

Lady. How could you be ſo cruel to defer giving me that Joy which you knew I muſt receive from your Preſence? You have robb'd my Life of ſome Hours of Happineſs that ought to have been in it.

Sir G. It was to make our Happineſs the more ſincere and unmixt: There will be now no Doubts to daſh it. What has been the Affliction of our Lives, has given a Variety to them, and will hereafter ſupply us with a thouſand Materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now ſatisfied that it is not in the Power of Abſence to leſſen your Love towards me.

Sir G. And I am ſatisfied that it is not in the Power of Death to deſtroy that Love which makes me the happieſt of Men.

Lady. Was ever Woman ſo bleſt! to find again the Darling of her Soul, when ſhe thought him loſt for ever! to enter into a kind of ſecond Marriage with the only Man whom ſhe was ever capable of loving!

Sir G. May it be as happy as our firſt, I deſire no more! Believe me, my Dear, I want Words to expreſs thoſe Tranſports of Joy and Tenderneſs which are every Moment riſing in my Heart whilſt I ſpeak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Juſt as the Steward told us, Lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already?

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful Night will this be for Madam.

Coach. As I was coming in at the Gate, a ſtrange Gen-

Gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his Heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not ſee Maſter before me, I ſhou'd have ſworn it had been his Honour!

Gard. Haſt thou given Orders for the Bells to be ſet a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy Head about that, 'tis done.

Sir G. [*to* Lady.] My Dear, I long as much to tell you my whole Story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while I am to look upon this as my Wedding-Day. I'll have nothing but the Voice of Mirth and Feaſting in my Houſe. My poor Neighbours and my Servants ſhall rejoice with me. My Hall ſhall be free to every one, and let my Cellars be thrown open.

But. Ah! bleſs your Honour, may you never die again!

Coach. The ſame good Man that ever he was!

Gard. Whurra!

Sir G. *Vellum*, thou haſt done me much Service to-day. I know thou lov'ſt *Abigail*, but ſhe's diſappointed in a Fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a Thouſand Pound with her. It is not fit there ſhou'd be one ſad Heart in my Houſe to-night.

Lady. What you do for *Abigail*, I know is meant as a Compliment to me. This is a new Inſtance of your Love.

Ab. Mr. *Vellum*, you are a well-ſpoken Man: Pray do you thank my Maſter and my Lady.

Sir G. *Vellum*, I hope you are not diſpleas'd with the Gift I make you.

Vel. *The Gift is twofold. I receive from you*
A virtuous Partner, and a Portion too;
For which in humble wiſe, I thank the Donors:
And ſo we bid Good-night to both your Ho—nours.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

TO-night, the Poet's Advocate I ſtand;
And he deſerves the Favour at my Hand,
Who in my Equipage their Cauſe debating
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting:
If both the firſt ſhould from their Duty ſwerve,
There's one behind the Wainſcot in reſerve
In his next Play, if I would take this Trouble,
He promis'd me to make the Number double:
In troth 'twas ſpoke like an obliging Creature,
For though 'tis ſimple, yet it ſhews Good-nature.

My Help thus aſk'd, I could not chooſe but grant it,
And really I thought the Play would want it,
Void as it is of all the uſual Arts
To warm your Fancies, and to ſteal your Hearts:
No Court-intrigue, nor City Cuckoldom,
No Song, no Dance, no Muſick——but a Drum——
No ſmutty Thought in doubtful Phraſe expreſt,
And, Gentlemen, if ſo, pray where's the Jeſt?
When we would raiſe your Mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in ſtrictneſs, you ſhould laugh or no;
But turn upon the Ladies in the Pit,
And if they redden, you are ſure 'tis Wit.

Protect him then, ye Fair ones; for the Fair
Of all Conditions are his equal Care.

He

EPILOGUE.

He draws a Widow, who, of blameleſs Carriage,
True to her Jointure, hates a ſecond Marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous Wife's Delights,
Out of one Man contrives two Wedding-nights;
Nay to oblige the Sex in ev'ry State,
A Nymph of Five and Forty finds her Mate.

Too long has Marriage, in this taſteleſs Age,
With ill-bred Rallery ſupply'd the Stage:
No little Scribbler is of Wit ſo bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded Pair.
Our Author deals not in Conceits ſo ſtale:
For ſhould th' Examples of his Play prevail,
No Man need bluſh, though true to Marriage-vows,
Nor be a Jeſt, though he ſhould love his Spouſe.
Thus has he done you Britiſh *Conſorts right,*
Whoſe Huſbands, ſhould they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your Conduct Slipping.
Though they turn'd Conjurers to take you Tripping.

FINIS.

J. Vanderbank inv.t

THE

Fair Quaker of Deal:

OR, THE

Humours of the Navy.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. CHARLES SHADWELL.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Lownds, at his Circulating Library, near *Salisbury Court, Fleet-street.*

M DCC LXI.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

To my Generous and Obliging Friends of the County of KENT.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Play was both deſign'd and finiſh'd in your County, and therefore comes for Protection to the Place of its Nativity. It drags not a ſluggiſh and unwilling Pace, as timorous of its Reception, and the Hardineſs of its Fate; but pants for its Native Air, where it was brought forth with Pleaſure, and flies to the good Treatment of Your experienced Hoſpitality.

To fix upon any particular Patron from among You, would be a general Offence, becauſe ſo many of you have a ſpecial Claim to my Gratitude for Your peculiar Favours: And to incorporate You, by Name, into one common Body, would require a College of Heralds to order the Precedence, and a more difficult Exactneſs to marſhal my Obligations: I rather chuſe to confeſs them by a general Acknowledgment; and as each of You know what Title you have to my Thanks, I pay them in due Proportion, with the utmoſt Chearfulneſs, and with the profoundeſt Reſpect.

There is a Nicety, it ſeems, in Love, and ſome will have it, in Friendſhips which will not endure Numbers in ſuch a Strictneſs of Union. Did I preſume to claim Friendſhips as unbounded as my Dedication, I would adventure to oppoſe that ungenerous Notion: But as I only take to myſelf the leſs envy'd Name of a Client, and declare my good

Fortune in having met with ſo many ſingular Patrons; Gratitude, I hope, without Cavil, may be as unlimited as Favours, and Favours will be as diffuſive as Good-Nature and Ability can make them.

The Wonder will be, that under the happy Influence of ſuch a general kind Treatment, I have not been able to produce a more ſtrenuous and lively Play. It may be, Your Indulgence to the Parent has ſpoil'd his Off-ſpring; for Writers, they ſay, as well as Breeders, muſt be under Diet and Preſcription: mine, if it is a Muſe, has been under no ſuch Reſtraint; but has fed high, and liv'd well among You, and muſt plead your Bounty in excuſe of her Irregularities.

Accept this Play then, as an Offering, Gentlemen, and ſkreen it as a Compoſure. It ſhould, indeed, have been more perfect, conſidering to whom, and for what Reaſons it is addreſs'd; but 'tis my firſt Effort, and therefore the firſt publick Opportunity I could take of declaring how much I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt Obliged,

Moſt Thankful, and

Obedient Servant,

C. S.

PREFACE.

THIS Play was writ about three Years ſince, and put into the Hands of a famous Comedian belonging to the Hay-Market *Play-Houſe, who took care to beat down the Value of it ſo much, as to offer the Author to alter it fit to appear on the Stage, on Condition he might have half the Profits of the Third Day, and the Dedication entire: that is as much as to ſay, that it may paſs for one of his, according to Cuſtom. The Author not agreeing to this reaſonable Propoſal, it lay in his Hands till the Beginning of this Winter; when Mr.* Booth *read it, and lik'd it, and perſuaded the Author that with a little Alteration it would pleaſe the Town. Indeed the Succeſs of it has been wonderful; notwithſtanding the Trial in* Weſtminſter-Hall, *and the Rehearſal of the new Opera, it has anſwer'd the Ends of the Poet, and, he hopes, that of the Town too.*

I cannot omit mentioning the extraordinary Performances of Mrs. Bradſhaw, *Mrs.* Santlow, *Mr.* Pack, *and Mr.* Leigh, *who are the only People, on the* Engliſh *Stage, that could have acted thoſe Parts ſo much to the Life.*

It may be expected I ſhould give ſome Reaſons for my Scribbling, and make Excuſes for the Irregularities of the Play, find fault with thoſe things the Town are good-natur'd enough to overlook, moſt arrogantly ſtand up for Time and Place, brag of the Newneſs of the Characters, &c. But I beg Pardon for not ſhewing the conceited Part of me. I am call'd in haſte to my Duty in Portugal, *but, at my Return, it's probable, I may be as inſolent as the reſt of the Scribblers of the Town.*

PROLOGUE.

IN early Times, when Plays were firſt in Faſhion,
The Buſ'neſs of the Stage was Reformation;
The well-wrought Scene for publick Good deſign'd,
With imitable Virtue fill'd the Mind,
And laſh'd the growing Follies of Mankind.
That was its golden Age, which ſoon outworn,
Romantick Love and Honour took their Turn.
Such Windmill Knights, ſuch odd fantaſtick Ladies,
Sprung from the Brain of their Poetick Daddies;
Prince Prettyman *and* Amaryllis *ſcarce*
Cou'd turn the lulling Nonſenſe into Farce.
I rowe from thoſe Beds of dreaming Indolence,
The Muſe flew downwards till ſhe gave Offence;
For as our ſage Inquiſitors do tell us,
Her ſineſt Parts were Jilts and Rakiſh Fellows.
And as Corrupters of this harmleſs Town,
We were preſented, and almoſt put down.
How would your uſeleſs Time, 'twixt Five and Eight,
Have drag'd its Wings without this lov'd Retreat?
What other nameleſs Place would be ſo fit
For Pit to ogle Boxes, Boxes Pit?
At length, kind Judges, merry be your Hearts,
You're pleas'd to reliſh beſt our loweſt Parts;
Give you but Humour, tickle but your Spleen,
No matter how we furniſh Plot or Scene.
Soon pleas'd, but that, alas! you're ſqueamiſh too,
You're light Digeſtion muſt have ſomething new,
Or elſe you'll drive away to Puppet-Shew.
Under theſe Terms of Grace young Bays *has writ,*
With double Title to be dubb'd a Wit,
Firſt, 'cauſe Poeta naſcitur, non fit.
From a fam'd Stock our tender Cyon *grows,*
And may be Laureat *too himſelf, who knows?*
But that his other Plea may be admitted,
You're both with new and merry Humour fitted.
Come, break him in, and when he writes again,
Perhaps he'll find a more diverting Pen.

EPI

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the FAIR QUAKER.

FRiends, doth it pleaſe you that this Triſle paſs?
Are you contented not to damn the Aſs?
Or doth it to your wiſer Judgment ſeem
More fit this leading Folly to condemn,
For fear of being charg'd with more of them?
Sedately think, and let your equal Zeal
Weigh both the publick and his private Weal.
Firſt then, i'th' publick Name, debate it whether
Ye can ſubſiſt, keep Life and Soul together,
Without the Privilege of coming hither.
If that you can ſpin out your life-long Days,
Without the Vanity of ſeeing Plays,
Down with this Scribbler's Hopes, this Houſe and all,
Let both theſe Marts for Lewdneſs, tumble, fall.
For, ah, it cutteth, it provoketh Paſſion,
To think you ſhould indulge Abomination.
But if you're harden'd, ſtung, as I may ſay,
With moral Madneſs like Tarantula,
That nothing elſe but Noiſe and Dance can cure you,
Then pray encourage what you have before you,
For as theſe Triſlers now-a-days do write,
No Mirth's more innocent than this To-night.
Now, Sirs, I come to plead our Stripling's Cauſe,
All the young Fellow wants, is your Applauſe.
Poet's a ſounding, empty Name,
Born on Parnaſſus' *Cliffs, he pants for Fame;*
Not ev'n your Third Night's Bounty would content him,
If of the grand Sophies *you ſhould prevent him;*
That Word my Skill in Languages has lent him.
Nay, for my own Sake I demand this Grace,
Becauſe with much Conſtraint I've ſet my Face,
To carry on a Quaker's dull Grimace:
And ill, my Friends, you would reward my Pains,
If I ſhould ſuffer for his want of Brains;
For where the luckleſs Poet feels your Hate,
The undiſtinguiſh'd Players ſhare your Fate.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

At *Drury-Lane*, 1757.

MEN

Flip, the Commodore, a moſt illiterate *Wappineer*-Tar, hates the Gentlemen of the Navy, gets drunk with his Boat's Crew, and values himſelf upon the brutiſh Management of the Navy,	Mr. *Yates.*
Mizen, a finical Sea-Fop, a mighty Reformer of the Navy, keeps a Viſiting-Day, and is *Flip's* Oppoſite,	Mr. *Obrien.*
Worthy, a Captain of the Navy, a Gentleman of Honour, Senſe and Reputation,	Mr. *Havard.*
Rovewell, a Gentleman of Fortune, and true Lover of the Officers of the Navy,	Mr. *Auſtin.*
Sir *Charles Pleaſant*, *Worthy*'s Lieutenant, a Man of Quality,	Mr. *Palmer.*
Cribidge, *Flip*'s Lieutenant, a briſk young Fellow,	Mr. *Packer.*
Eaſy, a Lieutenant of Marines.	
Indent, *Flip*'s Purſer.	
Scruple, a Corporation Juſtice, a canting Hypocrite.	

Cockſwain, Mr. *Beard.*

Sailors, Mr. *Vaughan*, Mr. *Blakes*, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Arabella Zeal, bred a Churchwoman,	Miſs *Macklin.*
Dorcas Zeal, her Siſter, bred a Quaker,	Mrs. *Davies.*
Belinda, a Woman of Fortune,	Miſs *Haughton.*
Jenny Private, *Jiltup*, Whores of the Town,	Mrs. *Abington.* Mrs. *Bradſhaw.*
Advocate, *Belinda*'s Maid.	
Maid to *Arabella*.	
Bar-Maid.	

SCENE, *DEAL.*

Time Five Hours.

THE
Fair Quaker of Deal:
OR THE
Humours of the Navy.

ACT I.

SCENE, *DEAL.*

Enter Worthy *as from on board, Cockſwain and Crew following.*

Wor. SO, thank Heaven, I have at laſt reach'd my Native Land. Cockſwain, take care the Water be ſent on Board with Expedition, and bid the Purſer haſten to *Dover* for freſh Proviſions, and let the ſick Men be ſet on Shore the next Trip: There's ſomething for the Boat's Crew, go and refreſh yourſelves.

Cock. All your Orders ſhall be punctually comply'd with.

All Sailors. Thank your noble Honour, huzza, huzza.

[*Exeunt Crew.*

Enter Rovewell.

Wor. My dear *Rovewell!*

Rov. Welcome on Shore, dear *Worthy!* how have you

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All Sailors. Thank your noble Honour, huzza, huzza.

[*Exeunt Crew.*

Enter Rovewell.

Wor. My dear *Rovewell!*

Rov. Welcome on Shore, dear *Worthy!* how have you

you far'd this Voyage? Prithee relate me ſome of your Adventures.

Wor. Why, faith *Rovewell*, my Voyage was attended with little Pleaſure, being generally confin'd to the barbarous Converſation of *Flip* my Commodore, a moſt obſtinate, poſitive, ignorant *Wappineer*-Tar; in ſhort, he has been my eternal Plague.

Rov. Why, was only you two the Convoy?

Wor. Yes, to make me compleatly wretched, Beau *Mizen* was the third Man; a Sea-Fop, of all Creatures the moſt ridiculous.

Rov. I can't ſay I'm ſorry for the Uſage you have met with, becauſe I am in hopes the nauſeous Converſation of theſe Coxcombs will make you reliſh my Company the better.

Wor. The true Senſe I have of your Wit and Judgment will always make me covet your Acquaintance; therefore I needed not the wretched Preparative I have met with — But how does all our *Deal* Angels?

Rov. Why the few virtuous Women are as proud and as inſolent as they us'd to be, and the Whores you left here about ten Months ſince, are dead with Rottenneſs, and young Strums ſupply their Rooms. This is a monſtrous Place for Wickedneſs! Fornication flouriſhes more here than in any Sea Port of *Europe*. You Gentlemen of the Navy are great Encouragers of Sin, and traffick mightily in that Sort of Merchandize; and for your Money receive as laſting *French* Diſeaſes here, as any you can meet with in *Covent Garden*, or the *Mediterranean*.

Wor. Ay; as thou obſerveſt, *Rovewell*, the Marine Race are a debauch'd Generation. The Poets will tell us, that *Venus* herſelf was born of the Sea; troth, her fabulous Divinity has too many real Worſhippers bred up upon her own Salt Element.

Rov. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that People that face Death ſo near, and ſo often, ſhould have no Thoughts of ſaving their Souls.

Wor. Being conſtantly in danger of them ſo, that they look Death in the Face with as much Impudence as a *Deal* Whore does a poor Tar after a long Voyage. ——— But what News of my dear Quaker?

Rov.

Rov. She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and faith I believe as conſtant too: You'll never leave playing the Fool with that ſpiritual Creature, till ſhe draws you into Matrimony; ten thouſand Pounds, with Beauty and Virtue, are very great Temptations.

Wor. Then do you really think I have any Intereſt in that dear Creature?

Rov. Had you as much with the Lords of the Admiralty you wou'd be a great Man; for ſhe doats on you. Could you have but ſeen the Countenance ſhe put on, when there was a Report that you were kill'd; the Sighs, the Agonies, and the Groans ſhe had upon that Occaſion, were more ſincere than thoſe her Religion obliges her to.

Wor. I am impatient till I ſee the dear Charmer. But how goes thy Affair on with *Belinda?*

Rov. Much after the Manner of the *French* King's Affairs; they have a diſmal Aſpect; we quarrel like Man and Wife, or High Church and Low. She knows her Aſcendant over my Heart is ſo rivetted, that ſhe can't loſe me, and therefore ſhe uſes me as tyrannically as if ſhe was the *French* King, and I one of the Proteſtants.

Wor. I hope no Perſecution will make you leave her Kingdom.

Rov. To carry on the Simile, I am ſomewhat ſtubborn; but rather than loſe her Money, I ſhall be a Convert.

Wor. But ſee the Commodore.

Enter Flip.

Flip. Ha! *Roverwell,* what Chear, what Chear, my Lad?

Rov. Moſt noble Commodore, your humble Servant.

Flip. Noble! a Pox of Nobility, I ſay; the beſt Commodores that ever went between two Ends of a Ship, had not a Drop of Nobility in 'em, thank Heaven.

Rov. Then you ſtill value yourſelf for being a Brute, and think Ignorance a great Qualification for a Sea-Captain?

Flip. I value myſelf for not being a Coxcomb; that is what you call a Gentleman Captain; which is a new Name for our Sea-Fops, who forſooth, muſt wear white Linen, have Field Beds, lie in Holland Sheets, and load their Noddles with thirty Ounces of Whores Hair, which makes 'em hate the Sight of an Enemy, for fear Bullets and Gun-Powder ſhou'd ſpoil the Beau Wig, and lac'd Jacket. They are indeed pretty Fellows at ſingle Rapier, and can, with a little Drink in their Heads, cut the Throats of their beſt Friends; but catch 'em Yard-Arm and Yard-Arm with a *French* Man, and down goes the Colours. Oh! it was not ſo in the *Dutch* Wars, then we valu'd ourſelves upon Wooden Legs, and Stumps of Arms, and fought as if Heaven and Earth was coming together.

Rov. Yes, yes, you fought very glorioufly, when you let the *Dutch* burn the Fleet at *Chatham*.

Flip. That Accident was owing to the Treachery of ſome Rogues at Land, and not to us Sea-faring Folks.

Wor. Come, leave railing, my good Commodore; I believe thou art honeſt and brave; but wanting Senſe and good Manners, would fain put the World out of Conceit with thoſe Accompliſhments. You old Captains, who ſit at Court-Martials, are very envious; and often mulct a young Fellow for Actions, which were reckon'd glorious ones, when done by any of your ſtupid Selves.

Flip. By the Loadſtone I ſwear, I am none of thoſe. I have ſerv'd in ev'ry Office belonging to a Ship, from Cook's Boy to a Commodore; and have all the Sea Jeſts by Heart, from the Fore-Caſtle to the Great-Cabbin; and I love a Sailor.

Wor. Ay, ſo well as to get drunk with every Meſs in the Ship once a Week.

Flip. Why, that makes the Rogues love me: my Joculouſneſs with them, makes them fight for me; they keep me out of a *French* Goal. I'll follow my old Method, till I am Superhanded; which I believe, I ſhan't petition for this twenty Years.

Wor. Since you love your common Sailors ſo well, what Reaſon can you have for uſing your Lieutenant ſo like a Dog?

Flip.

Flip. Becauſe he ſets up for a fine Gentleman, and lies in Gloves to make his Hands white: And tho' 'tis his Watch, when I ring my Bell, the Rogue is above coming to my Cabbin. I ſent him aſhore Yeſterday to the Poſt-houſe, with a Letter to the Ambraity; I ordered him to buy me a Quarter of Mutton, and threeſcore Cabbages for my own Uſe, and the Land-Lubber (for he is no Sailor) had the Impudence to tell me, he would not be my Boy. I told him I'd bring him to a Court Martial, and he threatened to throw up his Commiſſion, and cut my Throat.

Row. Ha! ha! I'm glad thou haſt met with a young Fellow of Life and Vigour, that knows how to uſe you according to your Deſerts: but ſee who comes here ſo gay!

Flip. 'Tis a Water-Beau; one Water-Spaniel is worth fifty of ſuch Fair-Weather Fops; do but obſerve him now, oh monſtrous!

Enter Mizen *and* Cockſwain.

Miz. Go you to the Perfumer's, buy me a Gallon of Orange-Flower-Water, and a Pint of Jeſſamin-Oil; let the Muſlin-Curtains, and furbelow'd Toilet be waſhed out of hand: Carry on Board a Buſhel of Sweet Powder; and tell the Purſer, I am reſolv'd every Man on Board my Ship ſhall have a clean white Shirt at his Charge. *Tueſday* next is my Viſiting-Day; and I deſign to let the World ſee how much I have reform'd the Navy.

Flip. Ho, ho, ho, here's a fine Gentleman for you!

Miz. [*Seeing the Company.*] Dear *Rowewell*, ſplit me on a Rock, if I am not tranſported at the Sight of you!

Flip. It would be well for the Nation, if ſuch Butterflies as you were tranſported to ſome of the Plantations: I wiſh you were my Bow-Man, and the Wind blew ſtrong at Eaſt, I'd ſpoil your Beauetry.

Miz. Why Lard, Commodore, won't you give a Man leave to be decent and clean? will nothing pleaſe you but what ſtinks of Tar and Tobacco?

Flip. Tar and Tobacco are ſweeter, one would think, than

than the Excrements of a Civetty-Cat; but I am well aſſured talking to you is like rowing againſt Wind and Tide, and therefore e'en ſteer your Compaſs your own way. Friend *Rovewell*, I don't care if you and I toſs off a Can of Sir *Cloudeſly* before we ſail.

Rov. Where do you lodge?

Flip. At the *Three Mariners*.

Miz. May my Ship's Anchor come home if it be not an arrant Baudy-Houſe! The Husband keeps a Bom-boat, the Wife a Brandy-ſhop, and the two Daughters are let out to all Comers and Goers.

Wor. Indeed the Houſe is very notorious; why don't you frequent the *India Arms?*

Flip. Becauſe all the Fops and Beardleſs Boys of the Navy go there; beſides, I think the Husband too Blind, and the Wife has too much Sight: But *Tom Cragg* and I were Boatſwains Mates together. As to its being a Baudy-Houſe, that is no Offence to me; for all Houſes in Sea-Ports have been reckon'd ſo, ever ſince I pick'd Aukam: I ſuppoſe, Brother Finical, you don't know what that is.

Miz. Why, dear Commodore, do you think becauſe we Gentlemen put on clean Shirts every Day, that we can't underſtand the Affairs of the Navy, as well as thoſe who wear their Shirts till they are louſy? Do you think Naſtineſs gives you a Title to Knowledge?

Rov. Ay, as my Friend *Mizen* ſays, becauſe Brutes are Sailors, can none be Sailors but Brutes?

Flip. I don't know what you mean by the Word Brute; but I can perceive that no Animal is ſo ridiculous as a Monkey, except it be his charming Imitator, a Beau.

Miz. Did you never ſee an unlick'd Bear? He, he, he.

Flip. He, he, he: Yes, I have Booby, what then?

Miz. Oh! dear Monſter, be civil.

Flip. Bullets and Gunpowder, what do you mean! If the Government did but know what a Swab thou art, I ſhou'd be knighted for cutting thy Throat.

Rov. Oh! fy, let's have no Quarrelling.

Miz. No, no, there's no fear of it; the Commodore knows the Length of my Sword, and nimble Turn of my Wriſt, too well to pick a Quarrel with me.

Flip.

Flip. Why, thou canſt only value thyſelf for being a Fencing-Maſter: Were we in a Saw-pit together, with each a Blunderbuſs, I'd try if I could not make a Sieve of thy lac'd Jacket; I'd ſoon ſinge thy Curls ſo, that thy Wig ſhou'd hang like a Parcel of Rigging after an Engagement.

Wor. This has been the continual Diverſion of our Voyage.

Flip. Ay, ay, you're all alike. A Perriwig-maker covers your Noddles, and a Dancing-Maſter gives you a hitch in your Pace, but the Taylor finiſhes the Fop: I find there's no bringing your Folly to an Anchor, ſo long as the Wind blows ſtrong in the Nonſenſical Corner; ſo fare you well. [*Exit* Flip.

All. Your Humble Servant.

Rov. 'Tis a wretched Fellow!

Miz. I have not Words to expreſs what a miſerable Plague he has been to me, beſides a Charge! Would you believe it? ſplit me on a Rock, if he did not one Day break me forty Pounds worth of China!

Rov. For Heaven's ſake where was it?

Miz. Why, in my great Cabbin: I dare affirm it, no Town Lady's Withdrawing Room, nor Country Gentlewoman's Cloſet is nicer furniſh'd than my Cabbin; 'tis wainſcoted with moſt charming *India*, *Japan*, and Looking-Glaſs; I have a very noble Scrutore, and the moſt celebrated Screen in *Europe*: I have an Invention, which makes the great Guns in my Cabbin appear to be Elbow Chairs cover'd with Cloth of *Tiſſue*: I have ſix and thirty Silver Sconces, and every Vacancy is cramm'd with China.

Rov. Theſe Rarities are worth ſeeing indeed.

Wor. Oh, he keeps a Viſiting Day, you and I'll wait on him.

Miz. I ſhall think myſelf prodigiouſly oblig'd to you: May be you'll ſee as great a Concourſe of People, as there is at a General's when he returns victorious; Barges, Pinnaces, *Deal* Yawls, and Long-Boats innumerable.

Rov. Pray who viſits you in the Long-Boats?

Miz. Why, *Dutch* Admirals. You muſt know I range

range them in the following Order: My Barges I call Coaches and ſix, my Pinnaces are Chariots with two Horſes, my *Deal* Yawls are Sedans, and my Long-Boats Hackney-Coaches.

Wor. Very nice indeed.

Miz. All my Sconces are loaded with Wax-Tapers; my Lieutenants and Warrant Officers, nicely dreſs'd and perfum'd, place themſelves on each Side of my Steerage; my Midſhipmen, and Quarteers are rang'd from the Bulkhead to the Gang-way, in my own white Shirts; the Ship's Side is mann'd by my Boat's Crew, in ſpruce Apparel and clean Gloves; and the reſt of the Ship's Company are ready upon all Occaſions, to give Cheers and Huzza's according to the Quality of my Viſitants.

Rov. Well, and what Entertainment are we to meet with?

Miz. Why, I generally treat with Tea, but the moſt modern Way is to give nothing.

Rov. Pſhaw, methinks a Bowl of Punch wou'd be moſt proper.

Wor. Oh beaſtly! we at Sea always ſmoak when we drink, and that would ſpoil all the gay Furniture.

Miz. Oh wretched! and the Stink would ſuffocate me.

Rov. What is your Converſation?

Miz. We imitate the Ladies as near as we can, and therefore ſcandalize every body: We laugh at the ridiculous Management of the Navy-Board; pry into the Rogueries of the Victualling-Office; and tell the Names of thoſe Clerks who were ten Years ago bare-foot, and are now Twenty Thouſand Pound Men: We hear Stories of the ſcandalous Marriages of our Captains; the Lewdneſs of ſome of their Wives, and the Meanneſs of the reſt: Sometimes we quarrel about whoſe Ship ſails beſt, who makes the fineſt Punch; or who has the greateſt Hardſhips, by having great Mens Favourites put over their Heads: and I keep them within the Bounds of good Manners and Moderation.

Wor. That is a very great Point gain'd.

Miz. May I be keel-hawl'd, if any Man in the Univerſe has more reform'd the Navy than myſelf: I am now compiling a Book, wherein I mend the Language wonder-

wonderfully; I leave out your Larboard and Starboard, Hawſers and Swabbs: I have no ſuch Thing as hawl Cat hawl, nor Belay; ſilly Words, only fit for *Dutchmen* to pronounce. I put fine Sentences into the Mouths of our Sailors, deriv'd from the Manlineſs of the *Italian*, and the Softneſs of the *French*: And by that Time I am made an Admiral, I doubt not of bringing every Sailor in the Navy to be more polite than moſt of our Country Gentlemen; and the next Generation of them may paſs very well for People of the firſt Quality. I'll get an Order for removing them from *Wapping* into the *Pall-mall*, and inſtead of frequenting Punch, Muſick, and Baudy-Houſes; the Chocolate-Houſes, Eating-Houſes, and fine Taverns ſhall be oblig'd to receive them.

Enter to them a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Pray which is Captain *Worthy?*

Wor. Friend, I am he.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you.

Wor. Ha! *Dorcas Zeal!* oh let me kiſs the Hand ten thouſand times.

Rov. How keen a Sportſman a long Voyage makes a Man.

Wor. [Reads.] *Friend* Worthy, *if thou haſt not forgot thy old Acquaintance, give but thy ſelf the Trouble of coming to the North End of the Town, where thou haſt often vented thy Vows of Sincerity, and thou wilt moſt aſſuredly find thine,* Dorcas Zeal.

Harkee; let the Lady know I'll wait on her inſtantly.

Miz. So, Brother, I find you have an Intrigue already; I ſuppoſe I ſha'n't be much behind hand with you, for I expect a *Billet Deux* from a Ten Thouſand Pounder.

Rov. Prithee who is ſhe?

Miz. Why, ſhe's a *Quaker*: An intimate Acquaintance of mine has promiſed me his Aſſiſtance in ſtealing her for me.

Wor. Death and Hell! This is my Angel!

Rov. Patience! Man.

Miz.

Miz. Now you muſt know, if we once get her upon the Beach, I whip her into my Boat, carry her on Board, marry her, lie with her, then come aſhore and demand her Fortune; and after that, you know, if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the Cabbin-Window, and give out ſhe had a Calenture, and ſo jump'd over-board. Well, dear Gentlemen, I muſt go and ſee about this Buſineſs; for ſuch a Fortune is not to be neglected, eſpecially when a Peace is ſo near [*Exit.*

Wor. Blood and Fire, what a Diſcovery's here!

Rov. Why truly it was a lucky one: I have a merry Thought comes into my Head; there's a *quondam* Friend of your's and mine, who in our ſinful Days was very obliging to us.

Wor. What, *Jenny Private?*

Rov. The ſame.

Wor. Alas, poor Frailty! that once fair Pleaſure-boat begins to lower her Sails, wears out in her Hulk, and ſinks both in her Price and her Credit: beſides, the new Reformation Wind blows ſo high, that every weather-beaten Veſſel can't live in't.

Rov. Now for that very Reaſon, a ſudden charitable Deſign is got into this fruitful Noddle, of putting off this very Creature to *Mizen* for a Wife, a juſt Puniſhment upon him for his barbaroue Deſigns upon thy *Dorcas.*

Wor. Nay, but Thanks to Heaven, we have diſcover'd the Villainy, and I'll inſtantly to my *Dorcas*, and give her that due Caution as ſhall blow up his whole Conſpiracy; and therefore mix a little Mercy with thy Juſtice.

Rov. No, I'll not carry on the Jeſt ſo cruelly as to undo the poor Dog neither; a little mortify him, but not ruin him.

Wor. I'll inſtantly then to my dear *Dorcas*, and make her our Confident in the Buſineſs: About an Hour hence I'll meet you at *Daniel's*, where we'll take a Sneaker of *Amy's* Punch; and afterwards ſpend our Evening with the Women; I'll ſend *Dorcas* to ſee *Belinda*, and there ſhall be the Rendezvouz. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Dorcas Zeal, *and* Arabella.

Ara. Why, Sifter, do you ever think to ſecure *Worthy* to yourſelf, with that ſenſeleſs Religion of your's? He'll certainly laugh at the Pleats and Folds of your Sarſnet Hood, and the diminutive Air of your flat Cap.

Dor. Why look thee, *Arabella*, my Religion and Dreſs may ſeem ſtrange unto thee, becauſe thou art of the Church belonging to the Wicked; but I tell unto thee, *Worthy* loveth me ſo much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the Pure Ones. 'Tis true, thou art a facetious young Creature, and the Education my Aunt hath given thee, maketh thy Thoughts run much upon the Vanity of this World; and I ſuppoſe the Fortune my Father left thee, will be thrown into the Arms of one of the lewd Pillars of thy Steeple-Houſe.

Ara. Look'ee, I'll have no Reflections upon Eſtabliſhments. Liberty of Conſcience gives you no Title to rail. I find you are reſolv'd to perſiſt in your whining Faith; 'tis one ſtubborn Article of your Cant: But I am well aſſur'd *Worthy* will force you to Church; if he don't, I'll part with my Maidenhead without a Husband.

Dor. And that thou art wild enough to do; but I pray thee none of this vain Raillery before *Worthy*, if thou haſt any Expectation of my living in Sifterly Love and Charity with thee.

Ara. Oh, you ſhould have ſnuffled that thro' the Noſe. In ſhort, I'll always teaze you; you that have Senſe and Beauty, thus to deform thoſe Heavenly Graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching Airs, the tender Looks, and compaſſionate Words that Woman can invent, will draw *Worthy*'s Love from you, I'll uſe them, and triumph in the Conqueſt.

Dor. Poor vain Creature! thou art handſome, it's true; but thou haſt not the Virtues of the Mind to enſnare him with. But ſee he comes, forbear thy Follies, I ſay forbear.

Enter

Enter Worthy.

Wor. [*Embraces.*] This is a Reward for all my Labours; the Fatigues of an hundred Voyages are forgot whilſt I am in theſe Arms.

Dor. Be not vain, flatter not; 'tis baſe, 'tis mean; 'tis irreligious.

Wor. Dear Charmer, I am all Extaſy.

Ara. So much of it, that, methinks you have forgot your Friends, good Captain,

Wor. Pardon me, Madam, (*Salutes her*) ſome of my Extaſies are due to you; for the Love I have to this Lady, makes me admire all her Relations.

Ara. Ay, wheedle her out of what ſhe has; get her Money, then uſe her like a Wife, turn her out of Doors, and compound with her for a Maintenance.

Dor. Siſter, to ſhew thee that I think it is impoſſible for thee to debauch the Principles of my Friend *Worthy*, I now commit my ſelf into his Hands.

Wor. Which Bleſſing I receive with all the Joy imaginable: This is a Reward indeed for all my Services.

Dor. Take to thy ſelf my Hand, and thus I plight it with my Faith. Now, Siſter, your threat'ning Words are vain, for all your Looks and Sighs can never take him from me.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha; you ſee, *Worthy*, I have done the Work for you, reconciled even Contradiction itſelf, made the Fleſh and the Spirit unite, and join'd an unſanctify'd Brother of the Wicked, to a ſanctify'd Siſter of the Godly Ones.

Dor. Fye, Siſter, do not triumph in my Weakneſs.

Ara. Thy Weakneſs! No, thy Shame; with all thy boaſted Sanctity, to own before my Face a carnal Inclination! Nay, and to put thy Hand to Pen and Paper to court him to thy Arms! Out on thee! I am aſham'd of thee.

Dor. Nay, now thou art ſcurrilous! I cannot bear this, thou raiſeſt all the Blood into my Cheeks. Stay thou, dear *Worthy*, and rebuke her for it, whilſt I retire

tire a while to recover my Confuſion, and then I'll ſee thee again. [*Exit* Dor.

Wor. Fye, *Arabella*, could you have the Heart to treat that innocent Thing ſo roughly? Nay, by Heavens I'm amaz'd! I cannot gueſs the meaning of all this.

Ara. Fye, ſtupid *Worthy*, can't you apprehend the Reaſon why I ſtudy to make a Breach betwixt my Siſter and yourſelf?

Wor. 'Tis all a Myſtery to me!

Ara. Spare a Virgin's Bluſhes, and let your Apprehenſions tell you what my trembling Tongue is loth to utter.

Wor. Fine Heroicks, truly! I'm too well acquainted with your Manner of Bantering, to take Notice of any thing you ſay; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's laſt dear Words wrapt up my Soul to a diviner Contemplation.

Ara. Muſt I then ſay I love, and be refus'd? conſider my Fortune's equal to my Siſter's; my Face and my Religion too, I think, may vie with her's.

Wor. Your Words are ſpoke with a Sound of Truth, and were I not engag'd by ten thouſand Oaths, I ſhould have manlike Vanity enough to think what you ſay real.

Ara. The Inequality of the Match between you, ſoon abſolves you from ſuch empty Vows: I own I long have lov'd, and, before your laſt Voyage, intended to diſcover it to you, but you unexpectedly ſail'd. I never believ'd you had a real Paſſion for my Siſter, her Religion and her Principles being ſo averſe to your's.

Wor. Madam, I know my own Unworthineſs too well to believe you are in earneſt; but were it ſo, my Honour tells me I muſt not be ſo baſe as to wrong your Siſter. The Reſolution ſhe has made will ſoon be void, when I tell her your Romantick Story, which tho' I don't believe, I'll ſtrive to make her do it. Pardon my Abſence, dear Madam, for I'm impatient until I undeceive her. [*Exit.*

Ara. And is my Youth, my Beauty, and my Fortune thus deſpis'd! By Heavens, I hate him now, and am reſolv'd to muſter up all the Spirit of my Sex to meditate Revenge: The Plots of Plays, and the Deſigns of

of injur'd Lovers I'll inſtantly peruſe, and make them all my own. [*Exit.*

Enter Dorcas, Worthy *following.*

Wor. By all my Honour and my Love 'tis true; nay more, ſhe lov'd, and ſaid ſhe had long.

Dor. Nay, then I am convinc'd her Falſhood's great; I ne'er expreſs'd a Satisfaction for thee, but ſtill ſhe ſtrove to cool my Friendſhip, by ſtrange Stories of thy Inconſtancy and Unfaithfulneſs, which I muſt own I ne'er believ'd.

Wor. Kind Creature! ſince by envious Ways ſhe ſtrives to break the Cord of our united Hearts, let us inſtantly put it out of her's and Fortune's Power.

Dor. To-morrow then I will be thine, according to the fooliſh Cuſtom of thy Church, the Prieſt ſhall join our Hands.

Wor. Then I am compleatly bleſs'd! ——— Now I muſt tell you I have diſcover'd a moſt villainous Deſign againſt your Perſon.

Dor. As how!

Wor. This Day you were to have been ſtolen by a nauſeous Coxcomb of the Navy; 'twas luckily diſcover'd by *Rovewell* and myſelf, who hope to counterplot their Deſign ſo far as to puniſh the vain Fop's Intentions: If you meet us about two Hours hence at *Belinda's*, you then ſhall know the whole Story.

Dor. I had Thoughts of ſpending this Evening with her; I'll to her inſtantly, for ſhe is ſo much my Friend, that ſhe will be overjoy'd thou art arriv'd: But I think I will not mention the Vileneſs of my Siſter, leſt ſhe becometh a Laughing-Stock unto the whole Town.

Wor. Do as you think fit in that: Adieu, my Soul.

Dor. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flip's *Cockſwain, to him a Sailor.*

Sail. Oh, Cockſwain, have I found you! Yonder's the Commodore ſwearing and ſtorming as if the Ship had ſtruck on a Rock; there's all the Boat's Crew with him, except

excepting yourſelf; he ſets with as good a Bucket of Flip before him, as ere was toſs'd up betwixt the Stem and Stern of a Ship.

Cockſ. A Pox of his Kindneſs, I'd rather be in an Engagement of twenty-four Hours, than meſs with him to night; I know his way well enough, he makes us half-Seas over, and then we grow ſaucy; then after ſhipping in two or three Ladles full more, we fancy we're all before the Maſt, and ſo ſhall go together by the Ears: for which, as ſoon as we come on board, there's Whips, Pickles, Guns, Gears, and Bilboes for us all.

Sail. Pſhaw, pſhaw, who would not ſtand all this, to have their upper and lower Teer well ſtowed with Flip? beſides, we ſhall each of us have a Whore at his Charge.

Cockſ. Ay, and ſo be clap'd: If he wou'd force the Surgeon to cure us at the Government's Charge, it wou'd be a mighty Encouragement to us; but our Rogue of a Loblolly Doctor, being not ſatisfied with his Two-pences, muſt have a Note for two Months Pay for every Cure; and the laſt time the Ship was paid, between the Officers, and the Sailors, he ſwept above half the Ship's Company's Money into his own Hat.

Sail. That's a Grievance truly; but come, prithee go, for an the Commadore gets into his Trantrum Humours, there's no coming within a Cable's length of him.

Cockſ. Ay, that's true, therefore bear a hand.

[*Exit running.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Enter Sir Charles Pleaſant, *Lieutenant* Cribidge, *and Lieutenant* Eaſy.

Plea. WHY, by your Report, old *Flip* makes your Life a very uneaſy one: thank Heaven, my Captain has another way of Management; with the affable, eaſy and genteel Air, he gains Applauſe from all.

Eaſy. I know he's a Gentleman, by being civil to our Corp; 'Tis only the Brutes of the Navy that we Marine Officers diſagree with.

Crib. Why I believe I ſhall frighten the old Pimp into ſome Civility; for that Day we came to anchor, he had ſome Friends aboard: In the height of their Mirth, I was called into the Cabbin; the Negro fills a Glaſs, and hands it over his Shoulder, with a Here, Lieutenant, will you drink? I made as if I would take it, but overſet it in his Collar, laid the Fault upon him, and pretending to be wet myſelf, went out of the Cabbin in a Paſſion.

Eaſy. Pho, theſe are ſmall Faults, and natural to you Subs of the Navy; but the old Dog had the Impudence to confine me three Months to my Cabbin, only for knocking down a Boatſwain's Mate that had ſtruck one of my Marines; nay, if it had not been for Captain *Worthy*, would have broke me at a Court-Martial. If the Colonels of our Corp don't hinder this raſcally Impoſition upon us, nobody will buy Commiſſions of them.

Plea. That is a new Trick put upon you Gentlemen, and I fear will breed ill Blood amongſt us.

Eaſy. Hang it, we agree well enough with all the young Fellows, 'tis the old Sots that hate we ſhould come aboard them.

Crib. We agree well enough upon an equal Par; but moſt of you ſtay aſhore 'till all the Money's gone, and then you come aboard and expect to meſs with us: Who muſt find freſh Proviſions for you?

Plea. We often ſlight them for their Poverty indeed; but hang it, what a ſtrange want of Mercury do we young Fellows ſhew, to have been a ten Months Voyage, ſafely return'd, and landed two Hours, without having been among the Females! There's many a Lad in the Navy gets a Clap before the Ship's moor'd.

Eaſy. I believe my Friend *Cribidge* is in a better Condition to give than to receive one.

Crib. I cou'd wiſh a Punk of my noble Captain's was well pepper'd with it, I would fain ſee the old Dog ſnuffle once.

Plea. The Deſign's good, but firſt let's have a Sneaker of Punch.

Eaſy. With all my Heart; I'll juſt go and draw a Bill upon our Agent, get ſome Neceſſaries for the Men, cheat my Captain a little in the Sum Total, and wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*

[Indent *croſſes the Stage.*

Crib. See, yonder's *Indent* our Purſer, gone to *Daniel*'s; he'll be glad to be of our Company.

Plea. A very honeſt Fellow, and keeps a much better Character in the Navy, than People of his Employ generally do.

Crib. Why the Fellow has liv'd well; he was bred a Mercer in *Covent-Garden*, was ruin'd by a Whore of his own, and a Bully of his Wife's; but manag'd his Matters ſo well, he clear'd himſelf of a Goal by a Commiſſion of Bankrupt, without forſwearing himſelf, which is the only Precedent of that nature ſince the Act was made.

Plea. They ſay his Wife's handſome.

Crib. She was, when but Eighteen; but Whoring, and the Misfortunes which commonly follow that, has

made her look ſomewhat hagged, tho' but three and twenty.

Plea. If the young Wenches of Fifteen did but conſider that the Vices of the Age ruin their Beauty more than the Small-Pox, their Pride would make them virtuous in ſpite of their Inclinations.

Crib. Why, as you ſay, Sir *Charles*, a virtuous Woman keeps her Complexion tolerably well till five and twenty, when a Whore is fain to borrow one of Mr. *White* and *Red* before ſhe comes of Age.

Plea. By the Senſe that you and I have of the Vanities of the World, it looks as if we had a mind to quit our Royal Miſtreſs, and enter aboard ſome Merchant-Man for a Matrimonial Voyage.

Crib. Why, if ſhe's richly laden, I could be content to go chief Mate.

Plea. And I ſuppoſe mutiny, as *Avery* did; turn your Captain aſhore, then ſet up for a Pirate; and like *Drawcanſir* in the *Rehearſal*, kill both Friends and Foes.

Crib. A pretty Simile for Matrimony and Whoring!

Plea. If we chime into Harmony ſo well already, we may expect a Bowl of *Daniel*'s Punch will make us talk like the Muſick of the Spheres.

Crib. Why methinks there's a Tune in every Godown from a Punch-Bowl.

Plea. I wonder our coxcombly Poets don't write ſome fine Encomiums upon that heavenly Compound.

Crib. Why the Fellows are damnably poor, and not having Money enough to buy Victuals, drink the Lees of Sack to take away their Stomachs, which raiſes their Fancies no higher than a Lady's Fan, her Buſk, or her Lap-Dog.

Plea. Faith the Poets of this Age are not ſo poor as thoſe of the laſt, they have Wit enough to write themſelves into good Places.

Crib. That is by wheedling a ſort of People who love Flattery better than Wit.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, Lieutenant *Eaſy*, and Purſer *Indent*, would be glad to kiſs your Hands at our Houſe.

Plea. A polite Meſſage: tell them we'll do ourſelves the Honour immediately.

Draw. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Plea. Come, *Cribidge*,

Let's drink away our diſmal Storms and Cares,
Thoſe ſlaviſh Hardſhips that a Sailor bears:
Whilſt proud Britan ia *may ſecurely boaſt,*
She ſafely ſleeps whilſt we ſecure her Coaſt. [Exeunt.

Enter Rovewell, *meeting* Worthy.

Rov. So, dear *Worthy*, once more well met; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our Deſign?

Wor. Part of it.

Rov. As how?

Wor. I'll tell you at *Daniel*'s: But have you engag'd *Jenny?*

Rov. Oh, as you cou'd wiſh: the Jade is as overjoy'd, as a Dean at the Death of a Biſhop; and to make our Story good, I have invited *Mizen* to the *India-Arms*, where I have order'd her to write to him. Will *Dorcas* meet us at *Belinda*'s?

Wor. She will.

Rov. Come on then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Bar at* Daniel's, *Drawers, &c. Bar-Maid.*

Enter Sir Charles Pleaſant *and* Cribidge.

Plea. What! does my pretty Bar-Maid keep her Beauty ſtill? I know thou'rt virtuous, becauſe the Blue of the Plumb is not wore off yet.

Bar. Thanks to my own Honeſty if I am ſo then, for here's rakiſh Lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young Virgins in the Country, if they had but Money; but the Government keeps them poor, or we ſhould have a wretched Life with them.

Crib. Then nothing but Money is able to debauch you; prithee how great a Sum will fit you to Lewdneſs?

Bar. Not your eighteen Months Pay, added to the pinch of your Hat, and dangling of your Cane.

Pl.a. Well ſaid, *Nanny*, kiſs me, and tell him you are Meat for his Maſters.

Bar. Pſhaw, I wonder at you; [*Kiſſes her*] you are all alike for that.

Crib. Fye, Sir *Charles*, why did you kiſs her; you ſee ſhe likes it not; come, my dear, I'll take it off again. [*Kiſſes her.*

Bar. Oh intolerable! I'll ne'er complain of a Fool again, for fear of being plagu'd with a worſe; ſhow a Room there.

Draw. Sir, if you pleaſe, Purſer *Indent* is this way.

[*They follow, Exeunt.*

Enter Mizen.

Miz. Thou divine pretty Bud of Beauty, one always finds you in your Cabbin, chalking upon your Log-board there.

Bar. If every body would but mind their own Buſineſs, I might ſit ſtill here; but we have ſo many horſing Monſters of the Navy uſe our Houſe, that one had better be a Punk amongſt Footmen, and ply in the Upper Gallery, than be plagued with them.

Miz. Well, you ſhall ſee in a few Months, how the Navy will be reform'd; all the Sea-Officers will be ſo full of Manners, that they ſhall look like a parcel of Beaus in a Side-Box, or Chocolate-houſe. [*A Noiſe within.*

Bar. Do but liſten, they are got to Horſe and Bear, the conſtant Diverſion of their Lives.

Miz. Indeed, I bluſh for them, my dear Angel.

[*Kiſſes her.*

Enter

Enter Rovewell *and* Worthy.

Wor. Ha! Brother Tar, what ſo cloſe, and in publick too! If you take this Freedom in the Eye of the World, what would you do in private?

Bar. I don't know what he may do in private; but I hope you don't ſuſpect me, Captain.

Wor. Not in the leaſt, dear *Nanny*; thy known Virtue, and prudent Management, is ſomewhat above the Cenſure of the World.

Bar. Oh, your Servant, Sir.

Rov. 'Tis a ſtrange thing to ſee how Vice loves to be flatter'd! There's ſcarce a Punk in Town, be ſhe never ſo notorious, but would fain be thought virtuous: and hates to be called Whore, even from the Fellow that made her ſo.

Bar. I never expect your good Word, Mr. *Rovewell*; I have deny'd you the Favour too often.

Rov. Why, I may have aſk'd you the Queſtion when drunk; but aſſure yourſelf I repented of it when ſober.

Bar. Lord, you need not be angry with yourſelf for it, I have deny'd ſeveral Admirals.

Rov. And at the ſame time have taken up with their Cockſwains.

Bar. Sir, you grow ſcurrilous.—Show a Room there.

Wor. Mind him not, he's a ſplenetick Fellow; has my Lieutenant, Sir *Charles Pleaſant*, been here?

Bar. He's now in the Houſe with Lieutenant *Cribidge*, *Eaſy*, and Purſer *Indent*.

Wor. Come, we'll join Companies, they're all honeſt Fellows.

Miz. With all my Heart; if they're brutiſh, I'll try to reform them.

Draw. This way, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

2 *Draw.* A Sneaker of Punch in the *Crown*, ſcore.

3 *Draw.* A Can of ſmall Beer, a Quart of Brandy, and a Pound of Sugar in the Kitchen, ſcore.

4 *Draw.* A Box of Dice for the *Mermaid*.

1 *Draw.* Make the great Bowl full for the Gentlemen in the *Fleecer.*

Bar. So, it begins to work in each Room, and I muſt be plagued this whole Night. [*Scene ſhuts.*

Enter Belinda *and* Advocate.

Bel. I uſed to be troubled with the impertinent Viſits of *Rovewell* three or four times a Day: Prithee *Advocate*, what's become of the Coxcomb?

Advoc. Oh! Madam, the *Virginia* Fleet's come in; and Captain *Worthy*, his old Acquaintance, is on Shore. They are inſeparable Friends.

Bel. Why then I hate him: for if he won't ſacrifice his All to my Humour, I'll ne'er part with the Freedom I enjoy, to be that dull inſipid thing a Wife, to pleaſe his Humour.

Advoc. Well, Madam, you play with him as a Cat plays with a Mouſe; you fret him and teaze him till he'll get away from you at laſt.

Bel. Impertinent Creature! do you think I value the Loſs of a Fellow? The Red, the Blue, and the White Flags die for me.

Advoc. Ay, Madam, they are married Men; but have you a Gentleman, whoſe Senſe, whoſe Reputation, whoſe Courage is to be nam'd in a Day, with that charming Man's, Mr. *Rovewell?*

Bel. How inſipidly the Fool talks! If a Fellow without a Noſe ſhou'd bribe thee as much as *Rovewell* has done, you would ſay as much in his Behalf. Why ſhould we make ſuch unfaithful Creatures as our Chambermaids are, our Confidants!

Advoc. Why, Madam, there's no Poſts without Perquiſites; ſince you Ladies have found out the way of trucking your old Cloaths for *China* (which was our due time out of mind) I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your Hearts away for a much brittler Ware.

Bel. Ay, *Advocate*, I ſhould like that brittle Ware, a Huſband, well enough, if one cou'd but break him, or give him away as one does *China.*

Advoc.

Advoc. Oh, Madam, 'tis eaſy to break his Heart; and if you don't do it effectually whene'er you marry, I'll be content to die a Chambermaid. But ſee, Madam, the *Fair Quaker* is come to viſit you.

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. Friend *Belinda*, I am come reſolved to chat away the Evening with thee.

Bel. My pretty Saint, thou'rt welcome. I need not aſk you how *Worthy* does, I ſee it in your Eyes; the demure Aſpect is vaniſhed, and you begin to look like one of us.

Dor. Why, I am Fleſh and Blood as well as thou art; and did not my Spirit get the better of my Clay, I ſhould be vain as thou art.

Bel. Come, leave canting, and tell me where is my *Arabella?*

Dor. Why, I left her at home, not well; but may be ſhe may ſee us anon. —— Know, Friend *Belinda*, that I have at laſt got Faith enough to put my Truſt in Man: *Worthy* and I have plighted Troths.

Bel. Why then the Fleſh has got the better of the Spirit.

Dor. If thou wouldſt prove a Friend indeed, thou muſt give thyſelf over unto *Rovewell.*

Bel. So becauſe you have done a fooliſh thing, I muſt keep you in Countenance; no truly, I'll be confin'd to none of your Fellows.

Dor. Come, diſſemble not, you know the Man is aſſuredly thy own.

Bel. Why, is it not better to ſay the Fellow's mine, than I his?

Dor. For thee it may be better; but what thinkeſt thou the World will ſay?

Bel. Why, not worſe of me than I ſay of the World. But to keep thee no longer in ſuſpence, I won't make a Vow of Chaſtity, nor will I forſwear having the Fellow *Rovewell:* I don't know, but one time or another, when I am in a very maggotty Humour, I may

marry the Creature. Come into my Cloſet, and I'll tell thee more of my Mind. [*Exeunt.*

Advoc. It is impoſſible to tell, whether this Miſtreſs of mine will ever have *Rovewell* or not; but ſince he pays me well, I'll teaze and wheedle in his behalf; and if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern Huſband. Well, if I cou'd get a Lover upon the firſt popping of the Queſtion; to fly into his Arms, and ſo good-night Maidenhead. It ſhews a wonderful Folly in Mankind, to whine and ſnivel after theſe coy peeviſh things. Bleſs me! if they knew the way into a Lady's Heart ſo well as I do, there wou'd be no Sighing and Ogling, no Preſents or Serenading, no dying at a Lady's Feet: Let them take the ſhorteſt way with the Diſſenters, and the Buſineſs is done. [*The Bell rings*] Coming, coming. [*Exit.*

Enter Jenny Private *and a* Sailor.

Jen. So, I think I am equipt like one of the Righteous; I am overjoy'd at the Intrigue, and ſhall be pleas'd to ſee myſelf a real Captain's Lady; I am ſure I have been a ſham one to many of them. Let me ſee, my Letter is penn'd in a true canting Form; My Name is *Dorcas Zeal*, and my Fortune ten thouſand Pound. Well, if I do not act the Babe of Grace, the formal Quaking Saint, with as much outſide Sanctity, as a new-enter'd Nun, or an old Mother Abbeſs, I'll be content to truſs up like *James Nailor*.—Here, Sailor, carry this to Captain *Mizen*; then follow Captain *Worthy*'s Orders.

Sail. Ay Friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look out ſharp.

Jen. Now to the Place of Rendezvouz.

And there, with Look demure, I'll paſs for Saint;
No ſuch fair Colour as Religious Paint.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Rovewell, Worthy, Mizen, *Sir* Charles Pleaſant, Cribidge, Eaſy, *and Purſer* Indent. —*A Bowl of Punch.*

Rov. Come, her Majeſty's Health in a Bumper, and may ſhe live for ever.

Wor. And may all her Subjects be as true to her as we are.

Miz. May they all take as much Pains to put her Affairs, Civil and Military, into as good order as I do. May I be hoiſted over a Ship's Side, with a Tackle hook'd to a running Bowling, with a Knot under my left Ear, if I don't make her Navy one of the greateſt Navies in the Univerſe.

Plea. Why, Sir, 'tis that already.

Miz. Ay, but Sir *Charles*, I don't mean a fighting Navy, for that's the leaſt Part of our Buſineſs: I am for a polite Navy: ——— that is, a Navy full of Senſe and good Manners; a Navy of proper, handſome, well-dreſt Fellows; that when it appears abroad, may be the Wonder of the World, for glittering, ſhining Coats, powder'd Wigs, Snuff-Boxes, and faſhionable Airs.

Eaſy. So then, Sir, you are for ſaluting away the Queen's Powder.

Crib. No, he's for turning the Gun-Powder into Sweet-Powder, and the Iron Balls into Waſh-Balls.

Miz. Well, Gentlemen, you'll have no Cauſe to complain at my Deſign.

Rov. Why, if thou ſhouldſt offer this to an old Captain of the Navy, he'd bring thee to a Court Martial, and break thee for being crazy.

Miz. Oh, Sir, before I laid my Deſign at the Parliament-Door, I'd get an Order from the Admiralty to ſend all the Tar-Captains to the *Weſt-Indies*.

Eaſy. What then, Sir?

Miz. Why then, Sir, they would lay down their Commiſſions, and ſo the Navy would be rid of them.

Crib.

Crib. That laſt Intention I like wonderfully; then we young Fellows might have Hopes of jumping into Fifty-gun ſhips.

Rov. But, *Mizen*, I have been thinking if the old Captains will not go to the *Weſt-Indies*; pray, who ſhall we get to go.

Miz. Why theſe young Fellows.

Sir *Cha.* Ay, with all our Hearts, faith: but ſuppoſe the Lot ſhould fall upon yourſelf, Captain?

Miz. Oh, there's no Fear of that, I know where to fix a Preſent to Somebody, that ſhall be nameleſs, to keep me off the Liſt.

Wor. Indeed, that is prudent Management: I know Men of the Party, who quit when they're nominated; but ſoon after, by the Help of Friends and Merits, they get better Ships.

Miz. You may think it Friendſhip, if you pleaſe; but there's nothing done in this World without Money.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Is Captain *Mizen* here?

Miz. I am he, Friend, what want you, Sir?

Sail. Why, here's a Ticket for you.

Miz. Ha! —— *Dorcas Zeal!* oh Extacy! oh Tranſport! [*Reads*] *Friend, I am informed thou haſt a liking to my Perſon; my Neighbour hath informed me thou art a ſober good Man. I am now walking towards* Deal-Caſtle, *where, if thy Pretenſions are ſincere, we will conſult about the Matter thy Friend ſpoke to me of this Day. I ſhould not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that paſſing by me at thy firſt Landing, I beheld thy comely Perſon, and liked it; and therefore uſe this Plainneſs with thee, as becometh a Siſter of that Congregation that hateth Ceremonies. Be ſecret, for* Worthy *is thy Rival, but his Pretenſions will prove vain; for my Heart is thine.* Dorcas Zeal.

Miz. Oh, thou dear Creature!——But huſh! no Tranſports before Arrival: Poor *Worthy*, how thy weak Foundation totters! How ſneakingly would the poor Mortal look, if he ſaw this Letter! Well, *Dorcas* has

has ſeen me, and I have ſhot her with a ſide Glance. What a refined Creature is a ſweet Beau, to a homely coarſe Tar; to carry off the Prize at one ſingle Attack, which that dull Rogue has been laying a whole Year's Siege to! But come, Gentlemen, about with the Glaſs. Here, *Worthy*, here's thy Miſtreſs's Health.

Wor. I thank you, Sir.

Miz. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown Fair: Here's honeſt *Rovewell* has made me a ſmall Piece of a Confidant in thy Amour. Well, old Boy, when the Conſummation-day comes with thy ſanctified Bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane Stocking —— and to her Health. [*Drinks.*

Rov. Here's a Dog! [*Aſide.*

Wor. Well, *Mizen*, to reſume thy Compliment, when that happy Day does come, I'll beſpeak thee for a Brideman.

Miz. Nay, that will be too great an Honour. But cry ye mercy Gentlemen, I have a ſmall Affair to diſpatch, I muſt be forced to borrow myſelf from your Company; but upon my Honour, I'll return again in a very few Moments. [*Exit.*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! the Rogue ſwallows the Bait as we cou'd wiſh.

Sir *Ch.* What, ſome ridiculous Intrigue on foot: Pray let us join with you in your Mirth.

Crib. Nothing diverts ſo much, as uſing a Coxcomb according to his Deſerts.

Eaſy. And ſo exquiſite a Coxcomb as this, can't be uſed too ill.

Rov. Why the Deſign is pretty ſevere; he is gone to marry *Jenny Private*, an old *quondam* Punk.

Ind. This will be a noble Revenge for his Impertinence: Oh, Lieutenant! would we could clap ſuch a Trick upon our Brute of a Commodore.

Rov. Ay, that may be done; I have juſt ſuch another blind Bargain for him too.

Wor. Come, to your good Succeſs: The marrying theſe two Coxcombs, may provoke them to hang themſelves, which will be a meritorious Service to the Navy.

Sir

Sir *Ch.* Oh for a Vacancy, that dear Delight to us young Fellows: Ha, *Cribidge.!*

Crib. Ay, the two Ships would ſerve us nicely.

Eaſy. Then we ſhould have Commiſſions to wet.

Rov. So, the Bowl ſucks; Empty is the Word.

Ind. Pray, Gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this Bowl.

All. Oh, by no means, Purſer.

Ind. Pray, Gentlemen, let it be ſo; come Captain *Worthy*, I may be your Purſer one time or another.

Wor. Why, if you ſhou'd, it won't be much to your Advantage; for I ne'er allow my Purſer to oppreſs the Men; nor will I keep a whole Ship's Crew miſerable, to make one Man rich.

Ind. Oh, Sir, I don't deſire that, Sir; but you are ſo fine a Gentleman, Sir, that you won't hinder me from thoſe common Perquiſities allowed to all Purſers.

Sir *Cha.* The Word Perquiſite comprehends a great deal of Roguery; and under that Notion, the Government is ſufficiently cheated.

Ind. Ay, Sir, but all People have regard to the Methods of the Navy.

Wor. Why yes, Purſer, I own you may plead Cuſtom for Abundance of Villainies committed in the Navy: But we have now got Men of Honour at the Helm, who will not ſuffer Rogues to go unpuniſh'd.

Crib. It has been the Method, to let a ſtinking Butt of Beer ſtand ſix Days abroach, and when Complaint is made, the Captain (who ſhould do the Sailors Juſtice) puniſhes the complaining Raſcal for Mutiny.

Sir *Cha.* It has been the Method for Cooks, with Pitchforks ſharp, to ſqueeze the Fat from out the Meat, for fear the Greaſe ſhou'd riſe in poor Jack Sailors Stomachs.

Eaſy. It has been the Method to waſte a Pound to Ounces ten; which makes the Bread, the Butter, and the Cheeſe, a poor Allowance for thoſe hard-working Men.

Rov. In ſhort, what with Cheſt-Money, Hoſpitals, Slops, Two-Pences, Groats, and Mulcts, they're mere Galley-Slaves.

Sir

Sir *Cha.* The Captain uſes them like Dogs, which forces them to run away; the checquering Clerk puts on the *R*, and then the Purſer loads their Pay with Slops they never had, and ſo cheats the Queen and Subjects too.

Ind. Why, you may rail at theſe Proceedings; but when you ſtand the Captain and the Purſer too, you'll often wiſh to be indenting; half Money, and half Stores, have tempted moſt of you.

Wor. Come, no more, ſince we have diſcover'd you, I hope you'll let us pay our Clubs.

Ind. No, faith Gentlemen, I'll treat you for all this: you mighty Pretenders to Honour are not much unlike Whores, who rail at that which they moſt commonly practiſe.

Rov. Come, *Worthy*, we muſt away; Sir *Charles*, your Company is deſired too: we muſt ſpend this Evening at *Belinda*'s. But ſtay, *Cribidge*, I muſt have one private Whiſper with thee by the Way; *Revenge* is the Word, and I muſt engage thee in the Plot.

Crib. Ay, moſt willingly in ſuch a Cauſe.

Rov. If we ſucceed in this Farce, it will be a moſt noble Revenge.

For Brutes and Fools were only made for Sport;
Nothing is like a Coxcomb *to divert.*
They cure the Spleen, and make the Toils of Life
An eaſy Burthen, and a pleaſing Strife.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Jenny Private.

Jen. SURE the Sailor has miſtook, and given my Letter to a wrong Perſon; my Heart goes pit-a-pat, for fear I ſhould not ſucceed. But ſee, he comes!

Enter Mizen.

Miz. So, that muſt be my Quaker, by her ſanctified Air ——— Madam! Madam!

Jen. Would you ought with me, Friend?

Miz. Only to deſire the Favour of you, to give me Leave to throw myſelf at your Feet; my Name is *Mizen*, I came hither by Appointment from your fair Hands—She is very beautiful! Board me elſe. [*Aſide.*

Jen. If thy Sincerity is anſwerable to the Character my Friend hath given me of thee, I am content, according to his Deſire, to be thy Help-Mate.

Miz. Well, [*Aſide*] old *Scruple* is a prevailing Rogue, and deſerves the Fifty Guineas, poſs. ——— Oh my Charmer! I have been long ſighing and wiſhing for this Opportunity, and hope you'll now give me Leave to make the beſt of my Time.

Jen. Will you change your vain Religion then? Will you ſtand faſt to the Faith? In Perſeverance, will you come over to the Congregation of the Upright? Will you put off theſe gaudy Cloaths, thoſe Vanity of Vanities?

Miz. Yea verily, I will put off my Gaudineſs, I will ſtrip myſelf to the Nakedneſs of the Spirit.

Jen. Why then thou haſt overcome me, and verily I will be thine in a few Months.

Miz.

Miz. Oh thou lovely Lamb, ſet not ſo terrible a Time; the Spirit moveth me to make thee Fleſh of my Fleſh, and Bone of my Bone, before the Sun ſhineth again.

Jen. I have ſome Fears upon me, that thy Eagerneſs to my Perſon, may proceed from a Deſire thou haſt to my Money.

Miz. Why, I ſay, thy Fears are uncharitable; for hadſt thou nothing, nor that neither, my Zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

Jen. Then I am ſatisfied; and, accordingly, here is my Hand.

Miz. Why I am tranſported to the higheſt Extaſies! Look'e, my Boat waiteth on the Beach for me: If thy Yawnings are as great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thyſelf upon the Deep along with me: I have on board my Ship, a Man called a *Chaplain*, which, according to our Eſtabliſhment, will link us together—— Turn me Keel upwards, if ever I carry'd on an Intrigue better in my Life. [*Aſide.*

Jen. Well, thou art a powerful Man; and I ſubmit myſelf unto thee: But can help thee to one of thy Prieſts aſhore. Admirably well manag'd! [*Aſide.*

Miz. Come, my Spirit, my Light, my Light of my Light, and———humph———let us go then.

[*Exeunt, hugging her.*

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, *and Sir* Charles Pleaſant.

Wor. So, off goes the Boat, and there's a Punk provided for.

Sir *Cha.* Merry be his Heart: This will put ſuch a Damp upon his Undertakings, that we ſhall be troubled no more with his nonſenſical Whimſies, about reforming the Navy.

Rov. I wiſh all our Friends were as well provided for as *Jenny*.

Wor. Why faith ſo do I: for when I enter the ſacred Bonds, I'll give a Receipt in full to Lewdneſs, ſhake Hands with Vice, and bid adieu to Immorality.

Rov.

Rov. And I am reſolved to make the beſt of Huſbands.

Sir *Cha.* Theſe are pious Deſigns truly: I begin myſelf to be out of Conceit with Wickedneſs; and could I but ſucceed in my Amour to *Arabella*, I ſhould willingly bid adieu to all the frail Part of Mortality. But ſhe has uſed me ſo unmercifully, that I quite deſpair of Succeſs.

Wor. Prithee, Sir *Charles*, Matters are not gone ſo far as to throw thee into Deſperation.

Rov. Let me alone to make up the Match: Sir *Charles*, 'tis a pretty Play-thing in time of Peace, which if ſome Care is not taken, theſe victorious Generals of ours will bring it to; and a Sea-Lieutenant with only Half a Crown a Day, will never agree with your Quality.

Sir *Cha.* I am wholly at your Devotion.

Rov. Come on then, let's to *Belinda*'s, where we ſhall ſee her.

Wor. I fear her late Diſappointment will hinder her from appearing abroad this Evening; 'tis only *Belinda* has Intereſt enough to bring her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cribidge, Eaſy *and* Jiltup.

Jilt. My dear Puppies, if you make me a Captain's Lady, my Huſband ſhall hang himſelf, that there may be a Vacancy for one of you.

Crib. Why you muſt make uſe of all your Cunning to draw him into the Nooſe; get him but to the Word Parſon, and I, like his evil Genius, will appear to him: You won't be the only Jilt married to a Sea-Captain this Day.

Jilt. How ſay you?

Eaſy. Why, Mrs. *Jenny Private*, through the Intrigues, Inſtigations and Temptations of Beau *Mizen*, is gone on board his Ship, in order to be his lawful Spouſe.

Jilt. Ods my Life, my Couſin *Jenny!* If ſuch common Strumpets as ſhe meet with ſuch good Luck, what muſt a Woman of my known Virtue and modeſt Converſation expect?

Crib. Why then you make Degrees in Whoring?

Jilt.

Jilt. Oh ever: ſhe that is a Baſtard-bearing Whore, is the moſt notorious: ſhe that lies with half the Town, and does it privately, is a prudent Whore: ſhe that gets Money by it, is a mercenary Whore: ſhe that does it generouſly, and bare-fac'd is a Whore of Honour.

Crib. Very nice Diſtinctions truly.

Eaſy I wonder, ſince you are ſo numerous a Body of People, you don't get a Charter: it will raiſe a conſiderable Tax to the Government; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great Men's keeping you.

Jilt. Why really Settlements are very comfortable Things; and our Gentry, how ſneaking ſoever they are to their Creditors, are moſt generous to our Faculty.

Crib. Come, toſs us up a Bowl of the beſt, to enable us to go through with this great Work. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arabella *and* Juſtice Scruple.

Scrup. I am ſomewhat troubled; your Siſter is gone abroad, becauſe I had a Buſineſs to impart to her of very great Conſequence.

Ara. If you pleaſe to leave your Affairs to me, I'll acquaint her with them.

Scrup. Why, upon ſecond Thoughts, you might do my Buſineſs as well as ſhe.

Ara. Suppoſe it, Sir; what is't?

Scrup. Why, there is a Friend of mine, who is what the World calleth a fine Gentleman; he is endow'd with a plentiful Eſtate, and is Captain of a good Sixty-Gun Ship; has Intereſt enough to get a good Station, has ſpoke to me to recommend him to your Siſter. Now I have conſidered, that you being of his Religion, may ſuit better with his Temper than your Siſter.

Ara. His Name, his Name, Sir?

Scrup. Why People call him Captain *Mizen.*

Ara. Oh! I have heard of the finical Coxcomb! you have loſt your Labour with me, Sir, and therefore pray keep him for my Siſter.

Scrup. Verily, if her Siſter anſwereth me ſo, its probable I may loſe my five hundred Guineas which the Captain

Captain has promiſed me, for making up the Match. I will in the Morning take her faſting; which I believe to be the beſt Time to try a Woman's Inclinations. [*Exit.*

Enter Arabella's *Maid.*

Ara. So, the old Raſcal's gone: Theſe Pſalm-ſinging Match-makers are worſe than your irreligious Bawds; for the latter only betray our Maidenheads and our Reputations, when theſe religious Rogues are for betraying our Fortunes, our Freedoms, our Pleaſures, our every thing.

Maid. Ay, but Madam, to be ſettled in the World is what we all aim at, and Marriage is honourable.

Ara. So was the Knighthood formerly; but now they both grow odious.——Have you wrote thoſe Letters I gave you to copy?

Maid. I have, Madam, and here they are.

Ara. You'll get ſomebody to deliver this Packet to my Siſter while ſhe's at *Belinda*'s?

Maid. Yes, Madam, I have a ſmall *Mercury* already prepar'd for it.

Ara. Well;——and this Letter in which I have ſo well counterfeited my Brother's Hand, that my Siſter will ne'er diſcover it.

Maid. But can you hope, Madam, by this Intrigue to make Captain *Worthy* your's?

Ara. No, Fool; nor were he dying at my Feet would I receive him. My Deſign is to make my Siſter hate him; nothing this World calls dear, can equal the Pleaſure of ſeeing him ill uſed by her.

Maid. I fear, Madam, it will be paſt your Skill to break the Lover's Knot that rivets them together.

Ara. Fear not, Girl, my Siſter's Zeal will overwhelm her carnal Paſſion; and our Story is ſo plauſible, ſhe can't but believe it.

Maid. I wiſh all may prove as you deſign it: I'm wholly diſpoſed to follow whatever your Commands are pleas'd to lay upon me.

Ara.

Ara. Send the Letter to my Siſter by a Hand you dare truſt, and then come into my Chamber.

Maid. I'll inſtantly about it, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Flip, *Cockſwain and ſix Sailors.*

Flip. Sirrah, don't you flinch your Ladle; he that will do that, will run down into the Hold in an Engagement, or ſay his Prayers in a Storm.

1 *Sailor.* Why, I am married, Sir, and muſt lie with my Wife to-night, which I have not done this eighteen Months.

Flip. You Rogue, can't you get drunk firſt, and lie with her afterwards?

1 *Sailor.* Ay, Sir, but my ill Quality is, when I get drunk, I beat my Wife immoderately, and kick her out of Doors; which I would not willingly do the firſt Night.

Flip. Oh! I'll ſave you the trouble of that, Hell-bird, you ſhall go on board to-night, and ſha'n't ſee your Wife theſe two Months.

1 *Sailor.* Oh! then, Sir, I'll be drunk with all my Heart.

Flip. Come; Confuſion to all the Fops and Coxcombs of the Navy! when I am at the Helm, I'll root the Rogues from thence: As for you, Cockſwain, I'll make you Captain, and all the Boat's Crew ſhall be Lieuten

2 *Sailor.* Look'e, I'll be no Lieutenant; I'll ante. Captain the firſt Stroke. be a

Flip. Why, what Pretenſiveneſs have you to it, Sirrah?

2 *Sailor.* My Pretenſiveneſs to it is, Sir, that I was rated Able, when your Worſhip was Ordinary.

Flip. That's no Rule, Sirrah, for at that rate I ſhould be King of the Seas now, for I was Midſhipman, when ſome that ſhall be nameleſs, were Swabbers of the Upper-Gun Deck.

3 *Sailor.* And I could ſay my Compaſs, Reef, Hand, and Splice, when ne'er a Commiſſion-Officer in our Ship could tell Starboard from Larboard.

4 *Sailor.*

4 *Sailor.* I wonder your honourable Worſhip, being ſo notorious a Man with the Ambralty, don't get Captain of the *Sufferans.*

5 *Sailor.* And I likewiſe wonder your worſhipful Honour don't get to be knighted.

6 *Sailor.* 'Tis a wonderful Thing, that, *Jack*, to have the Queen's Majeſty's Honour clap a Cutlaſh upon a Man's Skull, and bid him riſe up Sir any thing.

Flip. Look'e, Rogues, the Deſign is very good, and 'tis a gracious Piece of Preferment; but it has puffed up ſo many of our Sea-Coxcombs, that their Pride and Vanity will ruin the Credit of the Navy. But here's to you, Cockſwain. (*Drinks.*) Fill it up, Sirrah.

Cockſ. I am almoſt drunk, an like your Honour; another Cup will make me clap the Ship on board to Windward.

Flip. Why then, Sirrah, I'll clap you in the Bilboes to Leeward.

Cockſ. So, now the Storm begins to riſe.

2 *Sailor.* To be free with your Right Reverend Worſhip's Honour and Glory, I muſt tell you, being you and I were afore the Maſt together, it would look as it were ſomething clever of your Honourableneſs to throw three Things over-board.

Flip. Why, what are thoſe Things, Sirrah?

2 *Sailor.* The Boatſwain, the Purſer and the Bilboes.

All Sailors. Ay, over-board with them I' faith.

Flip. What! do you mutiny, ye Dogs? Don't you know there's a Court-Martial, and that I am Preſidentum?

Cockſ. I was ſure theſe Rogues would bring themſelves into a Prim-in-Iron.

2 *Sailor* Why, moſt worthy Captain, and my Meſsmate that was, look'e, we have no Deſign of mutinying, but only by the Way of telling our Grievances to your Grace's Honour, and ſo my Humbleneſs to you. (*Drinks.*

Flip. Well, well, to ſhew my natural Goodneſs to you, I'll give me good Reaſons for throwing over-board the Bilboes; I begin at the latter End of your Propoſitions,

ſitions, becauſe I intend to aſk them all gradually; and ſo, Sirrah, here's to you. [*Drinks.*

3 *Sailor.* Thank your Monſterouſneſs: the Bilboes, an't like your Wonderfulneſs, is a great Stumbling-block in the way of a Sailor's Agility; to have our Heels land-lock'd when we have Sea-room enough, is worſe than to run aſhore where there's no Land.

All Sailors. Oh! worſe by half.

Flip. Come, no more of your Nonſenſicalneſs; but get drunk as faſt as you can.

Enter Indent.

Indent. Sir, a Word with you. [*They go aſide.*

Cockſ. Ah ——— when the Captain and Purſer whiſper, our Guts ought to grumble.

6 *Sailor.* Ay, Cockſwain, thoſe Whiſperations are many an Ounce of Butter and Cheeſe out of our way.

3 *Sailor.* Ay! and a great deal of Beer too: But my Service to you Meſs-mate.

Flip. Why, I deſigned to go and ſee her this Evening. [*To* Indent.

Indent. As I paſs'd by the Door, ſhe told me ſhe was impatient to ſee you, for you was the handſomeſt Man in the Navy, and the beſt-natur'd Captain in the whole Fleet.

Flip. Why I believe the Jade does love me, therefore you and I will go to Supper with her; but firſt I'll make all the Boat's Crew drunk, according to ancient Cuſtom: Come, Rogues, clap the Bucket to your Mouths, and don't ſtand ſipping out of a Bowl that don't hold above a Pint.

Cockſ. Well, if we muſt all be drunk, we muſt, and ſo down let it go. Here's to you——If every Man ſtows as much of it as I do in thoſe half dozen Gulps, I'll pawn my Call on't it won't come round again.

Flip. So, I am am in ſtout Heart enough now to venture an Engagement with this Virgin Frigate: and ſo come along with me. [*Exeunt* Flip *and* Purſer.

6 *Sailor.*

6 *Sailor.* Well, now we have got rid of the rum Duke, being in a very merry Humour, let us put it to the Vote, whether we ſhall beat the Mayor and Corporation, and drown the Conſtable; or ſhall we raviſh all the Women we meet with, and unwindow the Houſes?

5 *Sailor.* Let us raviſh firſt.

3 *Sailor.* No, no, raviſh afterwards; for I have as much Courage before Raviſhment as any body; but afterwards I'm as cowardly as a *Dutchman* that has drunk no Brandy.

Cockſ. Hark'e, my Lads, I'd have you take care who you raviſh; for a great many Women in this Town don't love to be boarded by Force, they will fight you Broad-ſide and Board-ſide, and Yard-arm and Yard-arm, till they ſink you; and you may fire a great many Guns betwixt Wind and Water, before you make any one of them leaky. Beſides, I don't care to attack a Fire-ſhip of better Force than any Frigate in our Squadron; for if they once come to laſh you faſt to them, you are blow'd up in ſpite of the Ambralty. I will therefore lie down for an Hour or two; call me when the Captain's ready to go.

3 *Sailor.* Why, do you think to be left out of the Plot? No, no, Mr. *Cockſwain*, you ſhall go along with us, or elſe we'll raviſh you.

All Sailors. Ay, ay, force him along. [*They hawl him.*

Cockſ. Why, Rogues, an't I Captain of the Boat?

4 *Sailor.* If you were Captain of the Ship, we ſhould uſe you as we do now; for we have no diſpect of Perſons.

2 *Sailor.* Ay, or if he was Ambaral we ſhould make no difference; for all that there is between an Ambaral and a Sailor is, a ſtout Sailor will fire ten Guns to an Ambaral's one.

Cockſ. Well, well, unhand me, if I muſt go, I muſt; but I am very much miſtaken, if we are catch'd a doing a Miſchief by the Juſtices, if they don't clap us into the wooden Bilboes.

4 *Sailor.* Why, to get the better of that Prehenſion of yours, the firſt thing we'll go about, ſhall be to pull the

the Stocks up by the Roots, launch them into the Sea, and let the *Goodwin* Sand be the better for them.

All Sailors. Done, done, come away. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Rovewell, Worthy, *Sir* Charles Pleaſant, Belinda *and* Dorcas.

Rov. I Am ſorry *Arabella* comes not; 'tis a Diſappointment to Sir *Charles.*

Sir *Cha.* Methinks I do look a little aukward amongſt you billing Turtles; I am not a fit Companion for Lovers.

Bel. I can't imagine what you mean by Lovers: My Friend the Quaker here, has indeed ſhewn a little fooliſh Fondneſs for Captain *Worthy*, but I hope you have ſuſpected no ſuch thing from any Action of mine.

Dor. Why, Friend *Belinda*, art thou not aſham'd to diſſemble ſo? I muſt tell thee my Conſcience will not let me do it; if thou do'ſt not ſhew a great deal of Kindneſs to *Rovewell* forthwith, I will diſcover what paſs'd in thy Cloſet between us juſt now.

Rov. Oh! tell me but that, and I'll adore thee; give me but a Cauſe to laugh at her impertinent Weakneſs, and I ſhall be happy.

Bel. How dare you offer at this Inſolence! have you any Pretenſions to me, vain Fellow?

Rov. Yes, I have, vain Woman: If two Years conſtant Courtſhip, with an aweful Reſpect and Adoration paid to you; if Oaths, if Vows, if Sighs and tender Expreſſions can give a Man Pretenſions, I can juſtly claim them.

Bel.

Bel. You might have put in your fooliſh Preſents too; your Baubles of *China*, your *Indian* Umbrella, your Hair-Ring, and your own Picture.

Rov. By Heavens! I'd give the World I could hate thee now: But, *Belinda*, there's ſomething ſo bewitching in your Form, that I ſtill muſt love you, though ne'er ſo ill uſed; like a Spaniel, I muſt fawn upon you.

Sir *Cha.* Now, faith, *Belinda*, had I admired you an Age, nay, had I thought you an Angel, and been as much enamour'd of you as 'twas poſſible for a Coxcomb to be; I would, at this Uſage, marry your Chamber-maid, that ſhe might take Place of you: I'd ridicule you in all Companies, quarrel with, and cut the Throat of any body that pretended Courtſhip to you, and would make you die a Maid in ſpite of your Teeth.

Rov. Whilſt I, like a good-natur'd Fool, hug my Chains, and think of no Heaven but my *Belinda*.

Wor. For ſhame, proud Creature, let not your vain Folly get the better of your Senſe and Reaſon; take to your Arms the Man you love: Come, I ſee Goodnature in your Eyes: Thus I ſeize your Hand, and am reſolv'd to give it him who has your Heart.

Bel. Pſhaw, what Inſolence is this! do you think I am to be forced?

Dor. No, no, there can be no Force in the Caſe; thou art a Diſſembler.

Sir *Cha.* In ſhort, if ſhe refuſes, we'll ſwear a Contract, and make a forc'd Marriage on't.

Bel. Had I not ſome Inclination, your Force and Threats ſhould never do. Here, *Rovewell*, take my Hand; I hope for better Uſage from you, than you have received from me.

Rov. O my *Belinda!* one pleaſing Look makes amends for all my Pains and Agonies.

Dor. Ay, now it is as it ſhould be.

Bel. I know, *Rovewell*, you'll forgive the Folly of my Sex, and put a favourable Conſtruction on what I've done.

Wor.

Wor. There, there, kiſs her Hand eagerly; turn up the Whites of your Eyes, and fetch your Breath very ſhort, and leave her to imagine what you ought to ſay. To-morrow one Prieſt will join both Couples: Now let us ſpend the Night in Mirth; by this Time *Mizen* has link'd with our ſham Quaker. With your Leave, *Belinda*, we'll invite them hither.

Rove. 'Tis ten to one but the Vanity of his imaginary Conqueſt will bring him without an Invitation.

Bel. Pray make my Houſe your own.

Wor. Pardon, my dear Creature, the Freedom we have taken in uſing your Name; but this Coxcomb might have offered a Violence we ſhould have wiſh'd undone.

Rov. Belinda, I'll take the Freedom of ſending for our Noble Commodore and his Lady too, who are by this Time nooſed; we'll firſt dance, then raiſe them to the Height of Mirth, and diſcover the Plot.

Sir *Cha.* It will be a moſt pleaſant Comedy.

Wor. Faith, I fear it will prove a Tragedy to poor *Mizen*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, This Packet was left for you by a Sailor. [*Gives it to* Dorcas.

Dor. Ha!——To Mrs. *Dorcas Zeal*, and one incloſed to *Worthy!* who can this be from? [*Reads.*

" I doubt not but you'll wonder at the Villainies of " Mankind, when I tell you that *Worthy*, whom you " have Thoughts of making your Huſband, is already " married to me. I have two Children by him: Give " him the incloſed; if after reading on't he dares deny " it, the next Poſt ſhall bring to his Sight his much in- " jur'd *Elizabeth Worthy.*"

[Dorcas *ſwoons away.*

Wor. Oh Heavens, what ails my Charmer! ſhe's cold as Clay! run for ſome Water, quick!

Bel. Surprizing! [*They all hold her.*

Dor. Oh falſe Man! oh cruel *Worthy*!

[*She ſwoons again.*

Bel. Bleſs me, ſhe faints again, and mutters ſomething about you!

Wor. I am amazed!

Rov. So, ſhe comes to herſelf again.

[*They ſet her in a Chair.*

Dor. Oh read theſe Lines, thou perjur'd Man!

[Worthy *reads the Letter, and drops it again in a great Surprize.*

What's here, another, and directed to me! [*Reads.*

" 'Tho' you have been guilty of many Villainies, and " uſed me ill, I never thought you would have dared " to have marry'd another Wife; but ſince I know " you ſo well, I'll appear at *Deal*, and tear your Idol " Quaker's Heart out. I am your much injur'd

" *Elizabeth Worthy.*"

Sir *Charles*, feel me, have I Life, am I awake, or do I dream? a Dizzineſs overwhelms my Brain, and Darkneſs draws its ſable Curtains o'er my Eyes!

Rov. What a Plague means all this romantick Stuff! have we got the Method of poiſoning by Letter come into *England* at laſt!

Sir *Cha.* Faith, I am afraid to take the Letter up, for Fear I ſhould be tranſmogrified.

Bel. This ſudden Change is moſt ſurprizing; help, lead her to my Chamber, a little Sleep may bring her to herſelf again.

Dor. Lead me to Death moſt willingly: Horror and Deſpair will end my Days.

[*Exeunt* Dorcas, Belinda, *and Servants.*

Wor. Go, charming Fair! I can't blame thee for this great Concern. Death, Hell, and Devils! am I then at laſt become a Villain! a deſpicable Huſband! a Betrayer of weak Virgins Hearts!——Am I, from a Man of Honour, ſunk to a degenerate Slave!——By Heaven, I'm raging mad! What ill-boding Spirit could owe me ſuch a Spite, and croſs at once my full-blown Joys!

Rov. Worthy, is the Frolick to go round? are we to be all mad? or muſt only you and the Quaker carry on the Jeſt?

Wor.

Wor. Oh *Rovewell*, you have known me long, but never ſaw me in ſuch Agonies of Grief before: Read theſe, the Cauſe of all my Woes.

Rov. (*Takes up the Letter, reads, and Sir* Charles *over his Shoulder.*) "Guilty——Villainies ——another Wife "——at *Deal* ——Quaker's Heart out. *Eliz. Worthy.*" An Intrigue well carried on I'faith.

[*Reads the other Letter.*

"I doubt not ——wonder —— of Men —— *Worthy* "——your Huſband ——two Children ——the incloſed "——next Poſt——to his Sight. *Eliz. Worthy.*"

Sir *Cha.* Why, this Lady of your's writes very prettily, Captain.

Rov. The Woman has a pretty Knack, faith; prithee, *Worthy*, are theſe two Children of yours Boys or Girls? ha! ha! ha!

Wor. Hell and Furies! am I become your Scorn? do you laugh at me?

Rov. Ay, faith, do we. Canſt thou be concerned at the Stratagem of a Woman who loves thee? Look once more upon the Scrawl, canſt thou not gueſs whoſe Hand it is?

Wor. Ha!——By this Light it looks ſomewhat like *Arabella*'s! It muſt be her's. Fool that I was, not to perceive it before; 'twas cunningly performed I ſwear: I wonder my charming Quaker diſcover'd it not! I'll in, and undeceive her. [*Meets* Belinda.

Belin. Make no Noiſe, ſhe's in a Slumber, which I hope will compoſe her.

Wor. Oh *Belinda!* this is a Trick of *Arabella*'s; behold, ſee here, the cunning penning of her envious Fingers.

Bel. I wiſh the worſt Effects on't are paſt; for ſhe has vow'd never to ſee you more: I'll watch her Slumbers, and when ſhe wakes, I'll tell her the Story before her Fits return. —— *Rovewell*, you may now ſee when once our Sex reſolve to love, 'tis dangerous to diſappoint us.

Rov. But 'tis hard, *Belinda*, that you ſhould ſo ſoon believe that Men are falſe; ten thouſand Letters

ne'er could make me alter the rooted Paſſion I have for you.

Bel. Oh! ſhould you be told I am married to a Man, who has had two Children by me; you'd fly back from Promiſes and Vows, and cry, Pox take her, ſhe's a Jilt.

Rov. So far from that, my Soul, that I'd ſtab the Inventor of ſuch a Story.

Bel. That would be very heroick indeed; but come, let's comfort the poor Captain here, who looks more dejected than a diſcarded Miniſter.

Sir *Cha.* Oh, worſe than that, Madam, he puts me in mind of an *Engliſh* Captain taken by a *French* Privateer.

Rov. 'Tis a diſmal Thing to be firſt boarded, then ſtript, and afterwards clapt into a *French* Goal.

Bel. In ſhort, he looks as if he was married.

Sir *Cha.* Right, Madam, and his Countenance ſhews full of a Family Concern.

Wor. How can you blame my Surprize?——Were you to ſee the fair *Belinda*, whom I know you love the beſt of any one on Earth; were you, I ſay, to ſee her in Tears and Agonies for ſomething you had done, nay, for ſomething you had not done, ſome villainous Imputation charg'd upon you, 'twou'd touch your Heart as much as mine.

Rov. Why, faith, I have ſo good an Opinion of *Belinda*, that I fancy ſhe would give herſelf none of thoſe Airs, if ſhe heard I had twenty Children.

Bel. Nay, more than that, had you twenty Wives, I ſhould keep my Temper: Care ſhall be taken in drawing the Writings, ſo as I may not be the worſe for you in my Fortune; and if you will love a great many of my Sex, it's probable I ſhall find out a Way of making Repriſals.

Sir *Cha.* What's all this to my Happineſs? how am I to come by my *Arabella*?

Bel. Why, ſhe's as eaſily come at as the reſt of her Sex.

Sir

Sir *Cha.* But, Madam, if ſhe doats on my Captain, how can I expect ſhe'll ever ſmile on me?

Wor. Oh! her Love to me is vaniſh'd, if e'er ſhe had any; this Action of her's plainly ſhews her Malice.

Bel. Come, I'll write her Word what an heroick Paſſion ſhe has put *Worthy* into, and the fainting Condition poor *Dorcas* lies in; I'll praiſe her for her well-invented Stratagem, and then let her know Sir *Charles* is here.

Sir *Cha.* Why, Madam, do you think that will bring her?

Bel. Sir *Charles*, I have heard her ſay Abundance of handſome Things of you; I know ſhe likes the Word Quality much, and would not care, if on any Terms ſhe could be called her Ladyſhip; for ſhe is pleaſed with taking Place: That, you muſt know, is the darling Vanity of our Sex.

Rov. You may ſet your Heart at reſt; you have a fairer Proſpect of marrying *Arabella*, than poor *Worthy* has for marrying her Siſter.

Bel. Come, teaze him no more: I'll ſteal up to her, and convince her of the Error ſhe's in. Go into the Parlour, there's Cards. [*Exit.*

Rov. Come, what think you of *Ombre*, or a Pool at *Picquet*.

Wor. I can do nothing with Pleaſure till I know how I am to be received by my dear Charmer.

Sir *Cha.* Come, pray divert theſe melancholy Whimſies.

Rov. Why, if you don't go to Cards, Sir *Charles* and I ſhall be very ſatirical upon you.

Wor. Nay, rather than you ſhould play that Game with me, I'll go to Cards. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flip [*drunk*] Indent, *and* Jiltup.

Jilt. This was kind indeed, my dear Dog, to make me the firſt Viſit, when ſo many Ladies in Town die for you.

Flip. Why, you little Huſſey you, I think all the Women in Town look like Swabs to you.

Indent. Indeed, Madam, the Commodore does often launch out in your Praiſes.

Flip. Ay, and Commendations too: Why, I love you ſo well, that I could be your Conſort and your Meſs-Mate for ever. When I die 'tis all your own; my Houſes, my Land, my Part in Ships, and my every thing elſe come to you by Will and Deed.

Jilt. Poor good-natur'd Thing, how is it poſſible for me to return thy Kindneſſes? I have no Land but my own Body; take that into thy Cuſtody, and make the moſt on't.

Enter Cribidge *in a Prieſt's Habit.*

Flip. What have we here? A Prieſt!

Jilt. Oh dear Couſin *Homily*, I'm glad to ſee you.

Flip. Is this your Couſin, my Dear? You're welcome, as I may ſay.

Crib. Sir, I thank you. Couſin, I'm glad to ſee you; I come to ſtay with you ſome Time; your Doctor being gone to make Intereſt for a Biſhoprick, I am to officiate for him until his Return.

Indent. Rarely acted I'faith, he looks much modeſter than moſt of our Sea-Chaplains.

Crib. Well, Couſin, may I joy you, have you enter'd into the holy State of Matrimony yet?

Jilt. No, Couſin, I am willing to ſee a little more of the World firſt.

Crib. A Pariſhioner of mine, that has ſeen you, ſeems to have a great Mind to make you his Wife: He has a plentiful Eſtate, with a fine Houſe, in a pleaſant Part of *Kent*; he is of a very good Family, and is a perſonal handſome Man.

Flip. Heark'e, Sir, none of your Match-making Stories here: This Lady is diſpos'd of, and her Inclinations are moor'd to my Affections; and he that claps her Aboard, muſt expect to be rak'd Fore and Aft with my Partridge double and round.

Crib. Sir, I beg your Pardon, if you are the Lady's Huſband, I have done, Sir.

Flip.

Flip. Look'e, Sir, I am not at preſent the Lady's Huſband; but if you underſtand that Part of your Trade, and will ſplice us together, I have a Couple of Guineas at your Service.

Crib. Sir, if all Parties are conſenting, I ſhall not be a great while performing that Ceremony.

Flip. Why all Parties are conſented, Reverendiſſimo.

Crib. Sir, if I have that from the Lady's Mouth, and you can get her a Father to give her away, I ſhall proceed.

Flip. Oh, as to a Father, here's the Purſer ſhall ſtand that Part of the Story: Tell him, my Dear, how you love and adore me.

Jilt. I muſt ſay, I have an unalterable Affection for the Commodore; but if I ſhould marry him, and he ſhould not love me after it, I ſhould be the miſerableſt Creature Nature ever form'd.

Flip. Not love you, my Dear! why I'll ſtick as cloſe to you as carv'd Work to a Ship's Stern; nothing ſhall be done by me without thy Conſent; you ſhall have the Working of my Veſſel, and ſtand at the Helm in all Weathers.

Indent. Well, Madam, ſince I am choſe for your Father, give me Leave to know what's beſt for you; I'll engage the Commodore proves the tendereſt Huſband in the Navy.

Crib. Truly the Gentleman hath the Aſpect of a Man of Parts.

Flip. Reverendiſſimo, I thank you for your good Opinion of my Outelects; and if you'll give yourſelf the Trouble of coming on board my Ship, you ſhall have your Skull and Guts fill'd ſo full of Brandy and Salt-Beef, and your Ears ſo alarm'd with Drums, Trumpets, Huzza's and Guns, that you'll be as drunk in half an Hour, as you were at the wetting your Commiſſion.

Crib. Sir, People of my Cloth never launch out beyond the Rules of Modeſty.

Flip. I can't ſay any thing to your Shore-Folks; but I am certain our Sea-Chaplains (generally ſpeaking) are drunk as often as our Sea-Captains.

Crib. The more's the Pity, that Religion ſhould be ſo abuſed by ſuch Profligates.

Indent. Why, indeed, the Sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themſelves, and ſuch Examples from their Guides, may be one great Reaſon of ſo much Immorality in the Navy.

Flip. Come, my Dear, let the Doctor do his Office, and belay our Affair.

Jilt. Well, you have overcome me.

Flip. So, very well; then begin Mr. *Homily.*

Jilt. Oh no, we ſhall be diſturb'd here, the next Room is more private.

Flip. March away then, I am all over Storeſhip and Tranſport with thy dear Perſon; come, I'll give you a Tow, you are my Prize now.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Arabella *dreſs'd like a Quaker, in Men's Cloaths.*

Ara. SO, my Plot ſucceeds as I could wiſh, *Belinda*'s Letter tells me all. Now muſt I take care to give my Saint-like Siſter theſe Credentials when ſhe 'wakes. I think I look as like one of the pious Brethren, as if I had been educated by *George Fox.* [*Knocks.*

Enter Advocate.

Is *Dorcas Zeal* within this Dwelling-Place?

Adv.

Adv. Yes, ſhe is.

Ara. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would ſpeak with her inſtantaneouſly?

Adv. If you'll walk in, I'll let my Miſtreſs know your Meſſage; but the Lady is aſleep.

Ara. Go, I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter again in the Parlour.

Adv. Sit down, while I acquaint my Lady. [*Exit.*

Ara. Now for a diſguiſing Look, that ſhe may not know me.

Enter Belinda,

Bel. My Servant tells me you would ſpeak with *Dorcas Zeal.*

Ara. Yea verily, ſhe hath told thee the Truth.

Bel. She is laid down and indiſpos'd, I am loth to diſturb her.

Ara. Verily I could wiſh thou could'ſt diſpenſe with giving her ſome ſmall Diſturbance, my Buſineſs is very urgent; for behold my Errand is from her Brother, and concerneth her much, and we muſt be in private.

Bel. Then follow me.

Ara. So I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Dorcas *on a Couch.* *Re-enter* Belinda *and* Arabella.

Dor. How dreadful are the Dreams of Souls diſturb'd! Why was I ſo void of Grace to truſt to ſuch a Monſter!

Bel. How does my Dear? I fear'd we ſhould have diſturb'd your Reſt; but this young Man being very urgent to ſpeak with you, I ventur'd to bring him up.

Dor. I am much better; but ſtill troubled in Mind.

Bel. Oh, as ſoon as you have diſpatch'd your Buſineſs, I'll ſet your Mind to rights I'll warrant you. [*Exit.*

Ara. May be not —— [*Aſide.*
Friend, thy Brother did ſend this unto thee; when thou haſt overlook'd the Contents thereof, thou wilt know my Buſineſs here.

Dor. May be it contains ſomething of that Traitor *Worthy.* [*Reads.*

" Beloved Siſter,

" The Bearer hereof, being the Son of *Ananias*, " who was an upright Member of the Cauſe, I " recommend unto thee for a Help-mate. He hath two " Thouſand Pounds a Year, and ſtiffly adherent to our " Ways of Going; and I ſend him to thee in good " Seaſon, that thou may'ſt be deliver'd from the wicked " Deſigns of the ſeducing married Man *Worthy*.

" Thine, in Truth and Sincerity,

" *Shadrach Zeal.*"

Dor. A comely Youth, well worthy my good liking. Beſides, how bleſt an Occaſion offereth to be reveng'd of an ungrateful Man! (*Aſide.*) Art thou, young Man, the Subject of this Paper?

Ara. Yea, lovely Maiden, I am the choſen Man, ſelected by my Friend and thy good Brother to greet thee with a holy Kiſs, and tell thee I love thee, Fair One.

Dor. Love me at firſt Sight!—— Have a care thou talk not in the Language of the World, and play the Deceiver; if thou doſt, aſſure thyſelf I ſhall rebuke thee for it.

Ara. I have ſeen thee often before, verily.

Dor. Where did'ſt thou ſee me?

Ara. In the great *London* City.

Dor. When there ſaw'ſt thou me?

Ara. At the laſt general Aſſembly of the Faithful, met at that Seaſon, worldly Men call *Whitſuntide.*

Dor. Yea truly, our good Brother *Shadrach* carry'd me up to that noiſy Town of Pride and Vanity, to greet our Brethren Friends at the laſt Meeting. But if thou

thou ſaw'ſt me there, how chanceth it, that in ſo long a Silence thou haſt ſtifled up the Breathings of thy Heart, from the Fifth Month even to the Ninth?

Ara. Oh! *Dorcas, Dorcas,*———ah———I ſaw and lov'd thee, but alas, I check'd the moving Spirit within. With my green Years, methought I was too young to lead a Siſter.

Dor. Too young! oh fy! was that the Fault! the younger the ſporting Lambs, they play more harmleſly: Verily, the outward Man thou beareſt, looketh with an honeſt Face,

Ara. My inward Man bears the ſame honeſt Face too. (*Kiſſes* Dorcas's *Hand.*) Deny me not thine Hand.

Dor. Some ſuch like Agonies as theſe, I felt from the firſt Touches of the falſe *Worthy.*———

Ara. Falſe indeed!———He is one of the Profane, Alien to our purer Flock; and who can tell, were he thy choſen Yoke-mate, but he'd force thee to one of his own Steeple-Houſes; nay, and perhaps lead thee in vain Toppings, to a carnal Seat in one of the ſad Play-houſes?

Dor. (*Sighs*) Ah!———

Ara. But I am, thou know'ſt, a Lamb of thy own Fold; me thou may'ſt mould to what thy own Heart liketh: Then let us not, like the vain babbling worldly ones, thus loſe the precious Time in fooliſh Courtſhip; but let me forthwith wriggle myſelf into thy inward Affections.

Dor. Yea, I do take thee, and like a Back-ſlider, who repenteth, I will, with pure Zeal and Fervency, turn unto thee.

Enter Worthy, Rovewell, *Sir* Charles, *and* Belinda.

Wor. Oh, my dear Creature, do I hold thee faſt!

Ara. Friend, haſt thou any Pretenſions to this Woman, who is the Wife of my Boſom?

Dor. Stand off, vile Man, thou with thy flattering Tongue hadſt almoſt betray'd me; but now I defy thee. Go to thy Wife and Children.

Wor.

Wor. Furies and Fire, I ſhall run diſtracted.

Ara. Friend, ſwear not at all.

Wor. What canting Coxcomb's this, that dares uſurp my Right?

Ara. Thou may'ſt bluſter as much as thou pleaſeſt! but I tell unto thee, this Woman is Bone of my Bone, and Fleſh of my Fleſh.

Dor. Thou haſt ſaid the Truth, and nothing but the Truth; I ſay again and again, be gone to thy own Wife.

Ara. Ay, go unto thy Wife.

Wor. Rovewell, Sir *Charles, Belinda,* muſt I bear all this? Let me but keep my Senſes!

Bel. I am ſurpriz'd at you!

Rov. Behold, the Letters you receiv'd were written by *Arabella:* See here, her very Hand.

Ara. Friend, liſten not to them, they are Deceivers; let us depart from amongſt them.

Sir *Cha.* Look'e, young Fellow, none of your impertinent Cant here: This Lady ſhall not ſtir till we have undeceiv'd her.

Rov. And when we have done that, good Sir, you may troop to the *Bull* and *Mouth* again, without this She-Friend's Money.

Dor. What Power haſt thou to hinder our departing hence?

Ara. Ay Friend, tell us that.

Rov. How can you be ſo cruel to a Man, whoſe Life's ſole Happineſs is plac'd in you?

Dor. How can I be cruel enough to one, who would have for ever made me miſerable?

Wor. Oh! wou'd you but hear me juſtify myſelf, I ſoon wou'd anſwer all this villainous Forgery, and clear my wounded Innocence and Honour.

Ara. Friend, hear him not, he hath a vile deluding Tongue.

Sir *Cha.* Hark'e, young Fellow, I have ſomething to tell you.

Ara. Friend, I have nothing to ſay to thee; therefore touch me not, I ſay.

Dor.

Dor. Pray uſe no Rudeneſs, but let us be gone quietly.

Sir *Cha.* No ſtruggling, good, ſweet, diminutive Coxcomb; if thou doſt, I ſhall uſe the carnal Weapon upon thee.

Ara. Be gone, Fellow.

[*In ſtruggling her Hat and Wig fall off.*

Bel. How! *Arabella!*—Then the Plot's diſcover'd!

Dor. (*Shrieks.*) How's this! my holy Brother in the Spirit, turn'd to an arrant Siſter in the Fleſh!

Wor. Ha!——my old Friend, this was a well-acted Tragi-Comedy.

Dor. I am in ſo much Confuſion and Surprize, I know not what to ſay,

Ara. Now, Sir, I ſuppoſe you'll let me go; I have no more Buſineſs here.

Sir *Cha.* This Diſcovery will make me hold you faſter than before.

Rov. Ay, Madam, there's no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your Uſage.

Dor. Friend *Worthy*, canſt thou forgive me, and once more take my Hand?

Wor. Can I live! not without thee I'm ſure! Oh had you but once o'erlook'd theſe Lines, how had you ſav'd me all this wild Diſtraction!

Sir *Cha.* Look'e, Madam, no ſtruggling, you are now my Priſoner; I ſhall not releaſe you but upon very advantageous Terms to myſelf.

Bel. Thoſe Terms, Sir *Charles*, let me have Leave to make. I know the Gentlewoman's Mind ſo well, that I dare give you her Hand.

Ara. Upon what Account, *Belinda?*

Bel. Why, upon the Account of being my Lady *Pleaſant*. Prithee don't put on a diſſembling Look; conſent forthwith, or you ſhall die a Maid. But firſt I'll reconcile you to this Couple.

Dor. I forgive thee, Siſter, what Exceſs of Paſſion moved thee to; but if thou valueſt me, accept of the Man *Pleaſant* for thy Huſband.

Ara. I am a little confounded; let me retire till I have recovered myſelf, I'll wait on you again. [*Is going.*

Dor,

Dor. Stay, Siſter Huſband, that would'ſt have been: one ſerious Word before thou goeſt.

Ara. Ay, and two merry ones if you pleaſe.

Dor. If I had taken thee Hand in Hand to the Steeple-houſe Yoke-Maker, would'ſt thou have had the Impudence to have ſaid after him; I, a falſe Brother *Ananias*, take thee a true Siſter *Dorcas*, to have and to hold, to love and to cheriſh? —— Thou love and cheriſh me! when thou knoweſt thyſelf a Woman, and hadſt it not in thee, naughty Creature.

Ara. No faith, Siſter, I ſhould never have puſh'd the Jeſt ſo far neither.

Dor. Go, go thy ways; thou art a ſad facetious Girl.

[*Exit* Arabella.

Rov. Follow, Sir *Charles*, follow her, never let her go beyond thy Reach, till thou haſt her ſafe; and we'll all go along with thee, to be ready for Auxiliaries upon Occaſion.

Bel. Well, I'll take care the Breeches ſhall be delivered Sir *Charles*; this ſhall be the laſt Hour of your wearing thoſe maſculine Trophies of Tyranny.

[*Exeunt all but* Worthy *and* Dorcas.

Dor. Well, this malicious Siſter of ours had a ſtrange Plot againſt us; but I hope, kind *Worthy*, thou canſt heartily forgive her.

Wor. Ay, and thank the very Hand that ſnatch'd thee from me, becauſe it brings me the tranſporting Joys of this bleſt Reſtauration.

Enter Flip, *pulling in* Mizen, *who holds* Jenny Private *in his other Hand, dreſs'd like a Quaker, exactly like* Dorcas.

Flip. Now Pox on thee, come forwards with thy fair Spouſe; as thou haſt ſnapt his rich Galleon, and got the Ten Thouſand Pound Cargo, never be aſham'd of thy good Fortune, but bear up full Sail to him, and lay him athwart with her.

Miz. By my Bowſprit, and ſo I will. Oh the ſweet Pleaſure of the Mortification I ſhall give him —— Come

forward Sweeting. [*Entering with her farther upon the Stage*] My dear Brother *Worthy*, thou ſeeſt I have made bold. We have ſign'd and ſeal'd, noble Captain.

Wor. I ſee you have.

Flip. Ay, *Bully Tar*, they are twin'd together as ſtrong as a Firſt-rate Cable.

Miz Ha!——What's yonder! [*Spying the true* Dorcas.] Is that beautiful Quaker a Relation of thine?

Jen. Yea, my dear Siſter and Friend, I greet thee lovingly.

Dor. My Siſter! prav who art thou?

Jen. In my ſingle Eſtate I was called *Dorcas Zeal*; but in my Wedlock Bonds my Name is *Dorcas Mizen.*

Dor. Dorcas and *Zeal!*——Who gave thee thoſe Names!

Jen. None of the vain Ceremonies of Godfathers and Godmothers; no verily, it is a Name I borrow'd to myſelf, to make this dear Man happy in a Yoke-Mate.

Miz. Borrow'd! in the Name of *Lucifer.*

Dor. Nay, in my Cloathing too! my very Likeneſs.

Wor. I wiſh you Joy, my happy Rival!

Flip. Ay, Joy, Sir, Joy in your Ten Thouſand Pound Quaker.

Miz. Ten Thouſand Torments! Joy! never was Man ſo cheated, ſo betray'd and ruin'd——Spouſe, Monſter, Fury, *Jezabel*, who art thou?

Jen. Shall I anſwer thee in the Language of the Sanctify'd?

Miz No, anſwer me in thine own infernal Dialect; and tell me Friend, whence cameſt thou?

Jen. From *London*, an't ſhall pleaſe you.

Miz. A Woman of the Town, I ſuppoſe; a walking Night-Bird, in or about *Drury-Lane* Wards.

Jen. Yes truly, one of that cloudy Generation. But Heavens be thank'd, thoſe dark Days are over with me, I ſhall ſhine out a Captain's Lady now.

Miz. Shine out a Firebrand, Brimſtone and Smoke! Whore, a common Strumpet!

Flip.

Flip. O fy Brother *Mizen*, no more hard Words, but take her to thy Boſom.

Miz. Take her to the Devil.

Flip. I tell thee, *Mizen*, thou couldſt not have pick'd out a Wife ſo fit for thee, out of a whole Regiment of Doxies: Does ſhe not own herſelf a Piece of brittle Ware? and will ſo ſweetly ſet off thy Cabbin with the reſt of thy China!

Wor. Ay, *Mizen*, take the Commodore's good Counſel, and bear it all with Patience; thou art as quarrelſome as a Game-Cock at a Looking-glaſs, and with as little Reaſon for thy Paſſion.

Miz. Not Reaſon for my Paſſion, when I'm ty'd to ſuch a Limb of Hell!

Wor. No, not when thou haſt deſerved to be ſo ty'd!

Miz. Deſerved!

Wor. Ay, Sir, deſerved. Didſt not thou know my Claim to this fair Creature? And with thy treacherous Deſigns to play ſo poor a Game, to invade my ſacred Right? Art thou not juſtly puniſh'd?

Dor. Yea, naughty Man, thou haſt thy juſt Reward.

Miz. Ay, noble *Worthy*, I own myſelf a Villain, and the Hand of Heaven has reach'd me for't.

Flip. Hang thee, who pities thee? You wanted a Ten Thouſand Pounder, and muſt ſet up downright Buccaneer, and pirate for a Wife; no Prize but *Worthy's Dorcas!* now I have married a Girl ——

Wor. Thou married!

Flip. Ay, this very Morning. But my Fubbs-Yacht pretends to no Thouſands; a Pox of Portions, I have Yellow-Boys enow (Thanks to a Harveſt in her Majeſty's Service) to make the White and Red in the fair Cheeks of an honeſt ſmiling Bedfellow look lovely, with neither Paint nor Patch.

Wor. Where is this White and Red, with neither Paint nor Patch? Troth, *Flip*, thou keep'ſt thy ruſtick Humour ſtill; to have taken a young Bride, and be ſeen thus long out of her Company, on the very Nuptial Morning, is not over modiſh, let me tell you.

Flip.

Flip. Hang Ceremonies. Look you, Sir, the Wench I have taken is a plain Country Pinnace, with no gay Gildings, either at Poop or Stern; but her plain Trim ſo neat, that at firſt Sight, as ſhe ſail'd by me, a Puff of Love ſprung up ſo briſk a Gale, that I immediately tack'd round, and boarded her.

Wor. That is to ſay you wedded her.

Flip. Right, Sir; and when the Jobb was done, I was oblig'd to put her in a little more modiſh Rigging fit for the She-Mate of a Commodore; my Landlady and ſhe are gone together to the Milliner's and the Sempſtreſs's, and ſo forth——but I expect 'em——ſee here they are! Oh my ſweet Spouſe!

Enter Jiltup *and* Cribidge.

Wor. Joy, happy Sir.

Miz. The like to you, fair Bride!

Jilt. I thank you, Gentlemen and Ladies: Thanks to the whole fair Company. Ha!——my ſweet Couſin here! dear *Jenny*—— [*Embracing her.*

Flip. Her Couſin, ſay you!

Jilt. Ay, my beſt Dear, tho' I have the Honour to be a Commodore's Lady, I muſt not grow proud, and forget my old Friends and Acquaintance. This young Lady and I were bred up Play-fellows together.

Flip. Not at her Game, I hope.

Jilt. Oh! yes, Sir; we were two ſuch Intimates, two ſuch ſworn Friends, that our Delights, our Joys, our very Lives were all wound up together.

Flip. Where, where, my pretty Lady-Bird, was thy Acquaintance with that Play-fellow?

Jilt. At *London*, Sir.

Flip. What Part of *London?*

Jilt. The Neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden.*

Flip. Sink and *Sodom!*

Jilt. Both Lodgers in one Houſe: Nay, and when either of us had Room for a She-Bedfellow, we were thoſe loving Fools, we always ſlept together.

Flip. Oh——

Jilt.

Jil. This frank Confeſſion is, I hope, my Virtue, not my Fault: I have liv'd in a bad World, and play'd the Hypocrite ſo long, that I am now quite weary on't; beſides, you're a plain-dealing honeſt Gentleman, and 'twould be barbarous to tell you Lyes upon your Wedding Day. You frankly married me for better for worſe, perform your Vow then, and take me as you find me.

Flip. Take a Succubus;—— Diſeaſes, Poxes, Leproſy! Oh Fool! Sot! Dotard, Lunatick! —— Death! I'll run mad; turn the Muzzle of a Gun down in the Powder-Room, and blow myſelf up to the Devil.

Wor. Hold, *Flip*, no Treaſon! ——— Blow up her Majeſty's Ship!

Flip. Blow the World up!

Miz. Ay, Brother Sufferer, married to two ſuch Miſcreants, ſo harden'd in their Shame, they make it even their Glory to proclaim it.—Oh *Worthy*, if thou beareſt a human Soul, as baſely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thyſelf muſt pity me.

Wor. I do pity thee, pity both of you; and to prove I do ſo, what will you ſay to me, if I releaſe you, knock off your Chains, and free you both from Slavery?

Miz. What will we ſay!———We'll kneel to thee.

Flip. Worſhip thee.

Miz. Thou ſhalt command our Lives, we'll fight for thee.

Flip. Hang for thee.

Miz. Drown for thee. [*Kneeling.*

Wor. No more of this romantick Stuff. What will you do for theſe poor Creatures?

Flip. Do for 'em!—Why, Friend, I'll give a Leg or an Arm for Compoſition.

Wor. A Leg or an Arm! ——— A Haunch of common Swine's Fleſh would do them twice the Service. What Bread will you give 'em, to take them off from their lewd Lives, and make two honeſt Women of 'em?

Flip. Troth I'll give my Boatſwain's Pay, ſettled for Life upon her.

Wor.

Wor. That ſhall ſatisfy. Say, Girl, art thou contented?

Filt. So well contented, Sir, that on my Knees I'll thank you.

Flip. Say'ſt thou ſo, Girl? then Faith I'll throw thee in one twenty Brace of Pounds to rig an honeſt Houſe up of thy own, and rooſt no more in Whores Neſts.

Wor. Well, ſign this Parchment, which entitles her to Fifty Pounds a Year for Life, and I'll releaſe you.—— And what ſays *Mizen?*

Miz. Faith, I'll treat my *Jenny* (*pulls out a large rich Purſe*) with this Purſe of Gold, the weighty Stowage of a fair hundred Guineas, and give her the ſame Settlement into the Bargain.

Wor. Come, come, ſign, ſign then. ——— Now Gentlemen, in order to your Deliverance, firſt I muſt tell you both, theſe ſweet Wedlock-Nooſes were my handy Work, your Friend and Servant *Worthy*, the head Match-maker.

Flip and *Miz.* Thou!

Wor. Not to ruin you, but reform you! And now for a ſafe Cure to all Fears and Dangers, the Reverend Man in Black that link'd you both, was only an honeſt Tar, your good Friend *Cribidge* in pious Maſquerade; and ſince there has been neither lawful Matrimony nor Conſummation, the Knot will ſoon be looſed.

Crib. You ſee, noble Captain, I'm ready to ſerve you in all Capacities.

Flip. I thought indeed the Canonical Raſcal had a hanging Look, ſomewhat like my Lieutenant.

Miz. Ay, hang him Rogue, a Halter would better become his Neck for a Collar, than a Surcingle his whoreſon Hide for a Girdle.

Wor. No Murmurs, thou know'ſt how thou deſerv'ſt it.

Miz. Touch my paſt Shame no more, I'm a true Penitent.

Wor. And for thee, *Flip*, I knew thee ſuch a Rake, that the leaſt mad drunken Fit would run thee headlong into irrevocable Shame and Ruin; and therefore, even for thy mere Preſervation, I put this innocent Cheat upon

upon thee, only to ſtand a warning Sea-mark to thee, againſt all future Shipwrecks on this Quick-Sand.

Flip. By *Neptune*, and by *Mars*, you are a brave Fellow.

Wor. And, Gentlemen, to ſign your full Redemption, theſe Ladies ſhall ſeal Articles of Releaſe.

Jilt. The ſtrongeſt you can aſk, or Law can bind; and ſince you have provided ſo handſomely for us, we are reſolv'd to change our Courſe of Lives, and live honeſtly for the future. What thouſand of wretched Creatures, like ourſelves, would willingly——

The Follies of their ill-ſpent Lives recal,
Turn, and live honeſt, could they live at all.

Jen. Yes, Female Frailty firſt made 'em Sinners, but from Neceſſity they live and die ſo.

To their dark Cells and Midnight Revels led,
Not from their Thirſt to Man, but Hunger for his Bread.

Wor. Well, tho' I have made your Purſes ſmart a little, you ſee I have made you do ſome good in your Generation, put a helping Hand to two poor Sinners Converſion.

Flip. Ay, and my own Converſion too. Henceforward I'll keep ſuch honeſt Fellows as thee Company, caſt off my old dull raſcally Converſation, and learn good Senſe and Manners.

Mix. Nay, dear *Worthy*, take one new Convert more; for from this Hour I'll play the effeminate Fool no more, but bear the Face of a Man like thee, ſtrip my Fop-Cabbin of all my *China* Baubles, Toys for Girls, and ſhew myſelf a true Hero for my glorious Queen.

Wor. Nay now, dear Gentlemen, you'll make me proud of this Day's happy Work.

Enter

Enter Sir Charles, *and* Arabella *in her own Dreſs*, Rovewell *and* Belinda.

Wor. Well, dear Sir *Charles*, how ſtand the Affairs of Love?

Sir *Cha.* Faith, very well: Generous *Arabella* has hung out her white Flag, and given her Promiſe ſhe'll ſeal the ſpeedy Articles of Surrender.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, we ſhall ſee you ſhine a Conqueror.

Sir *Cha.* When this fair Hand has crown'd me one.

Ara. Yes, *Worthy*, no more of my wild Airs, no more mad Frolicks; as I have ſtudy'd to plague thee, I'll play a ſoberer Part, and ſtudy now (*Giving her Hand to Sir* Charles)

Sir *Cha.* To bleſs the happieſt of Mankind.

Wor. But what ſays *Rovewell?*

Rov. What I am proud to ſay; *Belinda*'s kind at laſt, and crowns my Love.

Belind. Yes, *Worthy*, I have at laſt play'd the true Woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

Wor. Well, Ladies, ſince the whole Preliminaries of the ſoft Peace of Love are all adjuſted, what if, according to old laudable Cuſtom, we have a little Muſick and a Dance.

Sir *Cha.* Nothing more *a propos.*

Rov. Madam, you are my Partner.

Dor. Oh, fie, Friend *Rovewll*, the Females of our Congregation, think it Vanity of Vanities

Rov. Yes, in the Country they may do't; but your *London* Friends have all the Gayety imaginable; they ſing, they dance, wear Patches, and keep viſiting Days.

Dor. Well, rather than ſpoil your Mirth, I will walk about.

A DANCE.

After the Country Dance, enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Cockſwain and Boats Crew, hearing you had got the Muſick, deſire they may preſent you with a little of their Agility.

A DANCE of Sailors.

Dor. Well, dear *Worthy*, ſince I have heard the affected Sanctity and friendly Cant, not only from my Siſter *Arabella*, but even from that carnal Veſſel of Pollution; to make our Marriage-yoke more chearful ſtill, from this bleſs'd Hour I'll join thy holy Worſhip.

Wor. Now I have all my utmoſt Wiſh could aſk.

Miz. Hold. *Worthy*, do not boaſt too proud a Triumph in making this fair Proſelyte. *Flip* and I have there outdone you, you have only made a Siſter Convert from one Faith to another, but we have converted a fair Brace of Infidels, a Work of Reformation far beyond you.

Wor. Ay, there you have outdone me: And I think, Gentlemen, you have ſet a good Example for the World in general to follow:

" Oh! what a happy Change this Age wou'd find,
" In all the looſer Part of Womankind,
" Wou'd all their Cullies do as you have done,
" And every Fool, like you, reform but one."

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